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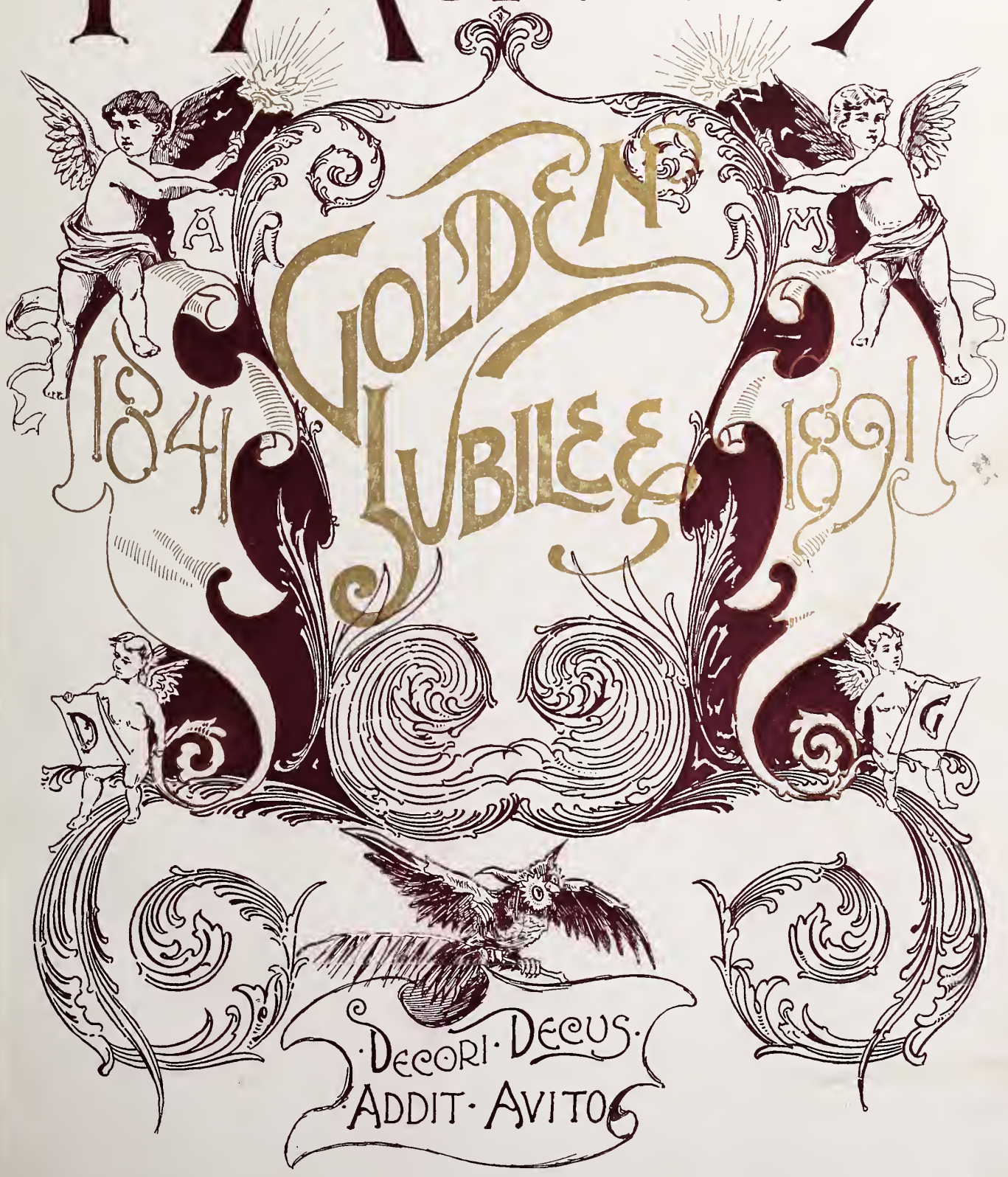

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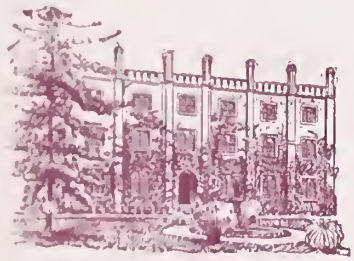
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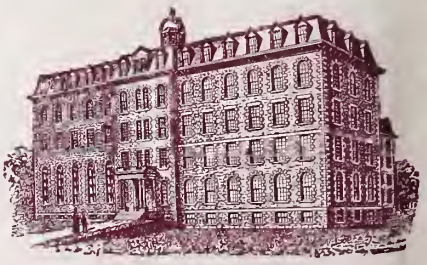
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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

Vol. IX. St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., Sept.—Oct., 1890. No. 1.

IN THE COLLEGE CEMETERY.

NIGH to a little vineyard of the earth
Long laborers in the vineyard of the Lord.
Here in God's acre share their meet reward
The sleep he giveth His beloved. Their birth
And death, the date and place, alas the dearth!
Are all the marble monuments record;
Yet was each life e'en as an angel's sword
Wielded unseen but making felt its worth!

Yonder at eventide the dresser reaps
The gems from off the crown of Vintagetime,
Easing the vine of all its purple heaps;
The while these dead are garnerers in a clime
Where plenty, aye gratuitously leaps
Without the fear of blight from drought or time!

David Arelland, '91.

AGNOSTICISM.

A SYMPOSIUM.

THE exercises of Commencement Day last June have been so largely and generously dealt with by the local and Catholic newspapers that reference to them is superfluous. By permission of the writers, and because so many request us, we publish the symposium as it was delivered.

Mr. Fortescue: The last time, gentlemen, we had the pleasure of being together a subject just flashed upon us which, perhaps, we will have leisure to talk of now. Our time is limited, and so we cannot promise ourselves anything like a thorough discussion. The subject I refer to has of late years been largely before the public mind. If it has any popularity at all the reason is not far to seek. We may divide the world into those who think and those who do not. How many of those who think for themselves accept this new Evangel, I do not profess to say. But it strikes me that its advocates are chiefly recruited among those who, too lazy to think for themselves, prefer to get their thoughts second-hand.

The Coryphees of this new Salvation Army are undoubtedly gifted men, but the rank and file are a motley crew. There is the gay society young lady who flaunts this latest fad as she displays her Easter bonnet or the latest importation from the mysterious realms of Worth or Redfern. In the cranium of that animal, nominally rational, I believe they call him dude, it is somewhere or other enshrined. Perhaps it holds sway where the brains are supposed to lodge and afflicts the young, shall I say man, with perhaps as many heart and headaches as the choosing of a cane, the cut of a coat, or the selection of a new necktie. Now as a fad and a shelter against *ennui* it is apparently successful, and I shall not be surprised to see it advocated in the near future as a patent nostrum for all complaints which may come to idle

hands and empty heads. But I am exceeding. It was my intention merely to mention the subject, merely to call to your mind the fact that the merits of Agnosticism were to be tested by us the next time we came together. Gentlemen, before saying any more, I shall watch the turn our discussion takes. Hoping that somebody better informed than myself will give frankly his opinion on this subject before us.

Mr. Ryan: Without pretending to be better informed than our friend here, I may, with becoming modesty, affirm that Agnosticism has occupied my attention for some time, and that I have reached certain conclusions relating to it.

I look upon Agnosticism as the child of thoughtless frivolity, the idol of a gay, rollicking, senseless crowd—a fetish, high in favor with the so-called cultured classes whose watch-word is "carpe diem." What care they for the musty old questions of the ages of darkness and superstition? What if it has sustained the world for eighteen hundred years! The old Faith is too old for them. The Nineteenth Century clamors for a change. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Let us eat, sing they, drink and be merry, as we float joyously and swiftly down the stream, and if to-morrow we die, it will be time enough then to think of the future, if future there be.

Mr. Keane: Gentlemen—Though I may be entirely in accord with your sentiments, though certainly I am no advocate of principles, which within the last decade have very strenuously claimed the attention of the public, yet in all things it behooves us to consult the ends of justice. There are two sides to every question. The question we have selected for discussion has, I think, only one true side. Yet though I feel you are right, I would recommend that somebody give us the Agnostic's view of Agnosticism. Most cheerfully will I listen to any reason which may support the thesis they champion. For the sake of clearness then, as well as for the sake of fair play, I would ask for an "expose" of their doctrine, the process of their reasoning. In a word, I would like to hear Agnosticism defined. I believe this is not asking too much, and I am sure that you, as an impartial investigator, will pardon the interruption.

Mr. Ryan: I thank the gentleman for the interruption. Certainly we should not begin by openly denouncing a system, but rather find out what the Agnostic platform is. There is the word Agnostic itself—a term of Greek parentage, signifying "one that does not know" because there is little to know, little that can be known. A term akin, in a measure, to the hoary-headed "Ignoramus" of the Latin. Not much of a "philosophical flight" in the title they have assumed for themselves! Agnosticism is the know-nothingism of rampant infidelity, the absolute "No" of the Seer of Chelsea, who holds, in Herbert Spencer's own language that "our own and all other existence is a mystery, absolutely and forever beyond our comprehension." Their last resort is "I know nothing, you know nothing," nothing can be known about it. You must remain in complete ignorance about God, his nature and attributes. You will never learn whether he is an impersonal or personal Being, possessed of intelligence and will or not; whether he is good and just and holy and merciful or not; whether he is the Creator of the world or cares for us or watches over us; or takes pleasure in being worshipped aud honored, or has the most supreme indifference to the honor and homage paid to him; everything in the higher order of spirit is to us a blank—is to us the Unknown and Unknowable. Nothing can be established as a fact save things, the reason instructed by the senses, discovers. Laying this down as an axiom no one can argue about Heaven or Hell or the Immortality of the soul. These things may possibly be, but we do not know whether they are or not. We are sure only of one thing. These things are beyond the ken of beings who have but their eyes and ears and hands and smell and taste to guide them to scientific conclusions. Why therefore should we concern ourselves with proofs for revelation and prophecies and mysteries and miracles when it is manifestly beyond our power of thought to convince others or be convinced ourselves that there is such a thing as a personal God. The limitation they establish is the actual range of the process of human knowledge. It contracts science and forbids investigation. By a simple wrist-twist, by a deft sleight-of-hand, the Agnostic concludes that knowledge is a purely mechanical process—the obverse face of a system of nervous shocks, variously compounded and originating entirely in causes external to the organism, or by shocks which the organism has received by heredity. In either case the corresponding conscious state or nervous shock is mechanically determined. We are the victims of conditions, and these conditions and the effects dependent upon them are entirely incommensurate. The Agnostic is ignorant of how the former can be the cause of the latter, or how they can stand in any sort of relation. Still, for his ends, they must stand in relation, and so he interprets the whole nature and process of knowledge after the analogy of the conditioning process. What is the result? The mind knows only expressions produced by mechanical impact. It cannot know itself, nor the objects which are supposed to affect it. All that is known is the relative or sensibly phenomenal, not the "absolute" or "noumenal," that is to say "things in themselves."

The outcome is complete philosophical skepticism, regarding the "Absolute," which Mr. Spenser in an unaccountably peremptory and absolute manner terms "a Universal and persistent force." Evolution rounds off his system. Everything is fermenting with development. Effervescense is the permanent condition of things and the ethical consequence for humanity is some kind of a Christianity and something eventually to supplant it. And so the whole supersensible world vanishes and we are confronted by the vast unknown and unknowable.

"Such resting found the sole of unblest feet."

A manifest contradiction in terms it seems, for if "unknown" what right has he to predicate that it is "unknowable?" So Agnosticism, as a philosophy, involves a negation and expresses an absurdity. Truth is something positive and in man's whole intellectual nature there is a craving for the positive and absolute. In music we wait for

the cadence and are restless till it falls upon our ear. So in science the mind seeks something upon which it can rest. This is the harmonious law of human existence. Agnosticism reverses all this. Verily it seems that ridicule is the only weapon wherewith to meet this latest antagonist of science, but, where so much is at stake, we can not afford to laugh, for our souls are filled with grief for what this doctrine must mean to the masses.

These men of science, so called, would rout our priests and silence our old teachers without giving us anything in their stead. We must lament that minds so colossal have contracted their vigor and misapplied their great gifts.

An infinitesmal dose of real philosophy would sweep away, at once all their mystifying jargon and mental cobwebs.

Our hope lies in the thought that this new phase may survive for a while but only as the transparency of nothingness. Its light shade will be found flitting around the study of only some distracted philosophers, bent on constructing a system frivolous in itself, yet which alas! may for a while attract some unthinking minds from the sphere of Christianity and its peace-bringing and saving influence.

Mr. Keane: When I asked for a definition of Agnosticism I was very far from supposing that its maxims were so utterly in conflict with the generally maintained views on what I consider, sacred subjects. I always held Agnostics to be Radicals, but not of the *extreme* stripe, I now perceive them to be. In their endeavor to get at the root of things. it looks very much as if they snapped the root of all truth. Moreover, I really am unable to find that their tenets possess the merit of originality. They have invented terms of their own, it is true, but their meaning is not in the least, an improvement on the utterances of sceptics of an earlier day. Of course, they recognize the existence of the material world. What the value of their recognition is, is hard to tell, but certainly regarding the whole series of beings that do not come in contact with the senses, they are out-and-out sceptics. They are worse than sceptics. They do not only doubt, but they positively deny. I am very much afraid that Agnosticism must be condemned on this score, that it is a doctrine overshadowing the whole intellectual world with the darkness of Scepticism and Atheism.

Mr. Whelan: You allege and I think with justice that Agnosticism is Atheism. Atheism it surely is but with a difference. Perhaps the world is blushing with shame for the audacity that makes a man bold enough to say bluntly there is no God. Agnosticism with a very becoming timidity protests against the imputation of Atheism. Do not accuse us it says, of denying God's existence; we simply assert that God is unknown and unknowable. Does it not seem that this latest phase of thought repudiates utter negation of the Deity? We might almost congratulate ourselves that the world is coming to its senses. I have called Agnosticism Atheism with a difference, but the difference is only on the surface, it is merely lip-deep and its tenets pave the way for an Atheism just as audacious as any which ever lifted its head in ancient or modern times. It is evident that our duty here is to stigmatize the insidious nature of these latest evangelists.

This fad and fashion of the hour; this idol of the gay and thoughtless has deluded many into the hope, I won't say certainty, that perhaps after all there is no such being as God; or if there be, He is so far above us and we below Him as to render any duty we owe him nugatory and unperemptory, a mere matter of conjecture; a mere figment of the mind. The Agnostic admits that behind the veil of visible things there is and must be an eternal, persistent energy: the source and controlling power of all things; but that human reason cannot make the stride which must be made in order to catch any serviceable knowledge of it. The attributes given it by Catholic Theology are false and absurd and all a mere contradiction in terms. Whether that force be mind or matter; personal or impersonal, good, just, holy, merciful or not, as my friend remarked a few moments ago, it is useless for us, they say, to endeavor to discover. Ignorant of everything around us, possessing imperfect cognition of everything, even of the tiniest flower that peeps forth to catch the glinting of the sun, what supreme folly it is on,our part to aim at recognizing or at putting even in the most stammering language any of the attributes of that awful, hidden, unrevealed, persistent energy! As well try to chain the phantom of our dreams as to contract within the limits of any human concept the most imperfect idea of that supreme force. Our intellects are finite; that force is infinite, our minds are walled in by the flesh in which there is not the slightest chink through which the eye of reason can catch even an edge of the shadow cast by that all-pervading energy. Why and on what authority we know not, yet they go to the lengths of quoting scripture in their favor. "Hardly do we guess aright," they say in the words of the Wise man, "at the things that are upon earth and with labor do we find the things that are before us But the things that are in heaven who shall search out."

Mr. Fortescue: I am reminded by the Scripture quotation of the fact that Agnostics lay weighty emphasis on that very distance between the creature and that God whom they designate as unknown and unknowable. You seem to me to have hinted at what they consider the very keystone of their position. Because such a gulf intervenes between man and the Being, whom Christians call supreme, they maintain that it cannot be spanned by any effort of the human mind. They deny that a finite intelligence, no matter how it soars, can wing its flight high enough to obtain any knowledge of an entity so transcendentally above us. I am a little staggered by their suggestion. It does seem that the space to be traversed by our intellect is simply impassible. Whence do we derive our knowledge of things? Clearly from the objects that surround us. There is the grandeur and the vastness of the universe, its beauty, the majesty of cosmic order. There is the wide range of human activity. There is the busy interior world of human motion, human feeling. We select what is most sublime in nature, and the qualities that are most striking in our humanity, we blend them together, we form, so to speak, a sort of composite photograph and the outcome of our speculations is the God whom

Christians adore. We call him Infinite, High, Sublime, Grand, Noble, Just, Merciful and Good, because we behold these qualities in the beings which environ us. I ask by what right do we make the transfer? And are we justified in applying these epithets to one whom we have never seen, to one who if he exists at all moves in a sphere beyond our reach? Does it not really appear that our God is a fanciful creation? And are not the very men whose principles we are examiuing thoroughly in the right in relegating the one whom they call a persistent abiding energy to the realms of the unknown and unknowable?

Mr. Whelan: Precisely, what Agnostics allege themselves? You have struck the very key-note of what they consider the most unanswerable argument. It brands Agnosticism with the stigma of plagiarism, for the objection is older than modern humanity and perhaps as ancient as the human race. Yet it misrepresents our claims; we have never pretended to a perfect cognition of God, but what a vast leap it is from the inadequate and incomplete knowledge of God which we claim to be within the reach of all men—to the adequate and complete knowledge which they assert is an impossibility! Being finite we cannot comprehend in its totality an infinite essence; but being finite, we lay claim to a finite knowledge of the Supreme author of the universe. We are but little children, if you will, picking up shells on the seashore, but we can apply our ear to the shell and catch the murmur of the ocean that lingers within it. We look around us and see the majesty of myriad-sided nature, its wonderful power, its marvelous machinery, the beauty of the golden day and the splendor of the night clad in the brightness of a million stars, and our mind assents and our heart pulses to the convictions that there is a cause high, mighty, primal, and that this cause in His inconceivable independence must be fairer and more beautiful and majestic than all the wonders of His handiwork. "Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is a skirt of His garment and the moving of His robes." We are aware that our words trip up against each other and become inarticulate in their endeavor to express the wonderment and enthusiasm and homage of the creature for the persistent, abiding energy which our mind cannot refuse to call the Creator.

Men are intelligent, men are good, just, holy, merciful and benignant; why stop us, why put the hand over our mouths whenever we affirm that the One who made men intelligent, good, just, holy, merciful and benignant, is also garmented with wisdom, holiness, justice and mercy? If He be infinite, then is His justice, is His holiness, is His mercy infinite also. These things proceed from a centre of love and goodness who is God Himself, they are not His fullness; they are not Heaven; they are stray beams and dim reflections of His Image; they are but crumbs from his table, if you will, but they speak in language intelligible to us of His fullness, of His Heaven, of Himself. But yet the Agnostic demands why we predicate intelligence or other human attributes of the Infinite; they say that to give God faculties of that finite character which we observe in ourselves and at the same time to regard Him as Infinite Essence is a contradiction in terms. We fail to see this. Catholic theology asserts that the qualities and characteristics we ascribe to God as resembling our own are essentially distinct from them in the infinite expansion they receive in the Divine Nature. Look over the Book of books and you will find a thousand different passages ascribing to God the anthropomorphic attributes that Agnostics deny. They would, indeed, be false and absurd, were they predicated of God as they are predicated of us. We know that it is not a contradiction or an absurdity to say that God is good, just, holy and merciful, and that He is the Infinite Good, the Infiuite Fair. The Divine substance transcends in its immensity every form that our intellects attain, and thus we cannot apprehend Him by knowing what He is, but by knowing what He is not. But, gentlemeu, I will trespass no further. It is a matter of astonishment to me that these men have a repugnance for the very name of God. Pity is mingled with my surprise. How unenviable they are when contrasted with those who, possessed of little learning, have a strong, abiding conviction of the existence of a Supreme Being and place their only and their best hope in that conviction. Men, women and children, young, aged and poor, are happy and looking for the day of God, when all this world, fair though it be, shall perish. They can bear the loss, for they know it will be but the removing of a veil, for they know that what they see is as a screen, hiding from them God and Christ and His Saints and His Angels; and they earnestly desire and pray for the dissolution of all they see from their longing after that which they do not see, but know—the Absolute, Known, Knowable, Good and Merciful God.

Mr. Taaffe; The very moment I endeavored to get lucid ideas about Agnosticism the conviction began to grow upon me that it was a doctrine fraught with dangerous possibilities. It is clear to me now that, as far as what is universally considered as a fundamental truth is concerned, there can no longer be any doubt about the impious atheistical, tendencies of this latter claimant for intellectual and scientific regard. God is evidently an impossibility as an object of man's love or worship. This unhesitatingly admitted first philosophical fact of theirs must send down roots very deeply and in its ramifications clutch and undermine the best fabrics of humanity. God expunged from the world, how much is effaced! I am afraid to consider. What is man and man's life and belongings, if he is thrown on his own resources among contending agencies which must either rend him asunder entirely, or weaken what is best in him, or develop to an alarming extent and abnormally the very part of his nature, the checking or destruction of which appears to be the highest ambition of human energy.

Mr. Keane: Gentlemen—I wish to disclaim all prejudice in this matter, yet I feel I must confess that the idea just now expressed struck me too as the very one suggested at this point of the discussion. Because I think we should miss by Agnosticism the very object that is most important, because I imagine, it would by its very nature destroy the possibility of all Religion, I am filled with alarm. Of course my views are based on the generally received notion of Re-

ligion. Religion is not a mere creature of the brain, a something unreal and unnatural. I take it to be the sum of man's duties to a higher being on whom man depends. It is that by which we live and breathe the air of our spiritual existence. For behind the veil of things finite we must admit a Being, infinite in His nature and perfection, controlling the destinies of His creation and with an absolute right to the obedience of His creatures. But as a system, Agnosticism denies this truth, grounded though it be in the very nature of man. It's upholders are men whose first principle is to ignore the idea of a supremely intelligent Being, and make matter alone the "ens omnipotens" of mortals. Why, they say, seek for our phenomena, a cause outside of nature, when the evolution of matter as a natural cause will suffice? How can we be bound by relations to a Being, of whom we know nothing, and can never know anything? When this mistaken spirit infects the bosom of men it degrades them into sceptics. With this perversion come golden dreams of boundless happiness, of untrammelled freedom. It is beyond our power to measure the effects of such a system. Behold the cities, towns and villages of our country, the vast, growing population. Imagine for a moment, Agnosticism fermenting among them. Do we not shudder at the consequences? I hold that in a community thus indoctrinated, with the authority of God denied, the duties of mankind derided, with the people swayed by every wind of every doctrine, virtue can no more be fouud to exist than falsehood can spring from truth, or hatred from true and perfect love.

Mr. Whelan: If I have read Agnosticism aright, the accusation which implies that it professes no religion and proclaims the uselessness of worship, is altogether too sweeping. They are too wise in their generation to throw down the edifice of Christianity without making some attempt to build up another in its stead. Religion as Christ has taught it and as the world has taken it up, they repudiate entirely. "Act, act in the living present" is their motto: "let the dead past bury its dead," Christ and Christ's teachings included, is a cardinal axiom with them. Of course there is no God overhead, but they trust to a future very pleasant. They cannot be callous to religion and to the soothing influences it exercises upon the human heart. They turn to humanity as to an ideal creed in which all the archetypes of the noble and the true are found in substantial being before them; in which love and peace and comfort exist, in which every man is joined in friendship and no man's hand is uplifted against his neighbor. May they not be right in thinking that this will be the religion of the future, when luxury and learning are enthroned in the world as in a royal dais and strife and enmity and bloodshed are forever impossible in a common bond of love and amity. Certainly there is something ideal in this view. Who can predict that the day will not come—the age of peace and plenty when man linked with man in better understanding will find humanity self sufficient, answering all the needs of the human heart and making the world happy here and light and undimmed by any shadow of a future beyond the grave.

Mr. Keane: Yes, they do offer a substitute, but their offering is a compulsory one, and in the very fact that they come forward with a substitute for Religion lies a cogent argument in favor of the indispensability of some kind of a worship. Out of all the chaotic confusion of their ideas on this matter, they have summoned something into existence, formless and spectre-like, which they have endeavored to enthrone where only true religion can find a stable and legitimate seat. This substitute they have called Humanity, and forsooth, what do they mean by this Humanity? Something concrete or something abstract? If an abstraction it exists chiefly in the ideal order; if a concretion what does Humanity mean, but the mass of mankind with its longings and strivings, aims and ambitions, instincts and passions, with its admixture of good and evil? Are we to pray to this ever-changing, restless, unsatisfied, colossal conglomeration? Take it all in all, is it in any way better or higher than ourselves? Is it anything but some expression expanded, intensified of our own individual selves? What is our duty towards it? Are we bound to serve it, honor it, worship it, love it? On our knees before such a Deity, we would find ourselves adoring before our own shrines, in temples made up of our own selves, and swinging censers to our own beloved individuality. But they say, not the mass, for they are evolutionists, but the better part of the mass, the survival of the fittest, *that* is the Humanity to which we must bend the knee. Religion properly understood, elevates. The best of Humanity can never reach higher than the stretch of that Humanity. Perhaps, they mean philanthropy, brotherly love, fraternal concord and union. Gentlemen, what duties have you and I towards Humanity? What voice is imperative enough to command the fulfillment of those duties? If I refuse to worship in this basilica, baseless as the fabric of a dream, who can compel me? My better instincts, say they; the light and the sweetness of my truer inwardness, these all whisper suggestions which woo me to contribute towards this new Church without a corner-stone, this new family without a head, this new brotherhood without a father. But within me, there is the bitter as well as the sweet, and the dark as well as the light and my bad instincts as well as my good, and these latter call to me with just as persuasive a power as the former, and I will obey their summons unless I am checked by the awe of a superior Being, which is not, and cannot be my own self, or that persistent, resistless energy which they call the "Unknown and Unknowable." Before I can give my hand to their doctrine, they must offer me something more seductive than a Humanity left to its own perverseness, and worshipping before such a phantom as the "Unknown and the Unknowable."

Mr. McNeilly: If what we hear be ungarnished fact, I should like to learn by what process has been affected the propagation of the doctrine of the men for whom, up to the present, very few good words have been uttered. What are the channels through which their ideas have run so largely and permeated so widely the masses? I am informed that they have a church, but a church so contracted in its dimensions, as far as the worshippers are concerned, that it has been facetiously remarked about their gatherings that in

their assemblies we find three persons and no God. I should like some one better instructed than myself to throw some light on this question. Now-a-days the pulpit from which all manner of influence—good, bad and indifferent, is brought to bear on mankind, is the press, or in a more expanded sense, literature.

Has any gentleman here present looked into their authors? Have they rallied under their standard a select corps of writers able to bewitch the world and seduce it from orthodox paths into their own peculiar ways of thinking? Perhaps a more direct way of stating my position would be, is it possible for agnosticism, with the principles it advocates, to lay the corner-stone of a literature potent enough to compel the admiration, win the respect and awaken the higher instincts of our nature?

Mr. Taaffe: I perfectly agree that the point you have just raised implies a charge which Agnosticism must answer, and which, so far, has been hardly hinted at. The inevitable effect which an extension of its influence must have on the minds of the reading public, may be ranked next only in importance to its influence on religious truth and the knowledge of God. Literature has been justly styled the art preservative of all arts. It should be the repository of all that is good and pure and beautiful in the language and arts of a people. Like a mighty torrent it rushes forth from its manifold sources, sweeping before it every rock and tree and piece of refuse that obstructs its way and defaces its banks, stopping at no obstacle, and leaving a pure and limpid stream behind, regenerating and fertilizing the fields through which it passes, beantifying the scenes in which it figures, and refreshing and invigorating all who partake of its waters. This is literature springing from the fountain of Christianity, fed with the waters of Christian teaching, and carrying with it the refreshing influence of the true Christian spirit. This is as it is to-day; this is as it has been. It is the teacher, the guide of mankind, the purifier of morals. And how is it affected by this doctrine of Agnosticism? Is it not receiving drop by drop into its pure, rich blood the poison of scepticism and unbelief? And all this ostensibly on principles of Aestheticism, in the pursuit of what is good, what is true, what is beautiful.

Mr. McNeilly: In spite of what has been so well said I am still at a loss. Literature, if it means anything at all, means the consignment to the written or printed word of what is choicest in men's thoughts and men's views. Literature is the amber which embalms and keeps in distinctness of articulation the bright colored and gracefully formed emanations of the human brain which otherwise would disappear and die.

I have read some beautiful extracts from the writings of these men who are called Agnostics, and I am constrained to make the admission that for elegance of style, and, at times, loftiness of thought, they suggested literary talent of no mean standard bespeaking for the authors a high place in the republic of letters. I fail therefore to see with what justice we can stigmatize their productions whether in verse or prose as things to be banished to the limbo wherein literature hides away from public gaze what is unworthy of being accredited where mental refinement and culture prevail.

Mr. Taaffe: If fine writing, masterly style, facile pens, if an energy worthy of a better cause, if the rearing of an unsubstantial ideal, if all this has for its outcome, beauty of phrase and melodious rhythm, then they have a literature. But will their productions stand the test of good taste, or the scrutiny of keen, intelligent criticism? The life which throbs through their work, does it spring from an immanent, undecaying principle, giving a promise of immortality? Are their efforts literature in the higher sense of the word? Literature, if it be anything, is the expression of the beautiful, of which the type is the God, known as Jehovah by the old world, made clearer to us by the sweet ministration of Christ to man. That God they repudiate and cast down, and in what realm of space are they going to discover the standard, the ideal of the good, the pure, the beautiful? There is only one worship left to them, the worship of their own bodies, or at best, the worship of nature beheld by a vision weakened by the thraldom of the flesh, and they fall back into the idolatry of nature which will lead the world back to the Paganism of Homer and Virgil, of Anacreon and Horace.

Mr. Ryan: Does it not seem to you that you are going a little too far in what I feel obliged to call your utter denunciation of Agnostic Literature? In a matter of this kind it strikes me that we must beware of minimizing and give to those in whose views we do not concur, at least, the merits which they deserve.

You will grant me that as a Literature Agnosticism, while forming a school based on its own principles, no matter what we may think of them, has reached some kind of a standing in the Republic of Letters. Among their writers, in prose and in verse, there are men of no small intellectual calibre, men endowed, in some degree with the aesthetic faculty, men whose pages are aglow with beauty of phrase and musical with the melody of diction. Their ideas may not survive the touch of the Ithuriel spear of philosophy, but in the common acceptation of the term, they have a Literature. To put it in a word, do you think that I am exaggerating when I claim for them all the excellence that we find in Pagan Literature? Now Pagan Literature has held the world in its thrall ever since the days of Homer, and the world would not willingly let die such masterpieces as have become the heirloom of all the ages since the time that the old mythologies became extinct. So I say, let us welcome this Literatnre, no matter how small it be, as we welcome, I will not say the Iliad or Odyssey or Aenead, but the production of the minor pens, that, in conjunction with the more famous authors, make up what we call the Literature of Greece and Rome.

Mr. Taaffe; But there is a difference, a vast difference between the literature of Pagan, Greece and Rome and that of modern Agnostics. Between these two there yawns a broad, impassable chasm which, strive as they will, they can never bridge over. Degraded as was the Paganism of the ancient writers, it was superior, far superior, far less harmful than this travesty on literature which threatens to overthrow

the work of centuries of advancement. The literature of Agnosticism is dogmatic; the literature of the Ancients was not. Paganism acknowledged the existence of a Supreme Being, powerful above all other gods, while Agnosticism cancels the very idea of God in its system. In the name of art they abolish God altogether, in the name of Aestheticism they hurl their anathemas at the very source and origin of the good and beautiful, and strive with might and main to set up their own so-called ideal. Oh, Art! How hast thou been traduced! What crimes are committed daily in thy name! For what blasphemy, what ribaldry thou art daily made the shield! That perception, that appreciation of all that is good, that is pure, that is beautiful in art or nature, has give way to a sensuous, passionate, Pagan taste, that sneers at the revelations of Divine truth, openly mocks the idea of God and His divine institutions, and boldly asserts that "the gods" of the ancients were themselves preferable to Him. Such ideas as these are indeed too monstrous to be advocated in prose, but their praises are sung, and sung again by the bards of this misguided creed. They have sung the songs of Greece; they have tuned their lyres to the melodies of a fleshly age and a sensual race.

But what need is there of further remark? Whether they sing in verse or declaim in prose, by the very force of their principles they must prove recreant to the spirit of their forefathers. Our literature is a mighty power, and, in part, it has responded to the mission entrusted to it. It has inspired the statesman, it has nerved the patriot's arm, it has beguiled with peaceful delights the leisure of masters and toilers. There is in it sweet strains for worship, the battle-cry for the melee, and men may lean upon it as upon a stout staff that will not give way. But feed our young on the intellectual food that is presented by the Agnostic, and what kind of a race are we preparing for the future? I am afraid to investigate, and I shudder at the prospect, for I know that the individual that drinks from those polluted waters will take into his system the germs of every moral disorder, which at a given moment and at the touch of opportunity, will break out into overwhelming crime. I feel that among the maidens and the striplings that gather to listen to the seers of this later day, society will be unable to select a mother capable of brightening a fireside with purity and devotion, or a man brave enough to defend the state in its hour of peril.

Mr. Ryan: I own that I am convinced that there is an element in Agnosticism, antagonistic to real literary progress. While pondering what must inevitably be its effect upon Letters, my thoughts reverted to the ravages which unaesthetic principles must entail upon a people. To me a state without a true Literature is a state that misses one of its best teachers, and must therefore, unless otherwise sustained lapse into barbarism. I could not help asking myself what kind of a state must that state be whose people are imbued with the principles we are investigating. And I necessarily discovered that it is impossible to draw a circle beyond whose circumference the disastrous effects of Agnosticism could not penetrate. I am constrained to avow that when this conversation of ours began it never entered my mind that the influences of a doctrine apparently of such recent origin, could be so overwhelming or appalling.

Mr. McNeilly: Most assuredly, in testing the merits of a doctrine that aims at the thorough reformation of humanity we would omit a very important consideration were we not to question it as to its influence on society and that particular form of society we call the state. Does it bring any saving message which secures the relations which should exist between the two prime factors of every community properly organized, between the controlling element in society and the beings it directs, or, to put it more plainly, does it make authority stronger and the subject more obedient? What answer has Agnosticism in reply to this question?

Surely every Agnostic, no matter how latitudinarian his tenets must admit that one of the great ends of all reform is the establishing of authority on a firmer basis and the protecting of authority against insubordination and the screening of the individual against the evil influences of that centralization which when pushed to extreme limits we call tyranny. Authority is as necessary to the state as the sunlight to the sturdy oak.

It is its very principle of existence. The state is not a vast multitude without order, aim or end, not a a body each member of which is independent, free to follow the bent of his own inclination, reckless of the wishes, rights or welfare of those around him.

The rights of his fellow citizens cannot be violated with impunity. Society so constituted would be a turbulent sea and our homes and our treasures would be the prey of a howling, seething, fickle mob. Yet society supposes all these elements, but supposes them under control, under direction, under a leading, which will further, in spite of obstacles and difficulties, the advancement towards higher aims of every individual making up the mass. The strong arm which can rein in the changeful multitude and achieve out of the chaos that beautiful order which means civilization, is called authority. Now comes the pertinent query. If Agnostics recognize nothing higher than man, whence comes the right to any human being or any body of human beings to lord it over others. Is the state a social contract?

Has any bargain been made between me, a citizen of the state, and those who are above me?

They may say there is the democratic form of government in which men elect their own rulers and are bound to obey them by virtue of their own choice.

Bound! How! And why? I am one of the minority; my candidate has been defeated, or I belong to the victorious party. Why do I recognize in the ruler his right to command? Is my recognition a moral one, or do I obey because, like the slave, I fear the lash? What is to hinder my consorting with men of my own stamp and frame of mind and with them gradually gaining numerical strength and plotting against and overthrowing the state? The agnostic cannot say that there is the inward voice of conscience to which you must listen, there is the morality of the act to be considered. They have relegated to the

regions of the unknown and unknowable the very foundation of the moral order, and conscience, in their eyes, is nothing but the gradually decaying relic of a mental barbarism, and which, at best, is nothing but unconscious cerebration, or the result of a series of nervous shocks hereditarily transmitted. Perhaps they may cry beware anarchism, socialism, or some other "ism," which has been caught red-handed plotting murder against the state.

The last men in the world to proclaim against anarchism or socialism are the men that, in uttering the first dogma of their new form of religion, emit a principle which leaves it free to man to work his own wild will wherever and whenever it pleases him.

Our century is ninety years old and its history has only furnished to posterity a congeries of unsolved social problems. There is the question of state rights, of centralization, of political reform, the great race question, anarchism, socialism, the rights of property, universal suffrage and women's rights. A system which comes to the front with the claims of Agnosticism should furnish some kind of a solution for these difficulties. Naturally these thoughts force themselves upon us in the trend which this discussion took at the start. We waived all argument on the ontological, psychological, metaphysical aspects of the doctrine. We came at once and very practically to the point most vital.

We weighed it in the balance of human interests rightly understood, touching upon natural theology, ethics and literature, that great teacher of mankind. We asked what Agnosticism had achieved along any of these lines for the state and society and our conclusion is that agnosticism is verily agnosticism appearing before us with unintelligible mutterings and telling us that in this very matter of social reform as in everything else, the solution is an unknown quantity—X to the nth power—that God and man and everything concerning God and man is unknown and unknowable.

Mr. Taaffe: Ah, but the prophets of Agnosticdom predict a remedy for all this; they have foreseen your objection and they have answered it. They are evolutionists, they are slow, patient, but successful toilers; they are willing to wait, and they entreat us to remember that Rome was not built in a day, and that even the Christianity which we are so proud of, required ages to develop and secure the splendid position which dignifies it at the present moment. "Let us" say they "infuse in proper quantities, drop by drop, if necessary the elixir of our new found creed into the veins of humanity, and lo! when or how they cannot tell, but sooner or later they declare, leaning on our casements and surveying mankind from China to Peru, we shall be dazzled by the spectacle of the new risen humanity, freed from the embraces of Death—this whole world of ours touched into a better and a glorious existence, all wild instincts sobered down, all nobler aspirations with unfolded wings, hovering radiant beneath the blue ether, righteous, untrammelled and resplendent. Such radiant vision do their seers foretell, the advent of the Golden Age, the individual purified, authority supreme, society regenerated, man standing out individually and collectively, himself his own magnificent temple and his own god, no longer unknown or unknowable."

Mr. McNeilly: It is not sound thinking which suggests this plan. The golden age is a thing of the past. Perhaps at some distant period a dim reflection of it may be visible. We know nothing of the future save what is indicated by the present and the past. If in some far, remote, glad future this earthly scene is to be revisited by the beauty and smile and peace of the long ago banished Eden it will not be at the beck of any spell which Agnosticism is able to weave. We can call spirits from the vasty deep but will they come? We are living in the actual present and we have the teachings of all the past to instruct us. We know what man is and what a strange medley human nature has proved itself. The prayerful, hopeful attitude of Agnosticism peering into the days that are not yet, has for its kneeling bench at best emotion or sentiment.

Emotion and sentiment are powerful agents in begetting unselfish and generous impulses but, when all is said, they are only emotions, they are only sentiment, they are only impulses. Man's safest guide is rightly illumined reason. What our poor human nature wants is a strong light without shadows and the courage to take the path, no matter how steep or rugged, which that light points out. Duty, the principle of duty, is his mainstay, and where God is inconceivable and the immortality of the soul and the hereafter absurdities what is it that can give to duty its imperative nature? Gentlemen, perhaps there is much more to be said on this subject but enough has been said to make it untenable for Agnosticism to put forward any claim to a single regenerating principle. Considered as a social agent it gives no strength above the strength of might to authority. As for the individual in the state, it offers no high abiding incentive for the plenary discharge of social duties. The men who advocate Agnosticism and their followers not only do not build up but absolutely pull down. Their own principles drive them to the work of destruction. No statesman imbued with true patriotism can catch from their teachings a saving inspiration. There comes to my mind the thought of a country, fair, blessed by nature in many ways with men of mind and heart, and women of purity and devotion, a land elevated to the topmost pinnacle of national grandeur.

The shadow of an unlucky day fell upon it, the rights of God were disregarded and man's rights were made paramount to His. Peace and plenty forsook the land. Where God was worshipped a fallen woman was enshrined. Its honor and glory were laid in the dust and sobbing multitudes were weeping around the bier of departed greatness and "none so poor were found to do it reverence." The leaven that worked the ruin was a principle like the principle of Agnosticism we have been considering. Its history has been, and will be the history of every people that welcomes or does not check the advance of a propaganda which writes upon its standard the unknown and unknowable God.

Mr. Fortescue: I feel inclined to contribute a remark or two by way of query on the question at issue, but my watch reminds me that it is growing late. Even in the short

space of time we have consumed, we have traveled over no inconsiderable portion of ground. I, for one, am ready to grant that Agnosticism, whether in its germinal principles or its inevitable consequences, is an untenable system. Its fiction of a God, unknown and unknowable is involved in a maze of contradictions, and is at war with fact and the harmonious consent of universal mankind. God is a necessity, and in a measure, can be known, not adequately, not with full comprehension, but sufficiently to force upon us the conviction that he is the Maker, Master and Controller of the destinies of our race, that we owe Him our being, our homage and our love. The religion which they propose as a substitute for the religion which nature reveals and Christ's teaching has perfected, is no religion at all. Literature and art are despoiled of their charms when sustained by the inspiration of Agnosticism. The State, built upon its tenets, has its foundations laid upon the thin crust which covers a restless and seething volcano; whence must issue, sooner or later, the demons of discord—anarchy and revolt—overwhelming in one terrific conflagration the peace, happiness and stability of all government.

I had expected that some one of you would have brought upon the tapis Ingersoll and his arguments in behalf of his own peculiar Agnosticism. I am rather glad that Robert has been ignored. His ravings are those of a sick man, the prattlings of a mere babe, and probably silence, or, a smile, is the best greeting we can give him. It is sad to think that there are so many in all conditions of life who have caught up the Agnostic clamor, and it is well for us to know, on the eve of our departure from these halls, that while error is going to confront us in every shape, the teaching we have received within them has given keenness to our vision to detect and strength to our minds to grapple with, and not to be overcome by the doctrines which are so rife in the world that lies so temptingly before us. This is our last gathering as students of St. John's College. To-day it is my sad duty to bid farewell in the name of my fellow-graduates to scenes and faces with which, for many years, we have been familiar. Our first natural emotion is gratitude for the training which has made us ready for the inevitable conflict into which we must enter. The play-days of life are over for us and only the serious aspects of existence confront us. What our destiny is to be, we know not; but our education here has made it clear that we can control our fate and achieve an honorable, if not a glorious place, in the ranks of mankind. Surely we cannot be oblivious to the upholding faith, which is ours, in God and in His church, which faith has heen strengthened by our stay within these precincts, where the torch of science and the torch of faith commingled their fires to make one steady beacon light to illumine our future path. Our duty is unmistakable, to suit our actions to the truth that is within us. When the hour of parting comes, few words are best. So Reverend Faculty, mindful of the maxims you have inculcated, and with the purpose to live and to die by them, and with thankfulness for all your past solicitude, we bid you, and Alma Mater, farewell. Fellow-students, in the knowledge that we are accompanied by your best wishes, to you also we say, good-bye. Classmates, our little band will soon be scattered. Hoping that in the days to come rumor shall bring to our ears the tidings of each others success in the battle of life, trusting that when our paths shall cross we shall be able to say that we have kept our manliness and our integrity unweakened in the struggle, with a God-bless and a God-love old St. John's, our professors, and our comrades, let me fellow-graduates, bid you all good-bye and God-speed.

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SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER, 1890.

SANCTUM

"Once more the gate behind me falls,
Once more before my face
I see the old familiar walls
That guard the schoolboy place."

Among the events chronicled in the Monthly during our ten-monthed year, first in point of time and not last in point of importance is the return of the philosophers. This year they came back of course on the second Wednesday in September, but on a late train so that the boys being in Study Hall were unable to give them cheer for cheer as they came up the lawn. This deficiency, however, was satisfied by the fair round of applause which they received on entering the refectory. In view of their being ten of them, of their coming to swell the number of students as well as the old Fordham Spirit to nearly high water mark, of their being the Jubilee class, petitioners for holidays, residents of Madison avenue, lovers of and seekers after wisdom, "et ita porro:" the Monthly begs to give the members of '91 viva voce, the time honored editorial greeting: "May the gray hairs of long study long spare their philosophic pates and the moss their stove pipes !!!"

* * * * * * *

On our return we found the new Second Division Building well nigh completed, and the front of the First Division rising above ground. Of neither of these structures can we say, as has been said of the walls of old Troy, that it "rose to a music slowly breathed;" because the fact of the matter is that the former has already risen and the latter is rising promptly to the music of our friends' generosity and of our good Rector's energy. For our friends, we have sincerest thanks: for our Rector our heartfelt wish that

God's choicest benisons
From out His graces' drainless urn
Like dews, on all his undertakings fall!

* * * * * * *

To most of us news of the death of John Boyle O'Reilly and Cardinal Newman came close on each other in the noon of summer vacations: and some of us may have turned away for a moment in thought from scenes of pleasure and amusement to sympathize with Mother Church in her sorrow over the bereavement of two of her noblest sons. John Boyle O'Reilly, journalist, patriot and poet, cut off in the middle of life, was a great loss to his Religion, to his Country and to Literature, while Cardinal Newman passed away with years and actions thick upon him, leaving his Religion an inestimable prestige, his Country a mighty example, and Literature a splendid treasure. The one, born in the Church's bosom, passed his forty odd years in difficult but not altogether fruitless endeavors to better the condition of his native land, the most faithful of the Church's daughters: the other, born without the pale of the Church, spent half of his four score years and ten in searching for divine Truth and the other half in homage and service at her altar. And now that the gates of eternal life have been opened unto these two great hearts, to one after knocking with eager patience for forty years and to the other for twice that number, we bow before the infinite wisdom of Heaven and say over the tombs of these Christian heroes:

"God accept them, Christ receive them!"

* * * * * * *

The old bell that hung under the still older clock—which clock by the way is now nearer to heaven than ever before, crowning as it does the cupola of the college manse—and so often summoned us to our duties, has been supplanted by a new one. To those of us who were so used to the voice of the former that of the latter sounds strange; and though we know that in time it shall become familiar to our ears, we cannot altogether wean our memories from the tones of its redecessor. We have seen the bell whose brazen tongue proclaimed "liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof;" and let no one charge us with want of patriotism when we say that in no wise does it surpass our ex-bell around whose rim ran the simple but "in its simplicity sublime" inscription.—Rose Hill, Westchester Co., 1840, St John's Coll. Fordham."

D. A. 91.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

T. S. REILLY, '91.

A HAPPY and healthful year to all!

From present indications the success of the collegiate term is certainly assured. Already the attendance has passed last year's average maximum, while the influx of old and new students is astonishing.

Very many new faces are to be seen on 1st Division this year, likewise a large number of the old ones; the newcomers seem to possess all the elements which go to make up successful athletes; so, verbum sap; look for surprises in the spring!

The mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated on the 11th inst. Rev. Fr. Dealy was the celebrant, and was assisted by Rev. Fr. Kavanagh, and Mr. Smith as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon, a feeling and eloquent one, was delivered by Rev. Fr. O'Leary, our Professor of Philosophy and Metaphysics.

We are very glad to announce that something charming and surprising is about to happen. It has been suggested, ratified, and decreed that our handsome and hallowed smoking shed receive a new tin roof. Now let the cigarette and "auld poipe" fiend rejoice!

With new carpet in the Reading Room, and the pronounced changes in the Billiard Room, 1st Division may well feel proud. Great thanks are due to Fr. Pittar, our prefect, not only for these, but for many other pleasing changes.

Through the kindness of Fr. Rector, a celebrated member of the civil service board of physicians, will examine all the students of the College in regard to their physical defects, and then suggest fitting remedies for each.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Livingston, Camody, and McNally for the great interest which they are taking in the foot ball team. Fuller particulars will be had elsewhere.

If the gentleman who sing of divinities of the "Lulaming" type should read their Ciceros more carefully they would see that the object of youth to beget a "mens sano in carpore sano."

The Parthenian Sodality under the direction of Rev. Father Kavanagh, held its first meeting on September 13th, at which the followlng officers were elected:

Prefect: M. E. Corbett, '92.
1st. Assist: J. H. Dunn, '91.
2d. Assist: M. D. Lennon, '91.
1st. Lector: H. Clogher, '93.
2d Lector: T. B. Burke, '93.
Secretary: M. Glynn, '94.
Organist: J. Farley, '93.
Mus. Dir.: J. W. Fogarty, '91.
Sacristan: J. Barrington, '94.

COUNCILORS:

D. Arellana, '91. F. McLean, '91.
W. H. Feeley, '92. R. Gutierrez, '92.

It is reported that one of our Editorial Board is troubled with heart disease! Can this be true?

Mr. C. Ludlow Livingston, our distinguished athlete, has returned from abroad to prepare for his final course. His trip through Europe was in every way beneficial, while a description of the wonders he saw, and a recital of the difficulties he encountered, would be enough to drive sleep from the best youth of 3d Division. He brings back many happy mementoes of his visit, one being a bicycle, second largest the world.

Mr. A. G. Burrow, our gallant captain of cadets, and genial story-teller, has returned for the Post Graduate course; also Mr. T. Carmody, of Rose Hill fame.

Cadet drill was resumed immediately after the opening of school. With the entries of nearly all the new students, the battalion promises to be even larger than ever. Artillery drill will probably be a new feature this year. Lieut. Squiers, whom all so highly esteem, is still in command.

If the gentlemen who preferred work in Schenectady to study at Fordham, would report to us, they would learn something to their advantages.

The Class Base Ball games have been dropped from the program of fall sports; this, owing to the wondrous changes in the weather during the present month.

SECOND DIVISION NOTES.

WM. FERGUSON '94.

At College once again fellow-students! We greet you and extend to you our heartiest good wishes for 1890.

Although "Second" did not, "immediately on their return hither-ward," make the new building their habitat, and although they had to use First Division gymnasium as a stopgap for a time, they never lost their good nature or sportiveness, and without any conceit they can extend to themselves the encouraging hand of congratulation.

Of course for the first few days after our arrival not many felt just ready for work, but a week's time or more, while it rid the new fellows of "the blues," put the old ones into the stereotyped spirit and worked them up to the high pitch so necessary for their ten-months run.

Although four or five of our best "Invincibles" have left us, we regret to say, still we think that we can hold our own and make a record even equal to that of last year.

The "Invincibles" have not yet reorganized, nor, it is thought, will they do so, until next Spring. Three or four games, however, are scheduled for the latter part of the season of '90.

Those of "Second," who were lately transplanted to higher fields of activity, will even now agree with us in saying that this is the baseball Division of the college.

Such a league as we had on "Second" during the last month would be the very envy of the Brotherhood and National Leagues themselves! *Boston* still holds the lead, with *Brooklyn* on its heels and poor *New York* third, while

the *Philies* being disgusted with a few of their players, suffered a complete collapse. Great results are expected from our little League, and you would really think, to see us on the field, that the championship of the world was at stake.

If a few of those of "Second" who show such ill nature at drill-time, would try to be only half so mean spirited, undoubtedly a Second Division company would always carry the colors.

Why can't we have at least Corporals on "Second?" With truth and without the slightest vanity, we can claim that our officers would be among the best in the Battalion.

We hope that the "Fordham Foot Ball Team" will prove more than a mere name and that some of their fair promises will be realized, and that they will be able to make a record for themselves. We congratulate them on the earnest work with which they have occupied their time lately.

Was that not a narrow escape for Charlie some days ago? Very few of us may lay claim to such thrilling experiences. An iron bell weighing one hundred and fifty pounds would have dealt swift destruction to a far stronger frame than he can boast of.

We were all surprised to find that our Study Hall was ready so soon. Now the principle drawback seems to be the front staircase, which, when completed, will be one of the features of the building.

What Division can be compared to this one? Where can you find such a Billiard Room or Reading Room? As for the Gynasium, Domitory and Study Hall, why they are so sumptuous that they would be demeaned by a comparison.

The principle topic which now seems to absorb the interest of "Second" seems to be the name for our avenue. That of Madison Avenue, one would think, is the favored title.

Some one lately suggested the name of "Sleepy Hollow." Of course he so dubbed it, not with any reference to its intended occupants, but because forsooth he himself is well acquainted with the luxury of a good after-dinner doze. The same is he that weighs 2 cwt!

THIRD DIVISION NOTES.

ANDREW C. SULLIVAN, '95.

1. Our division is larger than ever this year.

2. There are a few boys of last year not back yet whom we are very desirous of seeing again in old St. John's.

3. During our summer vacation, one of our old friends, Rev. Fr. Prachenski departed this life suddenly. May his soul rest in peace.

4. Amongst the many new members of third division there is one who is a very enthusiastic base-ballist. He has a dozen or more curves, and can easily knock the ball beyond the railroad track. Of course he has not yet accomplished this feat but he can do it.

5. We must congratulate second division. Their new abode is a magnificent piece of workmanship.

6. We have just been getting a taste of the equinoctial showers. We do not like them over much.

7. We hear that second division is playing good ball this year. We hope that if it is true, they will keep it up, and if not, that they will improve.

8. Rev. Fr. Halpin paid us a very friendly visit this week. He laid down his rules and regulations. They are not hard to keep.

9. On Thursday, Sept. 18th, 1890, eight young gentlemen left this division to begin house-keeping on second. Let us congratulate them and wish them success in all their undertakings.

10. Under the careful guidance of Lieut Squiers, the Cadets are flourishing.

11. Considering that we have had a touch of the "equinoctials," the weather has been quite pleasant.

12. There is a great yearning for promotion to second division. Will our longings be satisfied? We ask this doubtfully. Still while there is life, there is hope.

13. As we were afraid of making those who went up to second division blush, we did not publish their names in the beginning of this column, but we take the liberty of doing so now. They are: John J. Sinnott, Edw. M. Lamb, Hugh P. Fogarty, Alexander J. Graydon, Jos. J. O'Brien, Edward T. Higgins, Wilbur J. Draper, and Arthur C. Valdeavellano.

14. Last Sunday, Sept. 21st, 1890, a nine from New York, called the "Majestics" came up to play the Tyros of last year. The most interesting part of the game was when John Mulcahy of the Majestics, lined the ball out over the left fielder's head for a home run with three men on base. The score was 19–13 in favor of the Tyros, but only eight innings were played on account of the bell for study being rung.

The following played on the Tyros.

Jos. O'Brien, P.
W. Draper, C.
J. Smith, 1st B.
E. Lamb, 2d B.
A. Valdeavellano, 3d B.
C. Smith, S.S.
E. Tomney, C. F. & L. F.
E. Higgins, L. F. & C. F.
J. Dwyer, R. F.

BILLIARD ROOM NOTES.

C. S. KEITH, '91, Sept. 1890.

On the 11th of Sept. the new officers were elected. The billiard room officers are as follows: Mr. Rielly, '91, Pres.; Mr. Phelan, '94, V. P.; Mr. C. S. Keith, '91, Rec. Sec.; Mr. A. H. Nicholson, '94, Corresponding Sec.; and Mr. Flynn, '92, Treas.

On the 14th of Sept. a meeting of the officers was called for the election of four directors.

The following gentlemen were chosen: Mr. Harry Gallagher, '91, Mr. Hickey, '92, Mr. Lennon, '91, and Mr. Jno. J. Rielly, '92.

The qnestion of a new cloth and cushions for both billiard and pool tables was then brought forward, and, after some debate as to the amount of expense the sum of $150.00 was

appropriated for that purpose. It was then decided, that cues should be placed on the private rack for those wishing to pay ten cents a month for the use of them.

Upon the motion of Mr. Flynn, which was seconded by Mr. Phelan, the meeting adjourned.

The Billiard room is in prime condition.

READING-ROOM NOTES.

JNO. J. BARRINGTON, '94.

During the past month our reading-room has done duty as a class-room for Second English Grammar, and as a dressing-room for the foot ball team. Through lack of space, therefore, the usual numbers were not filed. But at present we have on file the following: New York Daily Tribune, Sun, and Herald; The Catholic Review, the Connecticut Catholic, New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register, the Catholic American, The Month, and the Messenger of the Sacred Heart; Scientific American, The Illustrated News, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Harper's Weekly, The Graphic and Judge.

FORDHAM COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The new year brings with it some good athletic material although in a rather crude state.

The foot ball men are practicing regularly, and will no doubt present a team fully as good as last year's team.

The foot ball season opens on October 1st with a game with the Manhattan Athletic Club.

The new men are doing well in practice ; they are all hard workers, and if the present good work continues we may predict a successful season.

The rush line is much lighter, though much more active than last year's rushers ; the manager is looking for some good hard "beef."

The kicking of the team has improved wonderfully since the manager's announcement that all the players would have to stop smoking after October 1st.

Tom Carmody will captain the team again this year and will play full-back as formerly.

The Foot Ball schedule this year promises to be quite an extensive one. Many good games may be expected.

In order to raise the standard of track athletics in this college, and to develop athletic talent in the students, there will be held throughout the ensuing year a series of athletic contests, which series shall end on May 1st, when handsome gold medals will be awarded winners. There will be six classes, in each of which the man scoring greatest number of points shall receive a gold medal or other valuable trophy. The classes are :

1st. Sprinting: which includes all running races up to 600 yards.

2d. Running: which will consist of events from ½ to 5 miles.

3d. Walking: which will consist of events from ½ to 5 miles.

4th. Herculean events: comprising 16 lbs. shot, 16 lbs. hammer, and 56 lbs. weight.

5th. Gymnastic events: comprising flying rings; 2, horizontal bars; 3, parallel bars; 4, high jump; 5, trapeze; 6, club swinging; 7, tumbling.

6th. Skating—comprising: 1, 100 yards dash; 2, 440 yards dash; 3, 1 mile, and four, 5 mile races.

The officers of the Athletic Association are: President, C. Ludlow Livingston; Secretary, F. Keating; Executive Committee, W. Donovan and P. Comerford.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Two small but eminently valuable works have been sent to our Sanctum by the courtesy of Benziger Bros. One is "The Catholic Young Man of the present" translated from the German of Rt. Rev. Aug. Egger, D. D. Bishop of St. Gall.

The other is "Rights of our Little Ones," or, "First Principles on Education in Catechetical Form," by Rev. Jas. Conway, S. J. Cainsius College, Buffalo, N. Y.

We are glad to hear that popular rumor speaks favorably of the chances of Louis F. Haffen, '75 for the Commissionership of Street Improvements for the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards. We wish him all success. He deserves it.

We have been obliged to defer until later the publishing of some interesting communications. A very instructive paper by Rev. Chas. McGowan '77, of Connecticut, will appear shortly.

Many visitors called during the month, among them Judge F. P. Poche and Senator Gibson of New Orleans.

Rev. Fr. D. J. MacGoldrick, S. J. has been added to our Faculty.

A full list of our Faculty will be given next month as well as some news of the whereabouts of the Professors and Students who left us during the summer.

Mr Brown, M. D., will have charge of Physical Culture this year.

On the evening of Oct. 1st. the boys entered on their Annual Retreat under the direction of Father Francis Ryan, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore. The attendance at the exercises including boarders and day-scholars was surely larger than any in the memory of existing students. And what with the attention paid by this large number of boys to the touching and instructive discourses of Fr. Ryan, great fruit was, to all appearances, reaped by the retreatants and we can but hope that as the year advances the fruit will grow richer still and more exuberant. Certainly the consoling and edifying sight of the general communion gives ground for the best of hopes.

The Retreat closed on Sunday Oct. 5th with the double solemnity of High Mass in the morning and solemn Benediction preceded by a Sermon and the Papal blessing in the evening. The solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Fr. Halpin assisted by Fr. Ziegler and Mr. Buel as Deacon and Sub-deacon. Fr. Ryan preached in the evening, and his sermon warmed as, it was with the fervor and zeal and

richness of the whole retreat will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of hearing it.

The office of Editor-in-chief of the FORDHAM MONTHLY has been awarded as a testimony of real merit and perseverance.

Obituary notices of Rev. Father Prackensky and Br. Hennen, who died in the early days of July, will be published in the next issue.

A Piscatorial party lately left the College to toil for a day on the deep off Pennyfield. They proved themselves very successful anglers before dusk, and that night Alma Mater's kitchen was redolent with the smell of more than a score of eels.

Other notes of public interest have been unavoidabiy excluded.

Whatever mistakes may have crept into this number must be ascribed to the freshness of the editorial staff. (We do not use freshness in its newest sense.)

THOMAS B. BURKE, 93.

The following officers have been chosen. Thos. B. Burke, '93, Manager; Vice Pres., M. Corbett, '92; Treas., J. Hardmann, '92; Cor. Sec., J. B. Farley, '93; Recd. Sec., M. Lennon, '91.

When foot-ball is not in progress, the following men will represent the College in base-ball for the fall season. Carmody, p. & r. f.; Calkins, 1st b.; Eccleson, c. & c. f.; Hickey, 2d b.; Phelan, s.s.; Ryan, 3d b.; Flynn, l. f.; Roche r. f. & p.; Reilly c. f. & c.

Judging from the material on hand, base ball will boom in the Spring. So beware, Lafayette, Lehigh, Wesleyan etc.

On Sunday, the 21st, we were prepared to give brother Broderick and pets a little lesson in base ball, but his team failed to put in an appearance.

The boys returned with lots of base-ball news from their respective cities. The Brotherhood enthusiasts have lost much of their faith in their champions.

Where are our wandering boys to-night? We mean a certain Right hander and a particularly heavy left-hander.

Are base ball matters moving smoothly on the Division? Consult your Rev. Prefect.

Second Division sent us the usual quota of base-ballists, among whom are———but they don't wish their names to be mentioned. Isn't it so, Anson?

That wonder from the Smoky City surprised us by refusing to catch with the mask. Well, we'll pray for you "*Rile.*"

Old reliable Hick is with us again and Brooklyn has a wonder on our field.

Jim McNally the successful manager of '89, found his way here in good season. (?) He has helped us much in our new charge. For which, Mac, many thanks.

That lean man from Anson's bailiwick is fast developing into a pitcher, therefore we have concluded to send a guard home with him during the summer, in order that the old man will not get him.

Our wonderful, invincible, irresistible "battery" are back. They got a warm weleome from the boys.

BATTALION NOTES.

MARTIN MC. M. RAMSAY, '92.

S. O. No. 1, Sept. 3, 1890.

I. Drills will be resumed on Saturday, Sept. 6th and will take place thereafter on Sunday from 10:45 to 11:45 A. M., on Thursday from 8:30 to 9:30 A, M., and on Saturday from 4:15 to 5:15 P. M.

II. All officers and non-com. officers of Cadet Battalion of 1890 are hereby re-appointed. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

III. No promotions or appointments will be made until after the candidate has passed a satisfactory examination. 70 per cent. will be required in examinations for promotion to grade of Corporal; 80 per cent. to Sergeant; 85 per cent. to Lieutenant; 90 per cent. to Captain.

IV. Recitation in Tactics will take place on Thursday from 9:45 to 10:45. Lesson for Thursday next from Par. 10 to Par. 72.

By order of

H. G. SQUIERS,

2nd. Lt. 7th U. S. Cav.

V. All students are required to attend drill three times each week excepting those belonging to the Philosophy classes. Excuses from drill must be handed to the 1st Sergeant of the Company, to which the cadet belongs, five minutes before first call for drill. The President and Vice-President only, can excuse cadets from drill.

S. O. No. 2.

The following cadets are temporarily placed under Capt. Alan G. Burrow.

1st Sergt. Feeley,
Sergt. Farley,
Corpl. Myer.

CADET PRIVATES.

Alonzo,	Donovan, W.	McCaffery,
Arellano, H.	Donovan, R.	McDermott,
Alexander,	Fleming,	O'Brien, J.
Boyle, T.	Ferguson,	Phelan,
Boyle, W.	Gutierrez,	Reilly, J.
Bermingham,	Gallagher, A.	Rafferty,
Clogher, A.	Gibson,	Smith, E.
Culebro,	Horn, C.	Smyth, T.
Clarke, R.	Irsch,	Scott, C.
Doran, M. E.	Ibar,	Sinclaire,
Doran, M. A.	Kenny, E.	Shannon, J.
Donnelly, J.	Kruger,	Villegas,
Dugan, R.	Kane, C.	Walsh, G.
	Willis, C.	

The following named non-commissioned officers are assigned to duty with new Cadets: Serg't-Major Ramsay, Sergeant Clogher, Sergeant McSorley, Corpl. Hardiman.

As a number of mistakes crept into the Triennal Catalogue of the Alumni, we insert a revised list in this number of the *Monthly*. It is as correct as is in our power to make it. Any additional information about our graduates or any corrections will be thankfully received.

ALUMNI.

A.

Atocha, Alcée.....A.B.	1854.	Lawyer .....New Orleans, La.
Ainsa, Santiago.....A.B.	1860.	Attorney at Law. Tucson, Arizona
*Ahearn, William.....A.B.	1872.	Clerical Student.
Adams, Francis M.....A.B.	1874.	Merchant .....Denver, Col.
Aspell, Thomas J.....A.B.	1881.	Broker.....New York.
Aspell, John .....A.B.	1882.	Physician.....357 W. 56th St., N. Y. City.
Amy, Henry, Jr.....A.B.	1886.	Banker .....18 W.27th St., N.Y.City.
Amy, Alfred M.....A.B.	1888.	Clerk .....18 W.27th St., N.Y.City.
Aylward, James N.....A.B.	1887.	Clerical Student...New York.

B.

Burke, William.....A.B.	1846.	Harrisburg, Pa.
Berger, Paul.....A.B.	1846.	New York.
Barnard, Edmund.....A.M.	1849.	Lawyer .....Montreal, P. Q.
*Brady, Stephen J..... .A.M.	1852.	Lawyer.
Binsse, Louis J.....A.B.	1853.	New York.
Brennan, Richard.....A.M.	1854.	Clergyman, D.D...40 Cannon St., N. Y. City.
Barnard, James .....A.B.	1855.	Civil Engineer....Three Rivers, P. Q.
Byrne, Garrett .....A.M.	1856.	Lawyer ..... .Middletown Point, N.J.
Bryne, George P.....A.M.	1857.	Printer .....New York City.
Brann, Henry A.....A.M.	1859.	Clergyman, D.D...141 E. 43d St., N. Y. City.
*Brownson, Edward P....A.B.	1861.	Army.
*Brogan, John.. .....A.M.	1862.	Clergyman.
Bracken, Thomas.....A.M.	1866.	Lawyer .....120 Broadway, N. Y. City.
Byrne, Daniel C.....A.B.	1866.	Merchant .....Brooklyn, L. I.
Brady, William F. .....A.B.	1866.	Clergyman.....329 W. 42d St., N. Y. City.
Bettinger, Stephen P.....A.M.	1867.	Merchant .....521 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Banta, Nelson P.....A.B.	1868.	Clerk .....New York.
Bermudez, Edward J.....A.M.	1874.	Judge.....New Orleans, La.
Bohier, James E.....A.M.	1876.	Clergyman.....Bay Shore, L. I.
Brady, John J.....A.M.	1878.	Lawyer .....2395 Valentine Avenue, Fordham, N. Y.
Boyle, John J..... A.M.	1878	Clergyman.....St. Mary's Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Barnard, Archibald.....A.B.	1879.	Lawyer .....Montreal, Canada.
*Brown, Francis R.....A.B.	1881.	
Butler, James F. N.....A.B.	1884.	Physician.....42 E.30th St., N.Y. City.
Barnard, Charles A.....A.B.	1887.	.....Montreal, P. Q.
Berry, Joseph I.....A.B.	1888.	Law Student.....New York.
Burke, Thomas P.....A.B.	1888.	Lawyer .....517 Manhattan Avenue, Greenpoint, L.I., N.Y.
Blun, James R .....A.B.	1889.	Bank Clerk.....Savanah, Ga.
Burrow, Alan G.....A.B.	1890.	Post Graduate....Fordham, N. Y.
Boylan, James B.....A.B.	1890.	Law Student.....New York.

C.

*Carroll, John A.....A.B.	1846.	
*Clarry, James.....A.M.	1848.	
*Carolin, James A.....A.B.	1849.	
*Collins, Thomas E.....A.B.	1850.	Army.
Connery, Thomas B.....A.M.	1853.	Editor ....New York.
*Conron, James L.....A.M.	1855.	Clergyman.
*Christie, Frederick I.....A.M.	1857.	Professor.
Cosgrove, James M.....A.B.	1861.	Merchant .....Providence, R. I.
Carherry, John J.....A.M.	1861.	Lawyer .....New York.
Collins, William J..... .A.B.	1862.	Physician.....Hartford, Conn.
Cheesebrough, Charles....A.B.	1862.	Merchant .....New Orleans, La.
*Connelly, William M.....A.B.	1864.	Lawyer.
Collière, Lucien E..... A.M.	1867.	Professor .....1708 L St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Curran, Michael P.....A.B.	1869.	Editor .....Boston, Mass.
Cristadoro, Alexander.....A.B.	1869.	M'fg. Chemist... 442 W.22d St., N.Y. City.
Costin, Joseph P.. .....A.M.	1870.	Lawyer .....Halifax, N. S.
Coghlin, Edward M..... A.B.	1870	.....803 Huron St., Toledo, O.
*Canavan, Patrick D.....A.B.	1871.	
Cameron, Alpin J.....A.B.	1872.	Merchant .....New York.
Carey, James F.....A.M.	1872.	Civil Engineer....Brooklyn, L. I.
Chapoton, Edmund A .....A.B.	1872.	Physician..... .. Detroit, Mich.
*Carlin, Joseph F.....A.M.	1874.	Lawyer.

*Deceased.

Curran, Peter J. .....A.M.	1875.	Physician.....Flatbush, L. I.
Cloonan, John F.....A.B.	1876.	Lawyer .....36 Wall St., Kingston, N. Y.
Colligan, George W.....A.B.	1876.	Physician.....New York.
Coogan, John W.....A.M.	1876.	Lawyer .....Windsor Locks, Conn.
Cooney, Daniel G.....A.B.	1876	.....Room D, Crouse Building, Syracuse, N. Y.
Callahan, John W.....A.B.	1878.	Merchant.....Box 161, Nyack, N. Y.
Clifford, Cornelius J.....A.B.	1879.	Scholastic, S. J...Innspruck, Austria.
Curley, William H.....A.B.	1880.	Lawyer.....Newport, R. I.
Creighton, James E.....A.B.	1882.	Real Estate .....12 Federal St., Alleghany, Pa.
Carew, Paul T..... .A.B.	1883.	Clergyman.....St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, N. J.
*Condon, Michael J.... ...A.B.	1883.	
Cuniffe, Patrick J.....A.B.	1884.	Clergyman.....Washington.
Carroll, Francis E.....A.B.	1886.	Physician.....Boston, Mass.
Cunniff, Michael A.....A.B.	1886.	Clerical Student...Yonkers, N. Y.
Corbett, James F.....A.B.	1887.	Law Student.....65 Gorham St., Lowell, Mass.
Cushion, Richard B.....A.B.	1888.	Clerical Student...Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y.
Clare, John F.....A.B.	1889.	Law Student.....Chicago, Ill.
Carmody, Thomas W.....A.B.	1890.	Post Graduate ....Fordham, N. Y.

D.

*Dougherty, John S.....A.B.	1846.	
*Doran, Thomas.....A.B.	1847.	Clergyman.
Deverenx, John.. .....A.B.	1848	.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Dodge, Henry H ...A. M , LL.D.	1858.	Judge.....Bowling Green, Wood Co., Ohio.
*Denman, William .....A.B.	1851.	Editor.
*Durning, Daniel G.....A.M.	1851.	Clergyman.
Donnelly, William.....A.B.	1854.	Ass.Com.E.I.S.Bk.New York.
Duncan, Charles.....A.B.	1854.	Physician.....Montgomery, Ala.
Davis, Thomas E .....A.M.	1859.	Lawyer .....New York.
*Dolan, William..... ....A.M.	1859.	Clerk.
Doherty, James J.....A.M.	1860.	Merchant .....New York.
Doherty, William J.... ...A.M.	1863.	Clergyman, S. J...Guelph, Can.
Dougherty, James.....A.M.	1863.	Clergyman.....413 E. 79th St., N. Y.
Delaney, Peter F.....A.B.	1863.	Reporter.....New York.
*D'Angiar, Albert.....A.M.	1864.	Civil Engineer.
D'Aguiar, Louis.....A.M.	1864	.....New York.
Dunphy, Edward A.....A.M.	1865.	Clergyman.....Rossville, N. Y.
*Dainty, William J.....A.B.	1865.	Lawyer.
Delannoy, Alexander S....A.B.	1866.	Cashier .....Savannah, Ga.
Donworth, John P .....A.M.	1867.	Lawyer.....Houlton, Me.
Donohoe, Thomas.....A.B.	1870.	Merchant.... .....New York.
*Doherty, Alexander.....A.M.	1871.	Physician.
Denis, Charles A.... .....A.B.	1871.	Lawyer.... .....New Orleans, La.
Denis, William J.....A.B.	1871.	Merchant.... .. ..New Orleans, La.
Dooley, Michael F.....A.B.	1872.	Bank Examiner...Hartford, Conn.
Denegre, George.....A.M.	1874.	Lawyer.....33 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La.
Denegre, William P.....A.M.	1874.	Merchant .....New York.
Dickson, John M.....A.B.	1873.	Lawyer.....510 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.
Doherty, Horace K..... ..A.B.	1874.	Lawyer.... .....20 Nassau St., N. Y.
Donnelly, Patrick.....A.M.	1874.	Clergyman.....Nova Scotia.
De Lobel-Mahy, Raymond H. A.B.	1875.	French Legation..New Orleans, La.
Dorian, John B.....A.B.	1875.	Clerk .....Box 42, Station E, East N. Y., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Downing, James .....A.B.	1875.	Merchant .....Alleghany City, Pa.
Dunphy, Thomas J..... ..A.M.	1875.	Clergyman.....New York.
Dunphy, William A.....A.M.	1876.	Clergyman.....White Plains, N. Y.
Dooley, Timothy J. .....A.B.	1876	.....Hartford, Conn.
Deane, Inigo P..... ....A.B.	1878.	Scholastic, S. J....Louvain, Bel.
Dunn, John P ....A.M.	1881.	Lawyer... .....2735 Webster Ave., N.Y. City, N. Y.
Donlon, Thomas J.....A.B.	1880.	Professor..... ....Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
Duffey, Samuel E.....A.B	1880.	Lawyer.... .....Bedford Park, N. Y.
Duffey, Joseph W.....A.B.	1880.	Clerk.... .....Brooklyn, L. I
Dempsey, John M.....A.B.	1881.	Marble Merchant..277, 279 Cherry St., N.Y.
Dodge, Frederick D..... .A.B.	1882.	Lawyer.... .....Bowling Green, Wood Co., Ohio.
Dowley, Francis D ... .A.B.	1883.	Lawyer.....165 Broadway, N. Y.
Downey, John J.....A.B.	1884.	Clergyman.....St. Peter's Church, Danbury, Conn.
Dunn, T. Joseph .....A.M.	1890.	Physician.....2735 Webster Ave., Fordham, N. Y. City.
*Dougherty, John S.....A.B.	1885.	
Donahue, James F. A.....A.B.	1886.	Clergyman..... Louisville, Ky.
Donahue, William F.....A.B.	1887.	Book Publisher...407–425 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

* Deceased.

Dooley, John H	A.B.	1887. Clerical Student...Woodlawn, N. Y. City, N. Y.
Doulon, Francis L	A.B.	1888. Medical Student...767 E. 134th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
Doherty, Thomas A	A.B.	1890. Law Student.

E.

Eastin, William E	A.B.	1868. Clerk...St. Martinsville, La.
Egan, Joseph P	A.B.	1871. Clergyman...Williamsbridge, N. Y.
Edebohls, George M	A.M.	1871. Physician...198 Second Ave., N. Y. City.
Enright, Michael P	A.B.	1885. Brewer...336 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

F.

*Fisher, Daniel	A.M.	1848. Clergyman.
*Francis, Arthur G	A.M.	1855.
*Fengas, Hippolytus V	A.M.	1855.
*Fitzpatrick, John M	A.B.	1857. Clergyman, S. J.
*Farrell, Christopher A	A.M.	1857. Clergyman.
*Freel, Francis J	A.B.	1858. Clergyman, D.D.
*Fitzpatrick, George	A.B.	1858. Physician.
Fitzsimmons, Henry	A.B.	1858. Lawyer... New York.
*Fitzpatrick, Edward	A.B.	1859. Clergyman.
Foote, Peter	A.M.	1860. Judge...Chicago, Ill.
*Flannelly, William F	A.B.	1863. Clergyman.
Fleming, Martin J	A.M.	1868. Physician...132 Lexington Ave., N. Y.
Flood, James J	A.M.	1868. Clergyman...351 E. 55th St., N. Y.
Fournet, Zachary T	A.B.	1868. Clerk...St. Martinsville, Lo.
*Foley, Edward D	A.B.	1870. Surgeon.
Frost, Graham R	A.B.	1872. Lawyer...St. Louis, Mo.
Foley, John J	A.B.	1873. Civil Engineer...Cincinnati, O.
Farribault, Edward	A.B.	1874. Lawyer...Assumption, P. Q.
*Fitzpatrick, Tobias	A.B.	1874. Clergyman.
*Flattery, Francis B	A.B.	1876. Merchant.
Flattery, Walter J	A.M.	1876. Physician...New York.
Frawley, Hubert J	A.B.	1879...New York.
Flood, James F	A.B.	1880. Clergyman... Chicago, Ill.
*Fenton, Thomas	A.B.	1881. Novice, S. J.
Fitzpatrick, Mallick J	A.B.	1888. Clerical Student..High Falls, Ulster Co., N. Y.
Fortescue, Kenyon J	A.B.	1890...New York.

G.

Gray, John F	A.B.	1848. Lawyer...New York.
*Gillen, Peter	A.M.	1848. Lawyer.
*Gaynor, Patrick	A.B.	1850. Clergyman.
*Gaynor, John G	A.M.	1861. Broker.
Galligan, Bernard A	A.B.	1861. Clerk...Wheeling, W. Va.
Gafney, John H	A.B.	1862. Merchant...New York.
Gallagher, Henry A	A.M.	1870. Clergyman...1058 Fourth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
*Gleavey, Samuel A	A.M.	1871. Lawyer.
*Gallagher, Angustus B	A.B.	1871. Merchant.
Gleises, John	A.B.	1872. Physician...302 E. 57th St., N. Y.
Gallagher, Charles J	A.B.	1874. Clergyman...Brooklyn, L. I.
Giddings, Francis A	A.B.	1884. Lawyer...Gainesville, Texas.
Gomm, William E	A.B.	1885. Medicine...Germany.
Gordon, James W	A.B.	1885. Physician...Newton, Conn.
Guerin, John M	A.B.	1887.
Gillon, Charles J	A.B.	1888. Student...South Bend, Ind.

H.

Harley, Timothy	A.M.	1846...New York.
Hughes, James	A.B.	1849. Clergyman, V. G..Hartford, Conn.
*Hogan, James	A.M.	1851. Clergyman.
*Hassard, John R. G	A.M.	1855. Editor.
Hargons, Peter A	A.M.	1857. Lawyer...261 Broadway, N. Y.
Herbermann, Charles G	A.B.	1858. Professor...223 W. 25th St., N. Y.
Healy, Gabriel A	A.B.	1860. Clergyman...328 W. 14th St., N. Y.
Holahan, Francis	A.B.	1861.
Hughes, John J	A.B.	1862. Clergyman...New York.
Hagan, James G	A.B.	1865. Clerk...New York.
Hirst, Anthony A	A.B.	1865. Lawyer...211 So. Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Hayne, Joseph H	A.B.	1866. Clergyman...St. Mary's Church, Ellenville, N. Y.
Hart, James	A.B.	1868. Merchant...234 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Haben, George J	A.M.	1872. Merchant...Cortlandt, N. Y.
Hurst, William H	A.B.	1872. Merchant...New York.
Haffen, Louis F	A.M.	1877. Civil Engineer...647 Cortland Ave., N.Y. City, N. Y.
Henry, Michael J	A.M.	1875. Clergyman...Brewsters, N. Y.
Hogan, David J	A.M.	1875. Clergyman...New York.

*Deceased.

Hamilton, John F	A.B.	1876. Merchant...New York.
*Hendrick, Christ'r B	A.B.	1876.
Hunt, David H	A.B.	1876. Lawyer...Chappaqua, N. Y.
Hendrick, Peter A	A.B.	1878. Lawyer...Auburn, N. Y.
Hallahan, Michael A	A.B.	1879. Clergyman...Ticonderoga, Essex Co., N. Y.
Hammell, Bernard J	A.B.	1879. Physician...368 W. 29th St., New York.
Halligan, John J	A.B.	1884. Lawyer...36 Wall St., N. Y.
Halpin, Thomas R	A.B.	1886. Clerical Student...Alleghany, N. Y.
Haben, John F	A.B.	1887. Physician...516 Shaw ave., McKeesport, Penn.
Hopkins, Patrick H.	A.B.	1888. Teacher... New York.
Howley, William E	A.B.	1888. Medical Student...Glenville, Fairfield Co., Conn.
Heenan, John	A.B.	1888.
Hatchette, Francis J	A.B.	1888.
Heffern, John W	A.B.	1889.
Hanrahan, Daniel A	A.B.	1889. Law Student...New York.

I.

Isherwood, Charles I	A.B.	1872...New York.

J.

Joyce, William J	A.B.	1861. Quarry Supt...Avondale, N. J.
Johnson, Conrad C	A.B.	1863. Lawyer...Islip, L. I.
Jackson, James A	A.B.	1876. Merchant...Tampa, Fla.
Jones, Francis J	A.M.	1876. Clergyman...56 Christopher St., N.Y. City.
Jova, Andrew V	A.B.	1880. Physician.

K.

*Kerrigan, John	A.M.	1848. Professor.
Kennedy, Felix V	A.M.	1849. Lawyer...New York.
*Keegan, William	A.M.	1849. Clergyman.
Kimball, Anthony M	A.B.	1850. Merchant...Zacatecas, Mexico.
Kelly, John A	A.M.	1853. Clergyman, V. G..South Amboy, N. J.
Keating, John L	A.B.	1853. Merchant...New York.
*Kerrigan, Michael	A.M.	1854. Physician.
*Kerrigan, Joseph A	A.M.	1854. Physician.
*Keveny, Philip	A.M.	1854. Clergyman.
Killeen, Thomas N	A.M.	1855. Clergyman...Bayonne, N. J.
Kenny, George B	A.B.	1858. Clergyman, S. J. Montreal, P. Q.
*Kelly, Eugene	A.B.	1860.
Kernan, Bernard P	A.M.	1863. Lawyer...New York.
Kelly, John B	A.B.	1865. Merchant...Kellyville, Pa.
Kierzkowski, Leon C	A.B.	1866...New York.
Kramer, Louis	A.B.	1868. Teacher...Buffalo, N. Y.
Kelley, James A	A.B.	1870. Clergyman...Oneida, N. Y.
Keveney, John C	A.M.	1872. Clergyman, S. J...St. Peter's College, Jersey City, N. J.
Kerney, Thomas	A.B.	1874. Lawyer...New York.
Keegan, William S	A.B.	1874. Clerk...Brooklyn, L. I.
Kremp, Felix P	A.B.	1879. Lawyer...Reading, Pa.
Keane, David	A.M.	1881...New York.
Kennelly, John J	A. B.	1882. Medical Student...New York.
Kelly, Patrick	A.B.	1883. Clergyman...351 E. 55th St., N. Y. City.
Kelly, Joseph I	A.B.	1887.
Kelly, Thomas F	A.B.	1887.
Kirby, C. George	A.B.	1888. Law Student...New York.
Kerrigan, Joseph A	A.B.	1888. Law Student...New York.
Kelly, John E	A.B.	1889...New York.
Kieran, Daniel R	A.B.	1889...Goshen, N. Y.
Keane, James J	A.B.	1890. Clerical Student..Troy, N. Y.

L.

*Lynch, Edward	A.M.	1851. Clergyman.
*Legendre, Arthur	A.B.	1853. Army.
*Lynch, John I	A.B.	1861.
Le Rue, Augustus	A.B.	1861. Army...Canada.
*Lynch, Andrew J	A.B.	1862. Lawyer.
Lamb, Francis W	A.M.	1863. Lawyer...357 W. 23d St., N. Y.
Langnedoc, William C	A.M.	1865. Lawyer...20 St. Ann St., Quebec, P. Q.
*Lynch, Andrew A	A.M.	1865. Teacher.
Le Moine, Gaspard	A.M.	1866. Flour and Grain Merchant...72-92 St. Paul St., Quebec, P. Q.
Laflamme, Leopold	A.B.	1866. Lawyer... 70 St. James St., Montreal, P. Q.
Lynch, James S	A.B.	1867. Clergyman, V. G..Syracuse, N. Y.
Langdon, Augustus	A.M.	1867. Physician...Brooklyn, L. I.
Lucey, John M	A.M.	1870. Clergyman...Pine Bluff, Ark.
Lanigan, William J	A.B.	1868. Lawyer...Harlem, N. Y.
Ludden, William J	A.M.	1872. Lawyer...167 First St., Troy, N. Y.

*Deceased.

*Lamb, Desmond S.	A.B.	1870. Lawyer.
Le Moine, Jules E.	A.M.	1872. Civil Service ..... Custom House, Quebec, P. Q.
Leary, John F.	A.B.	1874. Professor ..... Boston, Mass.
Lamontagne, J. Baptiste	A.M.	1875 ..... Quebec, P. Q.
Lauer, Louis P.	A.M.	1878. Physician ..... 629 East 154th St., New York City, N. Y.
Lawless, James B.	A.B.	1885. Clergyman ..... St. Patrick's Church, New Haven.
Leitner, George A.	A.M.	1889. Physician ..... Piermont, N. Y.
Labelle, Henri F.	A.B.	1885.
Lee, Lawrence P.	A.B.	1886.

M.

*McCarron, Peter	A.M.	1847. Clergyman.
McGovern, Patrick	A.B.	1848. Clergyman ..... Croton, N. Y.
*Morrogh, William P.	A.M.	1849. Clergyman.
*Mahony, Patrick	A.M.	1850. Clergyman.
Merrick, David A	A.B.	1850. Clergyman, S. J. 35 W. 15th St, N. Y.
*Moran, James	A.M.	1850. Clergyman.
McCallion, Michael	A.B.	1851. Clergyman ..... Warren, R. I.
Molony, Patrick K.	A.B.	1852 ..... Barnwell, S. C.
*McQuade, John F.	A.M.	1852.
McNulty, James C.	A.B.	1852. Merchant ..... Chicago, Ill.
*McMahon, John E.	A.M.	1852. Army.
*Martin, James	A.B.	1852. Physician.
McNulty, William	A.M.	1853. Clergyman ..... Paterson, N. J.
Muniz, J. Fuentes	A.B.	1853 ..... Toluco, Mexico.
*Manning, John	A.B.	1854. Merchant.
McMahon, M.T., A.M., LL.D.		1855. Lawyer ..... 41 Park Row, New York.
*McAuley, John	A.B.	1855. Clergyman, S. J.
*Mullaney, Michael	A.M.	1856.
Marrin, Joseph J	A.M.	1858. Lawyer ..... New York.
*Murphy, John D.	A.B.	1858. Physician.
McCahill, Thomas J	A.M.	1858. Lawyer ..... New York.
*McGrath, Maurice	A.B.	1859. Clergyman.
Mooney, John A	A.M.	1859. Contractor ..... New York.
*Merrick, Richard	A.M.	1860. Merchant.
McKeon, Matthew	A.M.	1860 ..... New York.
Murphy, Henry M	A.B.	1860. Merchant ..... New York.
*McKeon, Oliver	A.B.	1860.
*McKenna, Francis	A.B.	1860. Editor.
McCaffery, Michael J	A.M.	1861. Lawyer ..... Minneapolis, Minn.
*Moriarty, James J	A.M.	1862. Clergyman ..... Syracuse, N. Y.
*Murphy, Solomon H	A.B.	1862. Lawyer.
Murphy, Eugene	A.B.	1862. Merchant ..... San Francisco, Cal.
Murphy, Samuel O. A	A.M.	1863. Druggist ..... New York.
*McEvoy, Michael B	A.B.	1863. Clergyman
Melvin, William P	A.B.	1864. Lawyer ..... New York.
*Murtha, Eugene B	A.B.	1864. Physician ..... New York.
McCormack, Thomas F	A.B.	1864. Judge ..... 68 Broad Street, Elizabeth, N. J.
*McKenna, Francis	A.B.	1864. Clergyman.
*McElroy, Francis	A.M.	1865. Lawyer.
Moran, William B	A.M.	1865. Lawyer ..... Detroit, Mich.
Monk, Cornwallis E.	A.B.	1866. Lawyer ..... Montreal, P. Q.
McCarthy, Thomas	A.B.	1866. Physician ..... St. John, N. B.
Mullen, James	A.B.	1866. Clergyman ..... Highbridge, N. Y.
Mooney, Joseph F	A.M.	1868 Clergyman ..... 457 W. 51st Street, New City, N. Y.
McCreery, John A	A.M.	1867. Physician ..... New York.
Meister, Isidore	A.B.	1867. Clergyman ..... Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Madden, Theodore	A.B.	1868. Clerk ..... Brooklyn, L. I.
Mulheron, William	A.B.	1868. Clergyman ..... 15 Clark Street, Auburn, N. Y.
McCreery, Joseph A	A.B.	1869. Lawyer ..... New York.
Mason, Thomson	A.B.	1869. Teacher ..... 86th Street and 2d Avenue, New York City.
*McDonald, John R.	A.M.	1869. Clergyman.
*Marrin, William J	A.M.	1869. Lawyer ..... New York.
*Morris, John W	A.B.	1870. Clergyman ..... New York.
Macmanus, Ignatius	A.B.	1870. Banker ..... Chihuahua, Mexico.
McCarthy, Robert	A.B.	1871. Granger ..... Texas.
Macmanus, Thomas	A.B.	1871. Merchant ..... Chihuahua, Mexico.
*Marrin, Arthur	A.B.	1872. Merchant ..... New York.
McGary, James	A.B.	1872. Lawyer ..... Roudout, N. Y.
*McGlynn, John E.	A.B.	1872. Physician.
Montgomery, Michael	A.B.	1872. Clergyman ..... Callicoon Depot, Sullivan Co., N. Y.
Meister, Philip A	A.M.	1873. Clergyman ..... 119 Ave. B., New York.
*Marrin, Charles C	A.B.	1873. Merchant ..... New York.
McBride, John C	A.M.	1874. Physician ..... Jersey City, N. J.
McCreery, George	A.M.	1874. Physician ..... Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Mass.
McDermott, Michael	A.B.	1874. Contractor ..... Hoboken, N. J.

*Deceased.

Minahan, Thomas B.	A.B.	1874. Lawyer ..... Milwaukee, Wis.
Mullaly, Peter L.	A.B.	1874. Lawyer ..... 132 Nassau St., N. Y.
Murphy, Joseph D	A.M.	1874. Clergyman ..... Albany, N. Y.
McCormick, William	A.B.	1875. Lawyer ..... 590 E. 136th St., N. Y.
*Murphy, Homer G	A.B.	1875. Lawyer ..... New York.
*Maher, Joseph A	A.M.	1876. Clergyman ..... New York.
Meyers, Alexis J	A.M.	1876. Merchant ..... Baltimore, Md.
McEvoy, Michael J	A.B.	1877 Clergyman ..... 125 E. 105th St., N. Y.
McGowan, Charles E.	A.M.	1879. Clergyman ..... Bridgeport, Conn.
*McTammany, William F.	A.B.	1877. Physician ..... Troy, N. Y.
Mooney, Patrick H.	A.B.	1877. Merchant ..... Rondout, N. Y.
Murray, Bernard P	A.M.	1878. Clergyman ..... Chicago, Ill.
Murphy, William H	A.M.	1879. Clergyman ..... Troy Seminary.
McKenna, John A	A.B.	1879. Clergyman ..... 47 E. 129th St., N. Y.
McNamara, Lawrence J	A.B.	1879. Physician ..... 126 Washington pl., N. Y.
McMahon, John E.	A.B.	1880. Army Prof. ..... West Point, N. Y.
McGurk, William J	A.B.	1882. Clergyman ..... New Britain, Conn.
McGuiness, John J	A.M	1883. Clergyman ..... St. Paul's Church, Oswego, N. Y.
McManus, Thomas F	A.B.	1882. Clergyman ..... 328 W. 14th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
Michaud, Albert	A.B.	1883 ..... New York.
Murphy, John J	A.B.	1884.
Mignault, Joseph O'C.	A.B.	1884. Student ..... Montreal, P. Q.
Mead, John J	A.B.	1885. Clergyman ..... 247 W. 121st St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
McNamara, Robert J	A.B.	1885. Law Student ..... Texas.
Murphy, Charles T	A.B.	1886. Clerical Student .. Troy, N. Y.
Mallon, John J	A.B.	1886. Clerical Student .. Mott Haven, N. Y. City, N. Y.
Meagher, William J	A.B.	1887. Lawyer ..... 2 Wall St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
McCusker, Charles H	A.B.	1887 ..... 218 Third St., Troy, N. Y.
McClintock, William H	A.B.	1888. R. R. Clerk ..... 91 Monroe St., Springfield, Mass.
McGuire, John A	A.M.	1889. Clerical Student .. 328 E. 47th St., N. Y. City, N. Y.
Morrisse, Joseph V	A.B.	1889. Real Estate ..... Paterson, N. J.
Meskell, James	A.B.	1889.
Marrin, Charles C	A.B.	1889. Law Student ..... New York.
McNeilly, John C	A.B.	1890. Law Student ..... Mew York.

N.

Neville, Timothy F.	A.B.	1859. Lawyer ..... 67 William St., N. Y.
Nilan, James	A.B.	1859. Clergyman ..... Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Newton, Francis	A.B.	1862.
Nolan, William P	A.B.	1880. Lawyer ..... Ellis Building, State St., Schenectady.
Nagle, Charles L	A.B.	1882. Clerk ..... Jersey City, N. J.

O.

O'Connor, Lawrence	A.B.	1848. Architect ..... 132 Nassau St., N. Y.
*O'Connor, Michael P	A.M.	1849. Lawyer, M. C.
O'Neil, Augustine M	A.M.	1849. Lawyer ..... New York.
*O'Donovan, Dennis J	A.M.	1855.
O'Brien, John	A.B.	1855 ..... New York.
O'Connor, Thomas A	A.B.	1856.
O'Hara, Thomas	A.B.	1858. Lawyer ..... Birmington, N. Y.
*O'Neil, Ambrose M	A.B.	1859. Clergyman.
O'Grady, Patrick J	B.M.	1860. Professor ..... Brooklyn, L. I.
Oliver, Francis	A.M.	1861. Lawyer ..... 145 Broadway, N. Y.
*Olwell James A	A.B.	1862. Lawyer.
*Olwell, George W	A.B.	1863 ..... New York.
O'Donnell, Cornelius J	A.B.	1866. Lawyer ..... Cincinnati, Ohio.
O'Byrne, William J	A.M.	1868. Physician ..... 328 Alexander Ave., Mott Haven, N. Y.
O'Reilly, Terence S	A.B.	1867 ..... New York.
O'Connor, John D	A.B.	1867. Manufacturer ..... 860 Broadway, N. Y.
O'Brien, Morgan J	A.B.	1872. Judge ..... New York.
O'Hare, John B	A.B.	1872. Clergyman ..... New York.
*O'Reilly, John C	A.B.	1872. Clergyman.
Owen, Francis P	A.B.	1872. Merchant ..... Cincinnati, Ohio.
O'Brien, John P	A.B.	1874. Merchant ..... New York.
*O'Neill, Charles F. H	A.B.	1874. Clergyman ..... Ottawa, Ill.
O'Callaghan, Thomas, Jr.	A.M.	1876. Lawyer ..... 177 & 179 Broadway, N. Y.
O'Callahan, George P	A.B.	1876. Clergyman ..... 328 W. 14th St., N. Y.
O'Reilly, Christopher B	A.B.	1876. Clergyman ..... 125 E. 105th St., N. Y.
O'Malley, Austin P	A.B.	1878. Medical Student .. Georgetown, D. C.
O'Brien, Edward C	A.M.	1882. Lawyer ..... 36 Wall St., N. Y.
O'Connell, Jefferson J	A.B.	1882. Physician ..... Honesdale, Wayne Co. Penn.

*Deceased.

O'Brien, Michael H ..... A.B.	1883. Lawyer.....	Albany, N. Y.
O'Malley, William P..... A.B.	1884. Judge, Editor, etc.	Geneva, Ontario Co., New York.
O'Dwyer, Daniel H..... A.B.	1884. Clergyman.....	505 W. 40th St., New York City, N. Y.
Orben, Cornelius F..... A.B.	1887. Physician.....	431 W. 49th St., New York City, N. Y.
Orphens, David W..... A.B.	1890. Clerk.....	New York.

P.

*Pinckney, Charles C..... A.B.	1851. Physician.	
Prendergrast, Charles C... A.M.	1853. Clergyman, V. G.	Albany, Ga.
*Power, John T..... A.M.	1855. Lawyer.	
Poland, John N..... A.B.	1865. Clergyman, S. J...	St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.
Phillips, Charles L..... A.M.	1865. Lawyer.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
*Purroy, Francis M..... A.M.	1865. Physician.	
Poland, William.... ..... A.B.	1866. Clergyman, S. J...	St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Pinsonneault, Adolphus... A.B.	1867. Physician.....	Montreal, P. Q.

Q.

Quinn, John F..... A.B.	1865. Clergyman.....	Tariffville, Conn.
Queen, Edward H..... A.B.	1867. Lawyer.....	Lonisville, Ky.
*Quinn, Michael J..... A.M.	1872. Clergyman.....	New York.
Quin, George E..... A.B.	1872. Clergyman, S. J...	St. Lawrence Church, N. Y. City.
Quinn, John J..... A.M.	1877. Clergyman.....	Collinsville, Conn.
Quinn, James J..... A.B.	1887. Law Student.....	Hartford.

R.

*Rosecrans, Sylvester H... A.M.	1847. Bishop.	
*Rodrigue, Andrew J..... A.B.	1854.	
Rimsal, George..... A.M.	1854. Clergyman.....	England.
*Rodrigue, James A..... A.M.	1856.	
Roche, Francis C..... A.M.	1859. Lawyer.....	273 E. Baltic St., Brooklyn, L. I.
Roche, John J..... A.M.	1862. Lawyer.....	273 E. Baltic St., Brooklyn, L. I.
Ryan, James C..... A.B.	1864.....	Taunton, Mass.
Renaud, Zephrin... ..... A.B.	1865. Clerk	Montreal, P. Q.
Robert, Paul J..... A.M.	1866. Lawyer	San Francisco, Cal.
*Roddy, Thomas J..... A.M.	1866. Lawyer.	
Ryan, Joseph B ..... A.B.	1867. Lawyer....	Cor. Mercer and Lowe Aves., Omaha, Neb.
*Rogers, Charles J..... A.B.	1867. Clergyman.	
Reilly, John J..... A.B.	1870. Merchant	New York.
Riley, John F..... A.B.	1871. Lawyer	New York.
Reilly, Bernard J..... A.B.	1874. Lawyer	New York.
Rogers, Joseph J..... A.B.	1875. Lawyer	Denver, Col.
Reilly, William J..... A.B.	1876. Lawyer.....	New York.
Ryan, William A..... A.B.	1876. Clergyman	4 Linden Place, Brookline, Mass.
Reardon, John J..... A.B.	1877.....	Kewanee, Ill.
Reynaud, Edward F..... A.B.	1879. Clerk.....	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Rogers, Arthur J..... A.B.	1870. Professor.....	New York.
Rafferty, Terence P..... A.B.	1881. Clergyman.....	Carlisle, Cumberland Co., Penn.
Reynaud, Charles S..... A.B.	1881. Lawyer.....	Canada.
Ryan, Francis J..... A.B.	1882. Clergyman.....	Stoneham, Mass.
Roche, Thomas A..... A.B.	1884. Clergyman	Camden, N. J.
Russell, James E..... A.B.	1886. Lawyer.....	7 W. Main St., Waterbury, Conn.
Reilly, Thomas J..... A.B.	1888.	
Ryan, John A..... A.B.	1890. Professor.....	Fordham, N. Y.

S.

*Sweeney, Hugh ..... A.B.	1846. Clergyman.	
Smith, Andrew J ....A.B.	1847. Lawyer.....	New York.
Stevenson, Richard J..... A.B.	1855.	
*Smith, Henry F..... A.M.	1856. Lawyer.	
Smith, James A.... ..... A.M.	1859. Judge.....	Oregon City, Ore.
Sullivan, James ..... A.B.	1860. Merchant.....	Brooklyn, L. I.
*Sheridan, William J.....	1861. Lawyer.	
Samory, Numa J..... A.B.	1861.....	106 Boulevard Pereire, Paris, France.
*Spalding, Ralph L..... A.M.	1862. Lawyer.	
Smith, Francis A..... A.M.	1865. Clergyman, S. J...	Loyola College, Baltimore, Md.
Sheridan, John.... ..... A.B.	1864. Clerk.....	Rochester, N. Y.

*Deceased.

Smith, Cosmas F..... A.B.	1864. Merchant	Norfolk, Va.
Slater, William F..... A.B.	1864. Contractor.....	Waterbury, Conn.
Schachte, Edward F..... A.B.	1865. Bookkeeper	77 Ashley St., Charleston, S. C.
Shiel, Denis R..... A.M.	1865. Lawyer.....	Williamsbridge, N. Y.
Schachte, John O..... A.B.	1869. Clergyman.....	Moultrieville, S. C.
Slattery Edward F..... A.B.	1872. Clergyman.....	New York.
Sweeney, John P..... A.B.	1873. Lawyer.....	Lawrence, Mass.
Shea, John B..... ...A.B.	1874. Sup't of Streets...	Fordham, N. Y.
*Sweeney, Joseph V.. ...A.B.	1876. Lawyer.	
Steward, John W..... A.B.	1878. Lawyer.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sullivan, William J..... A.M.	1878. Clerical Student, O. S. A.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sweeney, Arthur A.... ...A.B.	1880. Physician.....	Cambridge, Mass.
Sedgwick, John B..... ...A.B.	1882. Merchant.....	New York.
Smith, Joseph J.....	1886.	
Shea, Thomas D..... A.B.	1888. Law Student.....	5 and 6 Welles' Building, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Simpson, Charles E.....	1888. Teacher.....	500 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sweeney, Michael J	1889. Law Student.....	New York.
Semple, Edward J.....	1889.	
Slevin, John H.....	1890. Law Student	Philadelphia, Pa.
Straub, Christian J.....	1890.	

T.

Thebaud, Gustave J ..... A.M.	1851. Lawyer.....	New York.
*Turcotte, Lucien... ..... A.B.	1864. Professor.	
Treacy, Richard S..... A.B.	1869. Real Estate.....	337 W. 55th St., N. Y.
Trempe Gustavus L..... A.B.	1870. Clerk	Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.
Tracy, Peter J..... A.B.	1872. City Surveyor....	405 W. 44th St., N. Y.
*Touhey, Robert F..... A.M.	1874. Lawyer.	
Thoron, J. Ward.. ..... A.M.	1889. Lawyer.....	1608 K St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Troy, John A..... A.B.	1886. Law Student.....	West Stamford Ave., Stamford, Conn.
Troy, Richard H..... A.B.	1887. Law Student.....	West Stamford Ave., Stamford, Conn.
Taaffe, T. Gaffney..... A.B.	1890.....	N. Y. City.

V.

Vatable, Amadeus ..... A.M.	1852. Merchant	New York.
Vatable, Jules..... A.M	1859. Lawyer.....	New York.
Vallieres, Hen. de St. Real . A.B.	1863. Lawyer	Three Rivers, P. Q.
*Van Dyke, Philip J..... A.M.	1863. Lawyer.	
Van Dyke, Ernest E..... A.M.	1864. Clergyman, V. G.	Detroit, Mich.
*Villavcencio, Alex..... A.B.	1872.	

W.

*Woods, Joseph.... ....A.M.	1855. Clergyman.	
Wigger, Winand, M. Rt. Rev. A.B.	1860 Bishop.....	Seton Hall College, So. Orange, N. J.
Walsh, Edward..... A.B.	1868. Engineer.....	St. Louis, Mo.
Wagner, John A..... A.M.	1871. Clergyman.....	Pottstown, Pa.
Wallace, Michael J..... A.B.	1872. Merchant.	
*Walsh, Thomas E ..... A B.	1873. Clerk.	
Wagner, Anthony J..... A.M.	1875. Clergyman.....	Champaign, Ills.
Wall, Stephen A..... A.M.	1875. Merchant	Newark, N. J.
Weir, John..... A.M.	1880. Clergyman.....	40 Cannon St., N. Y.
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Walsh, James J..... A.B.	1884. Scholastic, S. J...	Woodstock, Md.
*Walsh, William R..... A.B.	1884.	
Watt, Daniel C.....	1886.	
Wingerter, Charles A...	1887. Medical Student ..	New York.
Wallace, George W	1887. Law Student.....	New York.
Whelan, John P..... A.B.	1890. Post Graduate.....	St. Mary's College, Montreal.
Wright, Willard S..... A.B.	1890. Bank Clerk.....	Tucson, Arizona.
Walsh, Joseph P..... A.B.	1890. Professor.....	Baltimore, Md.

X.

Xavier, Henry F..... A.M.	1878. Clergyman.....	St. Joseph's Church, Yonkers, N. Y.

Y.

Young, John..... A.M.	1851. Physician.....	Brooklyn, L. I.

Z.

Zimmer, Joseph..... A.B.	1867. Clergyman.....	Raritan, N. J.
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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

Vol. IX. St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., November, 1890. No. 2.

THE MOON-LOVED.

RONDEAU.

THE pale-faced moon is fair to see,
The brooklet carols his love-song free,
But the moon looks down with proud disdain,
Nor ever a glance of love will deign
For the streamlet that murmurs so cheerily.

He bubbles away in his amorous glee,
And many a pledge of love sighs he,
And hails in a lovelorn, plaintive strain
The pale-faced moon.

But silent and cold in her pride sits she;
In each runnel that gushes o'er mountain or lea
The pale-faced moon has a sighing swain;
But the brooklet's heart is smitten with pain—
"For me, alas! there's but one," quoth he,
"The pale-faced moon."

—Thomas Gaffney Taaffe.

POPE LEO'S LATIN VERSES.

HOW few people are found unwilling to doubt what they see in print! When the verses of his Holiness appeared, they elicited, for many good reasons, much applause. An adverse critic from New Jersey, Heaven save the mark! comes to the front with learned strictures. We give his remarks. We are sure many patted him on the shoulder, and cried "Euge"! We were so gratified to find an answer accurate and complete in the *New York Sun*, that we gladly give it a place in our columns. In fact, we mention Mr. Ransford only as an excuse to print the scholarly reply of a professor in St. Francis Xavier's College, N. Y. Follow criticism and answer.

POPE LEO'S LATIN VERSES.

To the Editor of the *Sun*—Sir: If the theology of Pope Leo XIII may not be called in question, his Latin verses are, at all events, amenable to criticism.

Those which you published in your impression of the 19th inst. would never pass muster in any of the great public schools of England, nor would the poem as a whole carry off the prize at either of the great universities.

The verses are not such as an Ovid, a Tibullus, or a Propertius—the only models to be followed by those who affect the Elegiac stanzas—would have penned. They are full of inelegancies and disfigured by false prosody.

For instance in the second line, the pentameter, a long syllable, the last in *Cupide* is elided, a liberty to be used only very sparingly. Pope Leo uses it unsparingly; he avails himself of it again in the seventh line, *regale* in *sede*, again in the fifteenth line, and all the more inelegantly that he had an elision in the first foot of the verse, *me mon*te ex *imo* ex*cussum*; again in the twentieth, more inelegantly still, a heavy spondee, with an elision beginning the line, *Alt*a e *rupe*; again in the twenty-first where an inelegant repetition of an elision this time follows the other inelegancy. *Expectata diu* atque hosp*es;* again in the twenty-third line, and a diphthong at that, *charis vitæ* u*sibus*.

As a rule elisions are allowed very sparingly in Elegiac verses; in twenty-six verses, however, Pope Leo has no less than fourteen—a number out of all proportions. Of these *six*, or nearly one-half, are of long syllables,, one being a diphthong, while another elision—this time of a short syllable—forms part of a cæsura in the first half of a pentameter, *En veni vest*ra ad. (Line 22d.)

The model Elegiacists Ovid, Tibullus and Propertius, used an initial dactyl in their pantemeters in the proportion of something like 25 or 30 to 1. In his 13 pentameters Pope Leo has 8 beginning with spondees, of which there are three with elided syllables (see lines 10, 14, 20), while two or three initial spondees are followed immediately by a stop, a comma—a monstrosity occurring about once in 300 lines of any poem by the model classical Elegiac writers.

The Pope's verses likewise display two blunders in prosody, for which I and all like me in the good old days of the birch in the English public schools, should have had to submit to the humiliating process of being "hoisted" or else laid across the "horse," in order to receive our deserts for such a fearful error as allowing a short final syllable to preeed a *sp*, *st*, or *se*, or any sound of *se* hard or *sg*. Yet Pope Leo has no scruples as to this violation of this rule which may be called invariable, as I think only two exceptions to it are to be found in any classical Latin poet. The Pope, however, writes *Candid*a sp*lendidior* (line 19) and *dulce* stre*pente* without any remorse or scruple.

There are other points in which his Holiness has rendered himself open to criticism— *e. g.*, *eum prece* (line 12), is at least peculiar.

Pope Leo may quote "poetical license," but let me assure his Holiness that though to painters and poets Horace allowed freest liberty to dare to fly in the face of all proprieties, that license extended not to solecisms in syntax or prosody, only to freaks of the imagination. In my day the plea of poetical license would have availed naught to save me from being put into such a condition as to make it more agreeable to stand than to sit for some days.

By the way, a foot is missing in the first half of the second pentameter (line 4).

ED. RANSFORD, LL. B., Cantab.

Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 14, 1890.

POPE LEO'S LATIN VERSES.—IF HIS HOLINESS SINNED METRICALLY, OVID, VIRGIL, TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS DID SO, TOO.

To the Editor of the *Sun*—Sir: In your issue of the 17th a critic, who appends to his name the distinguished title of LL. B., Cantab, lays himself open to the charge of exaggeration, to say the least, in the way in which he criticises Pope Leo's poem, "Fons ego."

We must first bear in mind that we should not expect Pope Leo's verses to come up to the standard of Propertius or Ovid; and, secondly, that the metrical structure, though very important, is not the only measure of beauty in poetry. Propertius, for example, is placed in the front rank of elegiac writers by many, though in point of mechanical structure he is inferior to Ovid.

Speaking of elision, the critic condemns, "in the twentieth [line] a heavy spondee, with an elision, beginning the line." One might be led to imagine from the above that this was an unheard of license in the critic's favorite authors. *Cf*, by way of example, Propertius iv., 4; iv., 7; iv., 9; iv., 18; iv., 22.

I quote from Propertius, to take the gentleman on his own ground, as he acknowledges Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius to be model writers of elegies. The same fault, if fault it is (?), is found in Tibullus, Ovid also is guilty. We need not multiply instances.

Our critic continues to censure the elisions: "Again in the

twenty-third [line], and a diphthong at that, *charis is vitæ usibus.*" In Propertius you will find in the very first line of iv., 7: " Ergo sollicitæ tu causa, pecunia, *vitæ es.*" In this case you have the elision of the very same syllable in the same word that you have in the condemned line, and, what is worse, Propertius elides a long syllable before a short one, *es.* Other instances are not wanted. I will refer the critic to many, if he desires.

You may say they are rare occurrences. But they do occur, and sufficiently often to allow us to use them occasionally, at least. The above censures are based on the fact that there are certain general canons, deduced from the best poets. But when a poet does not follow the general canon do we condemn him? We can only say that this special case was not general enough to become a law. It is not for that reason an inelegance.

We are again informed that "as a rule elisions are allowed very sparingly in elegiac verses." What does he mean by "very sparingly?" Does he mean the same thing that he meant where he said that the liberty of eliding a long syllable was "to be used very sparingly?" He cannot properly use the word sparingly in both cases, for, though I am willing to admit that the elision of a long syllable is comparatively rare, that is, in comparision with the elisions of short syllables, yet it is absolutely false that elisions are sparingly used in elegiac verses. In Propertius iv., 12, you have 12 elisions in 38 lines: in iii., 1, you have 10 in 26 lines (Pope Leo has 14 in 26 lines); in iv., 1, you have 11 in 40 lines.

Is this a sparing use? In 428 lines, taken at random, Propertius has 86 elisions. In Tibullus and Ovid they are not so numerous, but still not sparingly used by any means. Another object of censure is brought before us as follows: "Another elision, this time of a short syllable, forms part of the cæsura in the first half of the pentameter." *En veni vestra ad.*" This is not a capital offence, either. If it were, we could not now appeal to the authority of the fruits of the precious heads of Ovid, Propertius, and Tibullus.

The next point of attack is the following: "The model elegiacists, Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius used an initial dactyl in their pentameters in the proportion of something like 25 or 30 to 1." This assertion is very far from true. In 149 distichs in Ovid, taken at random, there occur 32 spondees at the beginning of the pentameter, or 1 to 5. The proportion, therefore, is 1 to 4, not 1 to 25. In Propertius, in 214 distichs, 65 spondees occur at the beginning of the pentameter, or 3 in 10. In Tibullus, in 132 distichs, there are 27 initial spondees in the pentameters, or 1 in 5.

The critic's assertion is out of all proportion. It is a gross exaggeration. In regard to the "fearful error" of allowing a short vowel to proceed sc, sp, sq, st, he says that it is almost an invariable rule to find the preceding vowel long. "I think," he says, "only two exceptions to it are to be fonnd in any classical Latin poet." This rule was generally observed, but Roby is authority for the assertion that about 23 instances can be found in the satires of Horace, in Propertius, Lucilius, Lucretius, and Virgil.

The critic calls these two liberties "blunders in prosody." Then you have twenty-three blunders in prosody by Horace, Propertius, Virgil, Lucilius, and Lucretius. If this indulgence is allowed to native Latin poets why not allow it to one who does not enter the lists as a competitor with them? Let us examine briefly how far these same faults can be attributed to the "Arundines Cami," poems written by scholars who have gone out from the same university from which the critic who adds Cantab. to his name has gone. The Pope's poem should be judged with the same indulgence with which these famous poems are judged. We do not from the start expect perfection of them, but with all their defects we still account them very good elegies. I think the critical Cantab. will admit this, if for nothing else, at least for the preservation of the fame and honor of his fellow Cantabrigienses.

In 174 lines, taken at random, there are several elisions of long syllables; three cases of "heavy spondees with elision" at the beginning of the first hemistich of the pentameter; add to this 41 elisions—not a very sparing use.

Besides this there occur four cases of elision with the syllable of the cæsura in the first half of the pentameter. There are 20 initial spondee in 87 distichs, *i.e.*. about one in every four lines. (The normal proportion was stated at 1 to 25.) The scholars of the university ought to be "hoisted" for these liberties, to use the phrase of the critic.

I think from the above remarks the writer will descend from the height of exaggeration, whence he looked forth scornfully upon what seemed to his distant eye a puny race of pigmies below him. As he approaches them his lofty heights disappear in the hazy atmosphere above him, while the despised objects assume manly proportions.

A PROFESSOR.

St. Francis Xavier's College, New York city.

FOOT-BALL.

A COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR:—When foot-ball was one of the sports neglected by the College, and when an ambitious few were striving to make it, if not equal, at least second, to baseball, there were many who ventured the opinion that St. John's never would have a good foot-ball team. There were some grounds for the opinion. During the years '88 and '89 there were about sixteen or eighteen men who would play at foot-ball, and not as many as ten who had even superficial knowledge of the game. But it was reserved for a '90 to make the foot-ball year of the College. Other years saw a few good individual players, such as Reilly, Mermoud and Tom and Bob Carmody, but there it ended. This year we have many good players and, on the whole, a good team; aye, better than could be expected under the circumstances.

Without training, and without instruction, foot-ball rose this year until now our team can offer a fair front to some of the best teams in the country, and, even if not winning, do credit to the house considering the odds against us. True, the College has been used to victories in base-ball, but it took years to make base-ball what it is in St. John's and we cannot expect foot-ball to develop in a day. So let us have no croaking. Honest criticism makes foot-ball, but growling only ruins everything. Every man who shows himself capable of filling a place on the team can have a place; so come out from the smoking shed and show what you can do. Don't criticise foot-ball until you understand, the game. You have a good team if you support it properly.

Now we don't mean to say that the team has not many faults, but we do mean to say that it is the best that has been in the house. They have not practised enough. And yet practice is the main essential in foot-ball. They smoke incessantly; they do no gymnasium work. And yet training is all important. Take the members of the Crescent foot-ball team; they are the world's champions, one might say. Yet an ordinary college can beat them, simply because these champions are not trained as they were when in their best days.

It has been a custom to say nothing about our team if we could not praise them. This is not right. If the faults of a team, or of individuals on a team, are shown in public, they are soon corrected. So now let us see, in the most friendly spirit, what faults are in the team. First, tackling is not done scientifically. If a man tackles another, there should be no letting go. This requires low tackling. There are about two that attempt such a thing on the Fordham team. Yet to tackle high, in nine cases out of ten, means to be hurt, and to lose the man. This is a point that can be easily corrected and will make marked improvement. Second, two men on the team, yes, perhaps three, the two Carmody's and the substitute, Logler, know how to fall on the ball. There should be no man on the team who cannot fall on the ball and hold it. It can be learned in two days. Yet it is never practised here.

Now for individuals. Livingston is out of his place when playing full-back. He fumbles the ball, misses it in many cases, and is by far to slow to kick when he does get it. But he is a good kicker, as far as distance goes. On the line he would show better and benefit the team. To him is due the present prosperous condition of foot-ball, as of all athletics in the house. Yet his place is the line, and we can get good full-backs. Second division has one who can kick a ball with remarkable strength and accuracy, who can run and tackle well.

Doran runs well and dodges wonderfully, and more than deserves the praise he receives. Still he gives up too soon when tackled and tackles too high in many cases.

Bob Carmody is excellent, and one must look sharp to find a fault in his play. But if he would not wait so long for an opening but try to break through, at times he would do better.

Captain McNally has a hard place and plays it well. He has some faults, however. He stands back too far when receiving the ball and catches it in the air instead of receiving it along the ground. With a good referee—which, by-the-by, the College has not—the ball would be taken from the snap-back in almost every scrimmage. McNally is a model tackler and in this is to be imitated by all the team.

McAleenan does not annoy his opposite enough. He does not put the ball in play properly. Otherwise he is faultless.

Of our veteran foot-ball player, Tom Carmody, we cannot say much in the way of fault-finding. To be sure he might break through the opponents' line a little more readily at times, but on the whole he is excellent.

Comerford probably plays the most perfect game, for his position, of all the team. In a short time he will be a phenomenon. Why don't he get more chances to rush with the ball so as to rest the half-backs?

Of Eccleston and Bermingham we can only say that a little more life and care in keeping back opponents would benefit their playing materially.

Smith tackles too high and does not keep his wits about him. We notice a tendency to use him as a rusher. That is not his position and he cannot play it.

Phelan tackles well and runs nicely, but now and then fails to keep his man back.

Keating cannot run except in a clear field, nor can he avoid an opponent. When tackled he gives up too easily and does not struggle to gain his yards.

Our array of personalities may seem a little hard, but it must be acknowledged that there is truth in it. We did not intend to praise. We intended to criticise, aud suggest some things to be corrected. The team is good; we want it

better. Correct these little faults and in a short time St. John's will be at the front in foot-ball as in base-ball. The game has taken hold on all divisions and promises much. Let first division set the example in encouraging it. Let first team set the example in attention to details, and then we are bound to succeed. ZED.

THE STUDY OF MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY.

NO study requires as much knowledge of chemistry and again no study leads one to interest himself more in chemistry than mineralogy.

The young student of mineralogy must needs, at least, have a firm basis in chemical theories and qualitative analysis; but after a few simple mineralological blow-pipe reactions, he sees more perhaps than in any other way the wondrous beauty and interest of chemistry.

A Bunsen burner and the common acids make up, with a blow-pipe set, his home outfit.

For filled-work a heavy hammer and drills are necessray.

Having collected e. g. a number of specimens of Feldspar, Quartz, and Mica, and learning their physical properties thoroughly first, then their chemical, one is quite able to point them out in a piece of granite, and is led on thereby to the study of Rock, Marses, their association, etc.; to Geology in a word, that great story of the earth.

After his work in the field with hammer, drill, and close observation—"Malleo et Mente"—he seeks his Bunsen and Acids, and do they not unfold the wondrous tale of chemical affinities? do they not raise his thoughts to the grea Creator of all things? Who has made this globe so unified in the midst of such diversity?

Soon he finds a crystal and begins the study of crystalography—a wondrous geometic drill—a crystal of Quartz—a hexagon—what a find! a monoclinic of Epidote—what a cause of delight and wonder!

About New London I have found Crystallized Feldspar (Oethoclose) Quartz. Epidote, Garnet and Pyrite.

I ought to have premised that I have been talking all along to students of chemistry, who, as in my time at Fordham, have not had any special drill in mineralogy. Perhaps it is different now, as at Yale, where, in the academic course, mineralogy is now an elective.

If so, you know these things as well as I, but they will stand repeating. I have found some good things near Fordham at the new Ship Canal at Spuyten Duyvel, where the Government is blasting an immense mass of rock. This formation is of Dolomite in which many good specimens may be found. Mineralogy as we have seen leads to Geology, and then we may have such a problem as the following presented to us in the field.

"In the region to the east and west of the line of the Thames River.....boulders of extraordimary size occur.... Among them is a rock which, until very recently, has been regarded as one of the largest if not the very largest boulder that has thus far been recognized. in this or any other country. This rock, of coarse crystalline granite, is found in the town of Montville, New London County....under the Indian name of 'Sheegau,'....has been known for many years. The Hon. David A. Wells, of Norwich, in his recent article quoted above in the Pop. Science Mo. on 'Evidences of Glacial Action in Southeastern Connecticut' holds to the old view that 'Sheegau' is a 'bona fide' boulder, but quotes Prof. Crosby, of Harvard, who holds that "Sheegau" is not a boulder, but 'simply an angular and prominent remnant of a large granite vein still undisturbed in its original position upon beds of gneiss; and that its chief geological interest is found in the fact that notwithstanding its exposed position, it has survived the disintegrating influence of the elements and successfully resisted the pressure of the great ice-sheet.'"

So the learned disagree and encourage further study of such Isroblenes as—is "Sheegau" a stranger from afar, is he fixed now as of old, in his primeval home. Such studies make men not alone scientists and engineers, but afford a egitimate recreation to anyone who likes an outing anp wishes to train his eye to see and his mind to apprehend the problems that are in nature. He may thus become—if not as St. Thomas Aquinas a great saint and theologian, as B. Albertus Magnus—the teacher of H. Thomas—who knew all the herbs and rocks and animals, the predecessor of Sinnaeus

REV. CHARLES E. MCGOWAN,
Class of '77.
M. D. Yale Med. '80

FATHER JOSEPH PRACHENSKY, S. J.

A BOY at Fordham College last year remarked at the burial of Father Perron in January, that the three Jesuits whom St. John's had sent to heaven since August, 1889, were unquestionably saints of a high order. This was the judgment passed by a student on the little that it was given to him to witness of the irreproachable lives of Brother Mace, and Mr. Mulry, and Father James Perron. Had the same thoughtful young admirer of these servants of Our Lord stood amid the group that gathered in our cemetery last July round two new graves, he might have added to his list of saintly sons of St. Ignatius the names of Father Joseph Prachensky and Brother William Hennen.

We little thought this time twelvemonth in our notices of their Golden Jubilees that these two religious of the Society of Jesus should be summoned to a higher feast—the Heavenly Banquet—before a year had dropped away. The death of Father Prachensky, in particular, was not at all dreamed of at that time. The good old priest weathered his last winter so bravely, and brought from his jubilee such a fund of renewed cheerfulness and good humor, that we had hoped to see him string many more jewels on his golden life-thread. But God's ways are not ours; and the peaceful soul of our dear Father and kind Friend passed into the presence of the King of Kings before we were fully conscious of the seriousness of the fever that took him off.

Father Prachensky was a native of Prague, in Bohemia, where he was born on June 22, 1822. As is often the case with those whose maturer lives are "hidden with Christ in God," and who in the end return to Him, *portantes manipulos suos*, Fr. Prachensky's early career is quite unknown to us. Even our intelligence of the first days of his life in the Society of Jesus is furnished forth with but scanty details. Certain it is, however, that, judging from his abiding lightness of heart and uniform serenity of disposition, his early days must have been spent in the midst of very happy surroundings. A home, joyous, simple, and devoted to the service of God, that is what his childlike piety, kindliness, and simplicity naturally disclose to us of the scenes of his youth. It could hardly have been otherwise. And the tender affection with which he retained till death a rude picture of the quaint-looking brick-house in which he was born, leads us to think that when in his seventeenth summer he sought admission into the Society of Jesus, he did so with many a sigh for his dear old home and its lonesome inmates. His noviceship began on the 5th of September, 1830, in the novitiate house at Gratz, in the Austrian province of Styria. His novice-master, Father Asury, had been a fellow novice at Polosk, in Russia, of the well-known Father John Roothaan, afterwards General of the Society of Jesus. It was always with an unusual glow of gladness on his countenance that Father Prachensky spoke of his novice-days, and complained that they had sped away all too swiftly. Willingly indeed would this true Jesuit have gone anew through his long life of sequestration and toil, in order to breathe once more the atmosphere in which he lived when "with sacrifice before the morning morn," he made his first vow to God. Those were days when it was possible from time to time to get the blessing of some venerable grey-haired father who had belonged to the "old Society" of Jesus, and had lived through the gloom and storm of suppression till the dawning of the day of restoration. With holy pride and love for his vocation, Father Prackensky often told his friends that one of the fathers who was placed over him during his noviceship had been a member of the society at the time of the suppression.

After the usual course of studies preparatory to the taking up of theology, Father Prachensky was sent with others of his own age and advancement to the Theologate. During his second year of theology, the Hungarian revolution, under the notorious Kossuth, broke out, and the Jesuits were the first to feel its effects. Kossuth had taken an oath that if he were successful, the name of Jesus Christ should be unknown in Hungary after two years. This odious and reckless demagogue did much to realize his blasphemous boast. During that disastrous period; the Jesuit communities were practically destroyed, so that they were constrained to depart for other provinces. But a blow dealt so manifestly to stifle their efforts for the salvation of souls, did not damp in any way the zeal of the followers of St. Ignatius. Much less did the same blow, accompanied as it was with exile from his native land, break the spirit or diminish the fervor of Father Prachensky. With characteristic joyousness, he received the order of his superiors to start for the Southern Mission of the United States. Before leaving his native land he enjoyed the immeasureable consolation of being ordained priest. Then it was that he began that long series of daily Sacrifices, which he loved to count and to look back upon in his declining years, thinking, as he numbered his thousands of divine Holocausts, that even though they had been offered up in the midst of distractions, yet they were treasuring for him in heaven a wealth of graces and mercies, which he by himself alone could never hope to acquire.

At the time of Father Prachensky's arrival in America, the New Orleans Mission embraced all the Gulf States. This was the field of labor to which he was assigned in company with Father Free, now of New Orleans. He made his first stay in this country at St. Joseph's College, of Springhill, near Mobile, Alabama. At Springhill he remained for some time teaching the classics, after which he was transferred to regular missionary duties in New Orleans and vicinity, where he labored for fourteen years. At the commencement of hostilities between the North and South, he became chaplain of the Third Alabama, going with them in all their campaigns as far north as Norfolk.

The next scene in his life was our own College of Fordham. Here he made his tertianship, or third year of probation, under Father Schneider. The following year was devoted to untiring parish work at Troy, N. Y. Shortly

afterwards his superior, Father Perron, sent him to Ward's Island to attend to the spiritual needs of the emigrants, and to administer the soothing comfort of the sacraments to the pitiful inmates of the public hospitals and asylums. Father Prachensky was told by Father Perron, whom he met on his way to his new post, that his stay in that office of solitude, far apart from the daily intercourse of his friends and the buoyant influences of community life, should last but one year, or at most two. He was further informed, by way of solace for his weeks of retirement, that our divine Lord's commission to His apostles, "Go and teach ye all nations," would thenceforth be changed in relation to his apostolate, for that all nations would come to him. And, in truth, it so happened. For twenty-one years' instead of one or two, Father Prachensky preached the Gospel to the faithful who came to him from all parts of the world. His readiness in five or six different languages, joined with his simplicity of manner, and his whole-hearted love of humanity—the outcome of self-denial and concealment in Christ—this it was which made Father Prachensky's life the thorough success it proved to be, and which gained for his tender sympathy a quick access to the hearts of the homeless foreigners among whom he labored. No one loved men, and the children of men, more than he did. He loved them for Christ's sake, and his affection was not lavished in vain. Men sought him out after they had conversed with him for the first time. They liked his frankness and his sincerity; they were fascinated by his gentleness, and placed unbounded trust in him, because they saw he was a man who had but one purpose in life, and that purpose the greater glory of God. Could we but lift for a moment, the veil that screens those years of toil and weary watching, what miracles of grace might we not behold, what marvels of humility, and charity, and utter self-effacement. Many a soul now at peace with God, and well-to-do in the world, doubtless recalls, in moments of grateful remembrance, the saving warnings of this priest—his paternal advice—his words of heaven-sent wisdom. What a blessing for the sinful and the outcast to come in contact with this true servant of the Sacred Heart, who knew not what it was to forget a kind word, much less to utter a bitter one—who was a stranger to anything like insincerity, or the myriad petty faults of selfishness. No one ever cherished more faithfully the holy bond of friendship, or exercised more liberally the winning rites of hospitality. Generosity was a second nature to him; and though others might, by their rudeness and their thoughtlessness, mar the harmonies of life, and turn not around to make amends for the wrong, yet he, child of God that he was, and fellow of the saints of charity, could not find it in his heart to be harsh to any human being. He had embraced a calling whose end and aim is to gain souls to Christ, and to keep them true to Christ, and he practically recognised, as fully as man can recognise, that gentleness, kindliness, and generosity, are the only loadstones that can draw men and hold them. It is to be regretted that his modest forgetfulness of self made him forbear to relate more than an occasional incident of his ministerial labors. Meeting as he did, and constantly, with so many strangers from all quarters, he must have come across a multitude of strange characters and interesting histories. Yet of such incidents he rarely made mention. He preferred to leave them chronicled in the memory of his divine master alone. What he deemed best to impart to the world appeared in the record he made, not of his own doings, nor of the deeds of other men, but of the Ruler and Lord of all men. This he did in his beautiful work entitled "The Church of the Parables." Had his health and age permitted it, Father Prachensky would, probably, have undertaken a translation of that portion of Dr. Jansen's History which relates to the more glorious triumphs of the Catholic Church, and to the conflicts of the Jesuit Order with the enemies of religion.

The last year of Fr. Prachensky's life was spent in the office of Spiritual Father to the Community of St. John's College. To those who went to him for spiritual guidance he found no fitter phrase to inspire courage and confidence than: "Be sure, my dear child, that the good Jesus loves you," or "If you could only realize for a moment how much Jesus loves you, you would not pause at any sacrifice for His sweet sake." Such sacred thoughts as these had kept ever green in his heart, during fifty years and more, the memory of Christ's love. Unto his dying day he cherished the fervent hope that others who were to live after him might find in like thoughts an ever-strong sustainment. Of a truth it is good to commemorate, in however trifling a souvenir, the highly Christian virtues of such a man as Fr. Prachensky; and it is good, too, in these days of unfaith and withdrawal from Christ, to remind ourselves that there are still lives lived upon this earth that swell the music of the hymns of angels—that there are still, in the valley of tears chosen spirits plodding joyously, albeit amid suffering and much self-surrender, up the narrow way that the saints have travelled.

Most of onr readers remember what we published a year ago concerning Fr. Prachenskey's Golden Jubilee; many of them were present at the High Mass which he celebrated on his great festival in the present church of Our Lady of Mercy. His voice rang out that day with clearness and marvellous sweetness. As he intoned the holy prayers of the Mass, one would have thought that Our Lord could refuse nothing to the prayers of such a priest. And surely we may believe that Our Lord is now listening graciously to the prayers of our kind friend and devoted Father in behalf of St. John's College, and of the boys therein who enjoyed the happiness of knowing Father Joseph Prachensky, and loving him during the last year of his life

L. D. S.

BROTHER WILLIAM HENNEN, S. J.

Of Brother William Hennen, who died at the beginning of last July little more can be said than is recorded on the modest marble slab which points out his grave in the beautiful little cemetery of the Jesuits within the limits of the garden of St. John's College, Fordham. He was born Nov. 25th, 1800, entered the Society of Jesus, Nov. 9th, 1839, and died July, 1891. A German by birth, after some ten

years of service in the Prussian army he emigrated to this country, joined the Jesuits in Kentucky, came with them to St. John's in 1843. He led a peaceful and exemplary life as a Coadjutor Brother and died ripe in years and merits.

R. I. P.

EDWARD COGHLIN.

We have to chronicle another death. We copy from the *Toledo Commercial*, Tuesday, Oct. 21, the following tribute to an old student of our College:

"A faithful and loving husband. a dutiful son and a splendid business man passed away in the person of Edward Coghlin, who died at his home, 803 Huron street. The oldest of five sons, he was to his parents the dearest and best; to his father in particular a comfort and pride, aud a trusty helper in the work which he carried on with him in the last years of his life. He was born on Nov. 9, 1851, and was sent to the public schools of the Third Ward when but six years of age. He completed the course six years later and leaving behind him an enviable record of industry and diligence, he left for *St. John's College, Fordham*, where he studied under the care of the Jesuit fathers until the age of eighteen. His success in school was only a forerunner of what was to follow; he had laid the foundation of a good and useful life to the very end. On the completion of his education he entered his father's establishment and was eventually made secretary and treasurer; also being a director of the company. From the very first his success was wonderful. Shrewd and sagacious, he soon gained the confidence and trust of those around him, and firmly established himself as one of the most reliable and enterprising business men of the city And not only in a business sense did he advance. Possessed of a bright and cherry disposition he made friends wherever he went. He was married January 18, 1877, and his wife died February 22, 1887, leaving three children, who still survive. For almost six years Mr. Coghlin had been a sufferer, yet his death came as a heavy blow to those who were nearest and dearest to him, for they had hoped against hope to the very last. All during his last illness he showed the true nobility of his character, bearing the trials and sufferings that came upon him without a murmur. The family has the sympathy of the entire community in its loss. The funeral will be held from the church of St. Francis de Sales.

FOOT-BALL.

MAGEM NOVEALLA '93.

SUCH is the enthusiasm displayed for this interesting sport by nearly all the students of most colleges in this country, that in venturing to speak of this game, we cannot but become aware of our limited acquaintance with the subject. We beg, therefore, to be excused for whatever mistakes we are liable to make. Though we know very little about foot-ball, we are not ashamed to express our unbounded admiration for its manly character. It is not our purpose, nor is it in our power, to give a history of foot-ball, nor again to embody in this little article the rules of this enviable exercise; we merely wish to say a word or two about it.

It is said that foot-ball was played by the early Greeks, and we are told that even the Romans found it a useful and pleasing pastime. If this be true, should we wonder that it has grown of late years to be such a favorite with the great American people—a nation that so readily grasps at the true practicability of things? Not long ago, however, foot-ball was almost totally neglected, but, owing to its excellence, the general favor which it once enjoyed has been revived, and the game has arisen slowly, yet steadily, from public scorn to popular adoration, until now we hesitate to say which is the people's idol, base-ball or foot-ball. The latter, and we may say the same of the former too, deserves the encouragement not only of the students, but even of the faculty of every college and institution in this great country. Still it may be urged, and with some show of justice too, that foot-ball is somewhat rough, and that its practice is attended with no little risk to the players. Without denying the assertion altogether, it may be said with considerable truth, that great as the danger of taking part in such a tempting sport may be, the advantages resulting from the exercise of football are far greater. The numerous benefits may be reduced to three classes, physical, moral, mental. In a foot-ball match every player is offered a field of action whereon to display his strength, and courage, and perseverance, without being stamped with the contemptible name of "show-off," and that of the still meaner one of "bully." When a boy plays foot-ball among the representatives of his college, he is a soldier who goes on the battlefield to conquer or die for his country. The student struggles hard and valiantly to uphold the honor of his college, and thus the game takes a serious character. No one that ever played foot-ball will honestly deny that it is one of the best exercises we have. It developes every muscle and nerve. Numerous, also, are the occasions which the game affords us to train ourselves, and practice self-control. We are accidentally struck in the face, and on the

spur of the moment we would return the blow, but the laws of the game, and a little consideration, stay the uplifted hand. While we are on the rush-line, straining all our strength to hold our adversaries back, if anything unpleasant happen we shall not curse, for the respect we have for those with whom we play, and the slightest reverence for holy things are there to prevent us. Foot-ball, instead of making us rude, has a strong tendency to refine our nature, and to lead us to put into practice the maxims of the true gentleman. Under the American rules foot-ball has ceased to be the uncultivated and rough pastime it was at Rugby, but has become an essentially scientific sport. The story of two students of Yale may serve to illustrate this truth. These two friends seem to have been fond of foot-ball, and were, to borrow the language of sportsmen, "light-weights." They organized "a scrub side" to play the university team, or chosen set of players in the institution. So great was the energy and talent of these young men, that with a crowd of untrained men they managed, on more than one occasion, to outwit one of the best teams in the country. And all this was due to their excellent tactics. It is evident, therefore, that in foot-ball something better than mere brute force is required. In this, as in all else, the intellect asserts its superiority over mere bodily strength untoned by intelligence. It is owing to such reasons that foot-ball is growing so popular. Even in our own college, foot-ball is daily winning the favor of the boys. For the last few years the students paid little or no attention to athletic sports; but a new page has been opened in the history of such games in Fordham. Thanks to the untiring efforts of Chas. L. Livingston, all manly contests have assumed a new and interesting character in this little community of ours. The foot-ball team is in excellent condition. The boys, though often defeated, deserve the credit and applause of everyone. The spirit with which they take the field to play with some stronger team of good, yet hard-earned reputation, shows that they are made of no common stuff. Not long ago our boys played the Manhattan Athletic Club, of which Janeway, the great player, was a member, well-known among athletes for his extraordinary strength. The Fordham boys played very well; but they were no match for the Manhattan Athletic Club, so long as the latter had Janeway on their side. Both the Manhattan Athletic Club and our boys fought gallantly. They have our best wishes for the future. The foot-ball team, judging from its present condition and its past record, will not disappoint the expectations of its friends and supporters. It has been said, and it is true, that we never had so many athletes. With such bright prospects we hope foot-ball will find more and more enthusiastic admirers.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

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By the Students of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.

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NOVEMBER, 1890.

SANCTUM

The poet's line:

"No noble man but made ignoble talk,"

applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the MONTHLY. Witness the murmurs of dissatisfaction that were heard here and there when the first number for the year came out. "What a cover! It is a good outdoor sign to all the stuff within! Scarcely a thing to interest us there! Something concerning Cardinal Newman and John Boyle O'Reilly and a vast deal more about Agnosticism; but little or no college news. What do *we* care for Agnosticism, John Boyle O'Reilly and Cardinal Newman? The MONTHLY is a college paper and college matter ought to be the staple of it. Why don't you have something about the fellows, etc., etc?" We can hardly prevail on our good sense to answer such criticism (?), and the course of action we are most inclined to follow is to pass it over in silence, leaving the unwise to themselves. Still we would like to come to an understanding with the 'discontented element of our subscribers, and with this view we shall attempt a few words of explanation. If the MONTHLY's cover is not up to the fastidious taste of our expostulators, let them send us some design of their own, without forgetting to include the money for the expense which so rich a piece of art, as no doubt it would be, is likely to entail; for the MONTHLY is not exactly swimming in wealth just at present. If Agnosticism fails to interest our protestors, it may prove valuable reading to our more intellectual friends, as the fact of their having requested us to publish the symposium bears testimony. If a few lines of tribute to the memory of the great Catholic *literateurs* who passed away last summer were not acceptable to our dissenters, perchance something touching their "mute inglorious" personalities would be preferable. If by college matter, our grumblers mean telegraphic items about the "fellows," the MONTHLY cannot and will not devote any space to their scraps of gossip,

"Which is the cud bechewed by human cattle."

If they meant news of what was going on in the college, we would answer that the "Monthly Bulletin" for last month was more or less brief for no other reason than that most of the different associations had not been yet reorganized for the year, as they are never reopened until after retreat. This month we hope there'll be no dearth of news from all the various societies which are now in full swing for the year; and having supplied this want, we await "in trembling hope" our recalcitrators' means of filling up the others, i. e. a decent cover for the MONTHLY and worthy themes for its articles. Will *they* furnish us with them? We pause for a reply.

* * * * * * *

One gentleman went so far as to threaten suing us if his name had appeared in the columns of the MONTHLY. As our subscription book testifies, we are in no condition to enter on a lawsuit, and it is well for us that the bellicose gentleman's name was not profaned and vulgarized by our local Ed. To quote one of our old sanctum minstrels, "the MONTHLY cannot live on air," nor on ink and paper, greenbacks and checks excepted; and we have given our subscribers in arrears a gentle tip—(a blunt poke would have been better, seeing they haven't tipped us yet;) and to those of our alumni who have a local habitation and a name known to us, we have sent a copy of the MONTHLY with a circular asking for their support as being the natural patrons of the journal. Is it in store for us to awake one morning and find ourselves rich enough to bring out a handsome holiday number at Christmas, and begin to dream of a glorious jubilee edition next spring? It all depends on our subscribers and alumni, well-wishers and friends. They hold the golden key of the situation. Let them be generous, and we give our affidavit on the rest!

* * * * * * *

Football, we are more or less sorry to say, has not been in

past years a taking sport at Fordham, but this fall it has gained a popularity which is likely to prove lasting. We have now a very respectable team, practicing regularly, playing against the strongest elevens in the country and sustaining glorious defeats. But what seems to be a still livelier pledge of the sport's durability among us is the formation of a league, numbering at present two clubs besides ours, with a prospect of having many more join it in the near future, not to say in the sweet bye-and-bye.

D. ARELLANO.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

T. S. REILLY, '91.

SIT down!

Who can climb in a window? They say that "Bruin" can. Can "Carmen?"

Since our last issue, base-ball has died an easy death and foot-ball gracefully has taken its place. Verily, the latter game is booming, for in our journeys round the campus we have seen the great and small "so lost in each other" that it is a wonder to believe that they are the very same persons to-day.

The organ *obligato* furnished by Mr. Myer to our Prefect's *Pater Noster* is very beautiful.

The "Glee Club" is being reorganized for the present year by Fr. Pittar, our Prefect. The melodious strains of the new song "O'Houlihan" have so enraptured Messrs. Bermingham, Rafferty and Wren that they are bent on starting a German Symphony Society.

"Will wonders never cease?" The new way of making lemonade owes its origin to the philosophers. The sweetening process is a highly perfected one. Now for the patent.

The "securdum quid" of the fishing story has made it forever interesting.

Many thanks are due to Messrs. T. Giant Cushing and Shea for their untiring interest in the tobacco shop. The new show case is a thing of beauty, while the wares, we are assured, are the best in the market. Blue-headed matches are their chief specialty this year.

The Ind. Foot-Ball eleven played a match game with the "Volunteers" of New York city on Sunday the 2nd. The game, though exciting, was marked with a terrible ignorance of rules. "Janeway" Jr.'s full-back playing was the chief feature.

Accounts of the games with the Columbia's and Manhattan Athletic teams will be in another part of our issue.

Dr. Brown, whose advent as Professor of Physical Culture was chronicled in our last number, is now with us. His examination reports so far prove a very healthy condition for the College inmates.

Speculation is rife as to who will be the new captains for the Cadets. Suspicion points to Messrs. Corbett, Ramsay, and Feeley. They have so far proved themselves efficient officers. Mr. Arellano will receive his commission as such in a few weeks.

The "solid twelve (12)" are now wearing a mournful look. Can it be that they have longed in vain for the four hundred or else feel downcast over the trampled hopes of one night's caucus? Be brave, ye sprites of winged words, and consider that "all things come to him who waits."

Cupid still holds ensnared our editor! *On dit:* That not till June will he recover.

Our manager, whose advice is extremely desirable, but whose non-presence when work is to be done is not highly laudable, has advised the Brooklyn Sophomore to seek a position on the reportorial board of the *N. Y. Journal.* We trust he will think over the advice but not make the application.

At the last meeting of the Historical Society, Rhetoric s orator held the floor. His chosen theme was "Fonteenoy." Need we speak of its rendering? Gentlemen, you know Mr. Comerford!

We are happy to announce that Messrs. Slosson and Daly, the celebrated billiard players, will give a public exhibition of their art in this line sometime in December.

It is impossible we think, yet there are some who assert it, that there is a man in Co. A. who has two left feet. This is shocking, but not so bad as the man who hasn't any feet at all.

The Philosophers' Specimen was a decided success. They convinced the visitors assembled that they certainly knew how to speak Latin, while their answers and responses showed a remarkable knowledge of Dialectics. Fr. Rector's advice was attentively listened to, which, if carefully observed, cannot but cause more glorious results in June.

This is exordium season! Never were Grattan, Pitt, and Burke in such demand; a receipt for orator-making has at last been discovered; the voiceless, the shapeless, and the grotesque all alike visit the shrine of "Paunch" De Leon—where pompous "Paunch" breathes the secret of his success in each eager ear. "For a speech," says Paunch, to wit:—"'on the uses and abuses of a horse,' take Mr. Grattan's

exordium of Irish Rights; then add a few words of your own on the weather, and flavor with a few Owen O'Connor-like gestures." As to the uses and abuses of a horse, consult the study hall keeper.

SECOND DIVISION NOTES.

WILLIAM FERGUSON '94.

Who was that sassafras-colored, shock-headed, porpoise-bodied fellow who in despite of a hundred dissenting observers and in the face of the truth insisted on crying "No goal!" Though he has the proportions and the good nature of an honest "Gus," he lacked that quick eye and accurate judgment which ever characterizes one huge one of *Second*! Foot-ball has stolen away the hearts of *Second!* Whither have the base-ball fiends migrated? "Down! Down!" is all that one hears from the clang of the after-dinner bell till again its solemn notes bid us be quiet. Aye! even the far-famed nightly choir that used to distill such liquid notes in the dark enclosure of the hedge-crowned fence to the left, has ceased to be and the unmelodious cry of "Goat, Safety and Touchdown!" has irreverently taken its place.

We are the people! The people, of course, of foot-ball Were it not for the huge proportions of Second Team Fordhams and were science alone to count we would give them a handicap of some twenty-five or fifty points and then make short work of them.

Who does not deeply regret that *Second's* star in rushing the leather has been taken away from us and raised to the Fordhams? A big remove, was it not? It was indeed a great loss for the *Invincibles.*

Do not tarnish your good name "Chilly," but show them of what superior stuff the *Invincibles* are made.

Did you witness our game with the Champions of New York? What a libel on the fair name of "Champion." After having metaphorically beeu kicked to pieces, their only resort was to kick against the decisions, and when they had exhibited a knowledge of the game about as deep as the paper on which its rules are printed, they wisely decided to retire.

For the sake of encouragement we gave Second Team Invincibles fifty points and then succeeded in obtaining eighty-two points from them in an hour.

The Billiard Room may look deserted on these days, but just wait till old Jack Frost makes his appearance. Then we shall have to run a gallery around the room.

Because one likes a salt-water bath at the seaside it does not follow that one wants to be pickled in brine, nor, dear Jim, when we smile at a pun or two, do we mean to encourage you or any man in besetting us, in season and out of season, with a shower of far-fetched lantern-jawed puns.

After Mr. Carmody had voted the straight Democratic ticket, he came to the Division determined to make up and play half-back for a team that would annihilate the Invincibles. He succeeded only in the first part of his determination, but had to content himself with a score of 16–14 in the *Invincible's* favor.

Companies C and D will have a regular armory in which to drill, this winter. No narrow, low-roofed room for us! Light, fresh air and room is all we want for our growth, and then what development!

The little Sodality chapel can't show more than two or three benches on Friday mornings; and it is to be hoped that those of *Second* who have not already joined the Sodality will do so at a very early date.

The following are the officers of the Sodality for this term: G T. Walsh, Prefect; Richard H. Clarke, First Assistant; Edward I. Kenny, Second Assistant; Charles Horn, Secretary; Wm. R. Gibson, First Lector; Wm. M. Bayle, Second Lector: Oscar Kruger, Sacristan; Augustus Gallagher, Musical Director.

THIRD DIVISION NOTES.

ANDREW C. SULLIVAN, '95.

1. The following promotions are announced: Cadet 1st Sergt., Cadet 3rd Sergt. Roland Fortescue; Cadet Corporals: Cadet Privates, Francis J. Hyland, Robt. H. Finlay, George Grainger, Edmund J. Tomney. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

2. The Cadets hereafter will march to all meals by companies, each company under the command of its acting 1sl Sergt., who will be obeyed implicitly.

3. There will be a competitive drill between the four companies in December, in which the marks received during the year for attendance, appearance, and behaviour, will count one third.

4. The following schedule will be observed in marking the companies: 15 marks will be deducted for absence; 5, if cap or glove be wanting, or shoe not polished; 8, if blouse or trousers be wanting, or stockings be of any color but black; 1 for every button off coat, strap missing from cap or broken, or shoe string missing; and 10 will also be deducted for every cadet reported for bad conduct, or seen misbehaving by the commanding officer,

By order of

H. G. SQUIERS.

5. The following have been appointed officers in this division: Reading Room: President, Arthur Kenedy; Vice-Pres., Francis O'Neil; Assistants: Walter Martin, J. Tufton Mason.

Billiard Room: President, John J. McCarthy; Vice-President, Andrew C. Sullivan.

Lawn Tennis: President, Clarence J. Gallagher; Vice-President, Scott A. McKeown.

Athletic Association: Committee of Arrangements: Louis Gerardi, Robert Finlay, Charles Givernaud; Banner Carrier, Robert H. Finlay; Assistant, Louis Gerardi.

The elections in our sodality for this term resulted as follows:

Prefect: Edmund Tomney.
1st. Assistant: John B. Rosado.
Secretary: Roland Fortescue.
Musical Director: Francis Henwood.
Sacristan: Andrew C. Sullivan.

6. You ought to see our reading room. Second is jealous.

7. Four elevens have been organized; they are The New Yorks, The Bostons, The Brooklyns, and The Norfolks. At the present writing four games have been played. We shall give a detailed account in our next.

8. There is some talk of a billiard and pool tournament; we hope it is true.

9. James B. McKeown, J. Alpin Graydon, Jos. R. Smith, Chas. T. Smith, and John Smith, went up from Third to Second this month.

10. The following have been appointed to uphold the honor of the "Tyro" football team for the present season:

Edmund J. Tomney, full back.
Francis J. Hyland, } half backs.
Roland Fortescue, }
John J. McCarthy, centre rush.
George Gavard, right guard.
George Grainger, left guard.
Francis O'Neil, right tackle.
James Coyle, left tackle.
Charles Givernaud, right end.
Andrew C. Sullivan, left end.
Louis Gerardi, quarter back.

Substitutes:

Robt. H. Finlay.
William McDermott.
John Calclough.

DAY SCHOLARS.

JOHN E. KELLY '93.

By a mistake of our Prefect our notes were left out of last month's issue. We hope, however, to make up for the omission.

There are many new faces among the day-scholars, and many of the old, familiar ones, we regret to say, are absent.

The football craze seems to have taken possession of the day-scholars, and many of them may be seen practicing each day while the boarders are enjoying their dinner. John Mulcahy, of Tyro fame, plays a remarkable game as full-back, and excites the admiration and applause of all by his clever tackles. Frank Kelly makes a very lively half-back, and can show his heels to some of the swiftest runners of First Division.

"Tim" McLaughlin, our sturdy catcher of last year, has joined the ranks of cadets, and without flattery we can say that his bearing is decidedly martial. Why do not more follow his good example? We would advise the senior member from Williamsbridge not to leave his tintypes around so promiscuously.

Thanks are due to John Joyce for his kindness in donating a football for our use.

The St. John Berchmann's Sodality held its first regular meeting on September 27th, at which the following were elected officers for the coming year:

Prefect: John E. Kelly '93.
1st Assistant: John McHugh '91.
2d Assistant: John Mulcahey '95.
Secretary: Francis H. Kelly '93.
Treasurer: T. McLaughlin '94.
Sacristan: Francis McDermott '95.

Consultors:

James Fisher '95. J. O'Rourke '95.

This Sodality, by the way, is in a very flourishing condition, as the attendance at the meetings attests, and we would recommend all day-scholars to join hands in furthering the honor and glory of the Mother of God, to whom this Sodality is dedicated.

Mr. Ambrose O'Connell, S. J., is Spiritual Director of the Day-Scholar's Sodality.

There is at least one thing in which we are ahead of the Divisions, our pairs of brothers. There are ten of them, not to speak of several others who are "as thick as brothers."

BILLIARD-ROOM NOTES.

JOHN J. REILLY, '92.

Both tables have been re-cushioned and re-covered, and a dozen of new cues have been placed on the private rack for the benefit of those who may wish to hire them. The usual number of "friends" are always present, who find more delight in this "soporiferous" pursuit than in the varieties of a foot-ball game. One of the new features this year is the division of the players into billiard classes, under the supervision of the Pres., Mr. P. S. Reilly, who is now engaged in writing up the rules. There is some talk of providing the small windows over the press with curtains. The financial state of the room is very good, and surpasses that of last year.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

On the fifteenth of October the classes of Latin and English Philosophy and Latin Rhetoric assembled in the students' library to form what is known as the Historical Society.

They were warmly welcomed by Fr. McGoldrick, who presided at the meeting, in a short address, in the course of which he pointed out the object of the society and the great advantages to be derived by careful attention to the lectures.

These officers were then elected: Mr. David Arellano, President; Mr. Thos. Cushing, Vice-President; Mr. Thos. Reilly, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. Martin Ramsay, Recording Secretary; Mr. James McNally, Treasurer.

On every Wednesday two meetings are held, one in the morning at which a lecture is given, and one in the evening at which essays are read.

The subject of the present course of lectures is the Protestant Reformation, and the able manner in which Fr. McGoldrick treats it has thoroughly captivated the minds of his hearers.

M. E. C., '92.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Although the college opened on the third of September, it was not until after the retreat on the twelfth of October that the first meeting of St. John's Debating Society was held.

The Rev. Fr. Kavanagh, as president, took the chair, and after the constitutions had been read and signed by each member, the following officers were elected: Mr. Charles L. Livingston, Vice-President; Mr. John J. Reilly, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. M. E. Corbett, Recording Secretary; Mr. Feeley, Treasurer, and Messrs. Dunn and Lennon, Censors.

Three meetings have since been held, in which the subjects of debate have been ably discussed by the members appointed.

The maiden essay of the year was written by Mr. McLean and was indeed worthy of the praise bestowed upon it.

Stirring times are expected at the next meeting as the subject to be considered is: "Should women be allowed to vote?" No doubt the gentlemen concerned have already obtained forcible arguments from unquestionable sources.

M. E. CORBETT, '92.

READING-ROOM NOTES.

JNO. J. BARRINGTON, '94.

The election of the officers for the reading-room resulted in the choice of Martin Mc. M. Ramsay, '92, pres.; John J Barrington, '94, sec.; Julio Mejia, Eng., '92, treas.; assistants, George Torney, '93; Daniel J. Buckley, '94; Michael A. Doran, '94; Ambrose B. Clogher, '94.

Our daily papers are eagerly sought for, not only by the students in general, but by our representative from Lansingburgh in particular.

What is the matter with our magazines? They are like angel's visits, "few and far between."

Why not get a few Smyrna rugs for the reading-room? These, with a few curtains for the windows, would make the room quite cosy.

Why not have the room opened on time?

The officers are to be congratulated for their zeal in taking care of the room.

OUR EXCHANGES.

"*Hanc veniam petimurque damusque vicissim.*" With these words we apologize to our exchange friends for our late coming at the sanctum.

Yet I fear that were it not for the magic presence of our Canadian cousin, L'Hibou, the many strangers to our board would have taken offense at the seeming rudeness and lack of courtesy and our apology would have but added insult to wrath.

"To err is human, to forgive divine," quoth the "owl." Place a "L'Hibou" friend "owl" to thee and all Mille remerciements!

> A bust of the "owl" shall adorn our portal
> Thy name with us shall be immortal.

And now let us have a grand procession to the altar of criticism, and there, with our friend, the "owl, as high priest, let us pledge ourselves to give and take. Let us attest before this wise and mighty feathered friend our loyalty to each other forever and for aye—to write criticisms if necessary left-handed rather than the right should withhold the grasp of friendship.

Sing loud, my friends, and fear not the scorpion's sting!

Let the "Young Eagle" in the corner scream till he wakes an echo of this, his first appearance, in his western home. Let the Phœnix sing the English version of "Exegi Monumentum," in shouted voice, the lines as follows:

> "Assnme the praise, the merit doth declare
> And place, O muse, the laurels *in my hair*,"

are somewhat barber-ous in their dictions and may elicit a smile from the "Young Eagle," but n' importe; on the whole the ode is well done.

Let the "owl," in his wisdom, read from his lofty perch his article on "The New Boy." It is sketched with life touches and raw recruit becomes in time, a paragon of college perfection, a leader.

Ah! here come familiar faces: L' Etudiant and our charming friend from the "Mount" witty and more beautiful than ever; and here more dignified. Statelier, her classic brow illumined with intellectual beauty is "Notre Dame Scholastique." A lovely version of the beautiful story of "Mignon," she brings to us translated from the German by Maurice Francis Egan. The poet tells us of the yearnings of the frail Italian child in the cold, northern land, in words sweet as the music of "Connais tu le Pays."

"Salver Regina" comes with a most touching tribute to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly.

It is in one of the poet's briefest yet most perfect productions that we are bid discern his noble heart, the pure depth and tenderness of his feelings. We read the pathetic refrain of "A lost friend" and in our hearts a chord of sadness is struck that "In memoriam" has sought in vain.

By-the-way, we have heard much of hazing from outsiders but on enquiry to-night it seems to have been more or less of a hoax. To none of our friends can we lay the charge of hazing.

"The Lafayette" describing a Frenehman, says he ought to be hazed but then this is said merely for rhyme's sake.

> "The greenest of green young man,
> That ever was seen, young man;
> Simply unbearable,
> Awkward and scarable;
> Ought to be hazed, young man."

The Brown Magazine honors us and exteriorly and interiorly it is a model magazine. A well written article, "Criticism of Criticism," goes to prove that what is morally bad can be artistically good and that immoral painting, sculpture or literature though it must be destroyed, yet if it has artistic perfections they must not be denied.

Among our friends to-night we note the following and beg pardon should any of the strangers present accuse us of impartiality. It was unintentional.

"The Polytechnic," "Res Academicæ," "Sentinel," "The Peddie Chronicle," "The 'Varsity," "Speculum," "The Nappa Classics," "The Dial," "St. Viateur," "Haverford-

ian," „Hobart Herald," "Trinity Tablet," "Concordiensis," "The Kate Field Washington," "The Institnte Journal," "The Alfred University," "The Oak, Lily and Ivy," "The High School Journal," "The High School Times," "The Academy Monthly," "Association Notes" and "Educational Review. HALIFAX.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

There are two hundred and fifty boarders and fifty-six day scholars.

The Mount, published at Mount de Chantal, Wheeling, W. Va., promises to become a foremost Convent Monthly. The September number is unusually bright. The Editorial pages present one of the most sensible articles we have yet seen on "Higher Education for Women." It sets forth distinctly what is meant by the term and ranks formation of character, training in interior virtue and exterior modesty, as among the special ends of all education because they form of even "our less gifted sisters" women who may stand as types before the world. There is "a little philological study" on Tag-Rag and Bobtail which is as instructive as it is amusing.

The MONTHLY—we mean our Monthly—was very remiss in the matter of exchanges last month. Evidently the Board of Editors is not thoroughly organized. Give us time.

Our faculty for the present year is constituted as follows: Rev. John Scully, President; Rev. P. A. Halpin, Vice-President. Prefect of Studies and Discipline; Rev. N. Hanrahan, Treasurer; Rev. P. F. Dealy, Chaplain; Rev. T. O'Leary, Professor of Philosophy; Rev. L. Jouin, Professor of Post-Graduate course and Higher German; Rev. L. Kavanagh, Professor of Rhetoric and President of the Debating Society; Rev. W. Quigley, Professor of Third Latin Grammar; Mr. John Moore, Professor of Belles-Lettres; Mr. G. Pettit, Professor of Classics; Rev. D. J. MacGoldrick is Professor of Electrical Engineering, German, History and Arithmetic, and Moderator of the Historical Society. Mr. Joseph Smith, Professor of 1st Latin Grammar; Mr. Ambrose O'Connell, Professor of 2d Latin Grammar; Rev. John Pittar, Professor of English Belles-Lettres; Mr. Owen Hill, Professor of English Philosophy; Mr. Thomas White, Professor of English Rhetoric; Mr. Joseph Carney, Professor of English Belles-Lettres; Mr. Frank Lamb, Secretary. Rev. Fr. Pittar and Mr. Owen Hill have charge of First Division. Mr. A. O'Connell and Mr. Thomas Carmody, A. B. '90, have charge of Second Division. Rev. Father Quigley, Messrs. T. White and J. Carney have charge of Third Division. Mr. F. Lamb is in charge of Second Division Study Hall of the day scholars, and is also office Secretary. Mr. Petersen is Professor of Music. Mr. A. O'Connell is Director of Music. Mr. John Moore is Librarian for the boys. Rev. L. Kavananh is Librarian for the House. Mr. Joseph Smith is Moderator of the Dramatic Association. Mr. T. Shealy is Professor of Special Latin Class and Prefect of the Philosopher's Corridor. Mr. George Pettit is Director of the Altar Boys.

The Lay Professors are: Mr. John Ryan, A. B., 90, Preparatory; Mr. D. Kiernan, Second English; Mr. T. O'Sullivan, First English; Mr. J. F. McLean, Piano; Mr. J. A. Dunne, Algebra.

Alan Burrow, Esq., A. B., 90, with Messrs. Carmody & Ryan, are members of the Post-Graduate Class.

Of last year's Faculty Rev. Fr. Kevil is in Washington; Mr. Coyle, in Worcester; Mr. Hollahan in Baltimore; Mr. Finnegan is in Woodstock along with Messrs. Walsh and Browne.

We forgot to mention last month that J. Keane, of the Class of Classics, entered the novitrate at Frederick, Md.

Mr. Louis Haffen, '75, was not elected. He made a good fight single handed, we may say, for the Commissionership of Streets. He has every reason to be proud of his record, and we have every reason to be proud of him.

Charles Bulger, Esq., '75, was elected by a large majority City Judge of Oswego, N. Y.

We may declare the Junior Building completed. Ground was broken November 19, '89, and the structure finished in all its details November 10th, '90.

The Philosophers are in possession of their large airy rooms on the top floor. The Vice-President is in his new Office. Study Hall, Dormitory and Play Room with Reading and Billiard Apartments, Gymnasium, Bicycle course, Lockers, etc., are now the property of Second Division. We trust all will take proper pride in their new and rich building.

Rev. Father Rector's name will go down to posterity coupled with the most startling improvements ever witnessed by St. John's College.

Georgetown has challenged our Foot Ball eleven. Who will win? Unless our lads do better training, they will return from Philadelphia "in tureens."

The English Philosophers have no rooms—but they have — Yum-Yum.

The teacher explained the meaning of the word "finite" and asked the class for a sentence containing the expression defined. One bright pupil wrote: "We had a very finite yesterday."

"Echoes of the Past" is a volume of poems by Mrs. Clare L. McIlvain, edited by her daughter, Lottie McIlvain Moore, who, by the way, is the gifted mother of our "Banks." We wish we had space to present some of these gems to our readers. The editor calls them "a sacred legacy left to her at the close of a life of such sweet tranquility and beauty that it could not but fail to resolve itself into poesy." A hasty glance at the volume assures us that the volume will "prove acceptable" not only to friends of the author but also to readers to whom the author is unknown. The book is divided into "Songs of Life," "Poems of Fancy," "Lyrics of Death," and "Dramas in Verse."

From Ginn & Co., Boston, we have received "The Defense of Poesy" of Sir Philip Sidney. It is edited with introduction and notes by Albert S. Cook, Professor of the English Language and Literature in Yale University. When we consider that according to Fluegel, Sidney may

be regarded as the earliest and the greatest Aesthetician—in Schiller's sense of that term—that England ever produced, it becomes clear how deserving of close study Sidney is, and how desirable any effort is that may help towards a better understanding of the work. It goes without saying that Mr. Cook is eminently fitted for the task. He has produced a tasty, interesting and instructive volume, and a thorough study of Sir Philip's immortal disquisition. Anything that awakens a taste for the exquisite achievements of our older English masters is a godsend. We are grateful to Mr. Cook and his publishers.

Among our distinguished visitors this month were Wm. R. Grace, the Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, Hon. Richard O'Gorman. Distinguished gentlemen are continually calling on us, but as the MONTHLY has no card-basket in the parlor and as our reporters are not ubiquitous their names are not always registered.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the "Second Annual Report on the Statistics of Railways in the United States" which comes to our sanctum through the courtesy of Edward A. Mosely, Esq., Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

THOMAS B. BURKE, 93.

Foot-ball rules the field.

Despite the above fact the triple league managed to complete its schedule of games. Omaha won the "Tobies." Boston finished a close second, while Brooklyn was like the sun on a rainy day, out of sight.

A team representing Fordham College met the volunteer club from the city on Oct. 6th. The Volunteers were beaten by the score 19 to 6. The features of the game were the DeWolf Hopper Antics in which the pitcher of the Volunteers indulged, and the phenomenal muffs of Fordham's substitute left-fielder.

P. Sullivan troubled Anson greatly during the late series, placing the ball gently over the right field fence twice in one game.

Well may Omaha be proud of their gallant Captain Tom Cushing, it was his timely hitting that led them on to victory. A certain student suggests we change our cheer viz: 1 Dham, 2 Dham, 3 Dham, 4 Dham.

Eddie Smith played a regular professional game in centre for Boston.

Our old reliable short-stop, Frank McCann, is with us once again.

Let the bells ring! Sergt-Major Ramsay caught a fly.

Last year the Invincibles beat us, but in the spring-time we will send over 3rd and 4th nines and wipe out that disgrace.

FOOT-BALL NOTES.

FRANCIS A. KEATING.

Foot-ball has at last gained a very strong hold on the athletes of Fordham. The enthusiasm is so great, that at the present writing six teams have been organized in the colleges. Besides the regular "'Varsity" team there are two teams on first division, two on second, trained by Mr. T. Carmody, who has brought them to such a high standard, that one member has been brought out to play half back on the "'Varsity" team; another on third division, from whom, since they have last year's first team manager to train them, everyone will look for splendid results. Capt. McNally '92, has his men on the field every day at 1 p.m. for an hour's hard practice. They are doing splendidly under his able guidance.

On the evening of Oct. 26th, Messrs. Livingston and McNally went to the city, for the purpose of organizing a league with the University of New York and the College of the City of New York. Each college is to play two games with the other two colleges. At the end of the season a handsome trophy is to be awarded to the club winning the champion-ship.

Our first game before the league was organized was played with the College of the City of New York; we sent them home with the score of 24 to 0 in our favor.

On the 30th the team played a game with Columbia at Brotherhood Park, Columbia winning by a score of 40 to 0. Columbia put on the field the best team she has played with this year, she will not be able to bring them together again. Five of her men were hurt, and will not be able to play again this season,

The game was a splendid one. Fordham fought hard till time was called in last half; one of the Columbia men, of last year Princeton fame, expressed the opinion that Fordham was able to beat any team in the county of her own weight.

Fordham was crippled considerably about five minutes after play was called; Bob Carmody strained one of the muscles of his foot, and Eccleston had his knee injured. With these two men to finish the game Fordham would surely have scored.

Doran's two runs were the feature of the game. He carried the ball once very near our goal line, and had he not been tackled foully by a Columbia man, he would have carried it across the line and scored a touchdown for Fordham.

On Saturday, Nov. 1, we played the Manhattan Athletic Club, or a team who went under that name, eight of whom eleven were college men, three from Princeton, two from Yale, one from Harvard, and two from Columbia. We were defeated by 32 to 0, after a very exciting contest, although the boys did not put up the game they played against Columbia.

Election day was the first scheduled league game with the University of New York, but after everything had been arranged, they telegraphed us that they would be unable to play; and rumor has it that they have dropped from the league. In that case, the game will be arranged between C. C. N. Y. and ourselves for the championship.

Captain Cushing, the base-ball fiend, was an interesting

spectator in all our games, and loudly shouted to kill Burke and revenge Cronin.

The College of the City of New York play us another on Nov. 6th (League), they strengthened their team considerably, and have a faint idea of going home this time with the tables turned; but look out C. C. N. Y. boys! we have also some new men who are "right thar" during a foot-ball game.

All the boys look forward eagerly to the Franklin and Marshall game, which takes place on the 2nd of December. It will be remembered that they defeated us last year by a score of 56 to 0, but the Fordham team is thought by many to be far superior to last year's team.

Night practice has now been given up, aud the boys only work an hour each day with the "Immortals" in a regular game.

The second team played the C. C. N. Y. Freshmen a very exciting game on election day, the score at the end of the first half stood 42 to 0 in Fordham's favor. C. C. N. Y. refused to finish the game.

The "'Varsity" team now line in the following order:

Eccleston, right end; Reilly, right tackle; Comerford, right guard; McAleenan, centre; T. Carmody, left guard; Birmingham, left tackle; Smith, left end; McNally (capt.), quarter back; Keating, right half back; Doran, left half back; R. Carmody, full back. Substitutes: Phelan, Burke, Donovan.

BATTALION NOTES.

MARTIN MC M. RAMSEY, '92.

Special Order No. 4. *Oct. 22nd*, 1890.

Cadet Private, Charles L. Livingston, having passed the required examination, is hereby appointed 1st Sergeant

By order of

H. G. SQUIERS, 2nd Lt. 7th U. S. Cav.,
Instruct. Mil. Sci. and Tac.

MARTIN MC M. RAMSEY, Acting Adjutant.

Special Order No. 5. *Oct. 29th*, 1890.

I. The following non-commissioned officers are hereby ordered to prepare themselves for examination for promotion to the rank of 1st Lieut.; Sergt.-Major Ramsey, 1st Sergeants Feeley and Corbett. The examination will include all of company drill, will take place on the last Thursday in November.

II. Drill will hereafter be in-doors, and will take place on Sunday from 10:45 to 11:45 A. M. The drill will be in the manual of arms, and Companies A and B will occupy 1st Div. gymnasium, and Companies C and D, 2nd Div. gymnasium. By order of

H. G. Squiers, 2nd Lieut. U. S. Cav.,
Instrut., Mil. Sci. and Tac.

MARTIN MC M. RAMSEY, Acting Adjutant.

Owing to the clemency of the weather, the portion of the above order relating to in-door drill has not yet gone into effect. The Cadets have continued Company drill and will still continue it as long as the fine weather lasts.

All the Companies are doing well, but, as usual, Companies B and D are in the lead, the wheeling especially of both Companies being remarkably good.

We owe an apology to the members of Cadet Company D, for omitting to mention. in our last issue, the crowning result of their hard work during the scholastic year of '89 and '90. They strove incessantly from September to June to reach that high standard of excellence which they finally attained, making all things subservient to that end, and, to make a long story short, THEY WON THE COLORS, with Co. C an excellent second, Co's. B and A following in the order named.

Judging from the way in which the Color Company is drilling now, it bids fair to repeat its performance of last June, and it is our earnest wish that it may succeed in so doing.

The Companies have been temporarily placed under the command of the following Commissioned and non-Commissioned Officers: Co. B, Captain Burrows; Co. C, 1st Lieut. Arrellano; Co. D, Sergt.-Major Ramsey; Co. A, 1st Sergeant Corbett.

We would like to remind the 2nd Division scribe, who is hinting so continually that Cadets from his Division should receive Corporalcies, of the old adage that "Children should be seen, etc." If the aforesaid scribe is so anxious to wear two stripes, let him go to 3rd Division, work *hard*, and he *may* get them.

Among our visitors last month were: Captains Downey and Marrin, '89; Captains Straub, Boylan, and Sergeant Orpheus, '90; and 1st Lieutenant Donovan and 1st-Sergeant Godfrey, '91.

As we go to press, we notice in the *Tribune* Adj. General McKeever's report of the status of colleges having military details. While pronouncing this system of detail a decided success, he recommends especially two things; first, that drill be made obligatory for all students not physicaliy incapacitated, and secondly that better provision be made for in-door drill during winter and on rainy days. We have already acted on the first suggestion, and only the want of funds has prevented us from fulfilling the second. Apropos of this second suggestion, what has become of the project for an armory?

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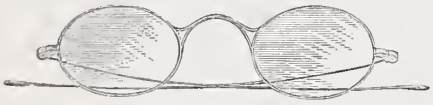

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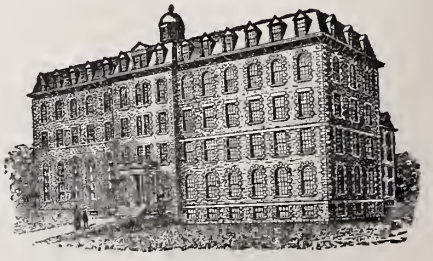

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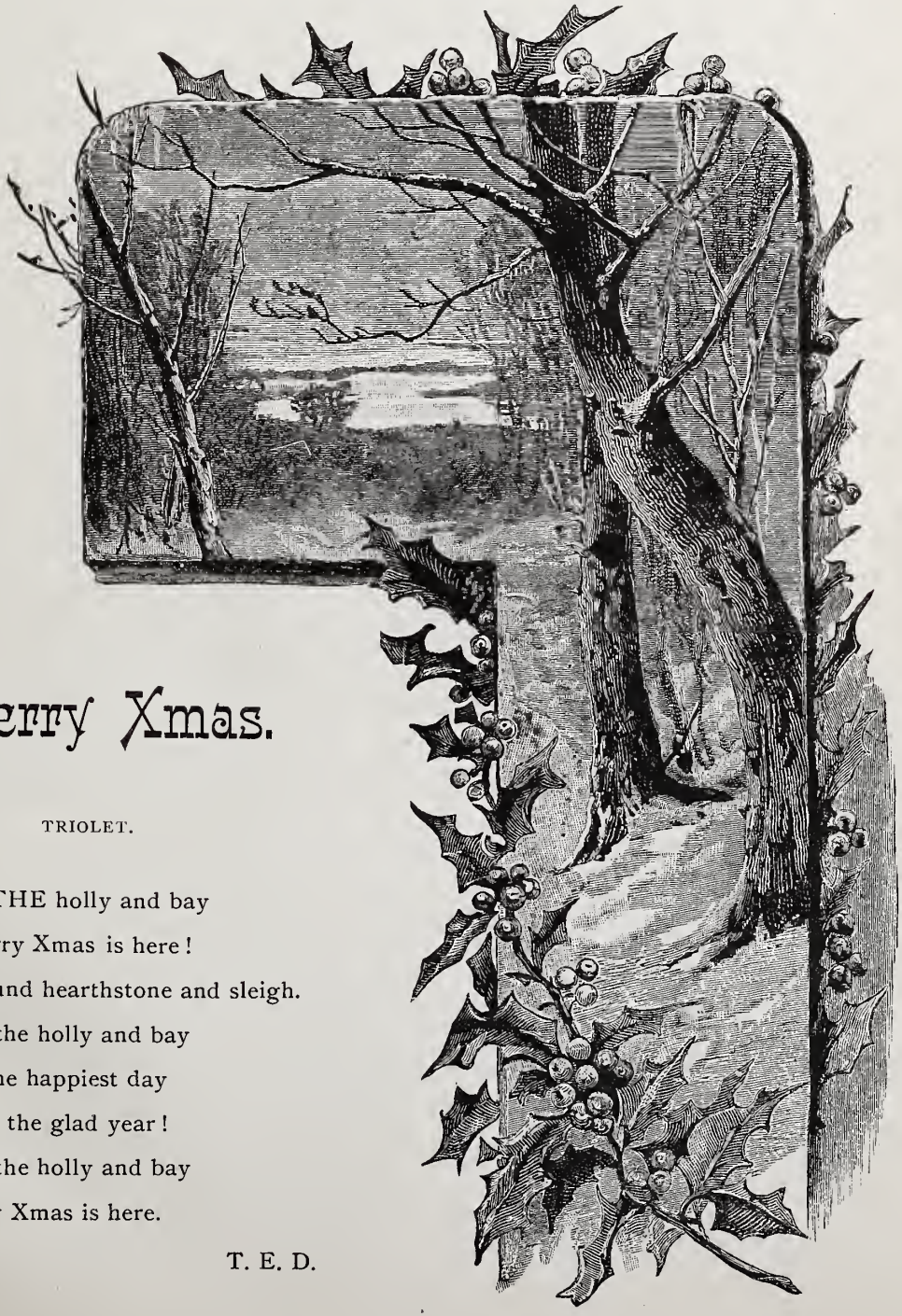

Merry Xmas.

TRIOLET.

WREATHE holly and bay
Merry Xmas is here!
Round hearthstone and sleigh.
Wreathe holly and bay
For the happiest day
Of all the glad year!
Wreathe holly and bay
Merry Xmas is here.

T. E. D.

DREAMING OR AWAKE?

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THE brig Cormoran, under Captain Allard, was making with full sail for the shores of France. The Cormoran was an intrepid ocean tramp, and its skipper an old sea dog, who had been in every latitude and knew by sight every island of the Atlantic and Pacific. He was about sixty years old, a man of few words, with a bright eye lighting up stern features, yet the quintessence of good nature. His crew idolized him. He had just been around the world for the fifteenth time, and was returning from what he had determined was to be his last voyage. His wife and his two children were with him, and they, too, were going to bid an eternal good-bye to the sea and its tempests.

It was the twenty-fourth of December. Buenos Ayres, their last port, was a month's journey behind them, and the trip had been a long and trying one. Heavy weather generally, and not a few unexpected hurricanes had battered the Cormoran very severely, and the crew were jaded out.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, and the vessel was ploughing wearily through the waves of the Gascon gulf. The captain was pacing the bridge with an eye to the behavior of the brig. The mate was just passing when the captain asked whether the lookout had signalled anything.

"All's well," said the officer, "but the crew are exhausted and are impatient to get ashore."

"Very good," answered the skipper, "at midnight give each sailor a ration and a quart of wine. It is Christmas Eve, and I am sure the surprise will be a pleasant one. What is more, we are to have midnight mass. The missionary whom we are taking back to France has agreed. Everything is ready for the ceremony. It will take place in the main cabin, which has been transformed into a chapel. My wife and children are helping the good Abbé Daigle with the decorations. The crew, if they wish, may assist, and afterwards may enjoy their "*extra*."

"All right, captain," said the mate, "your orders will be executed."

"You may as well add a half supply of brandy; the brave men deserve it; it will brace them up and shorten the rest of the voyage. By the way, any one in punishment?"

"Only one, captain; I have just put in irons that troublesome Valareck, who was urging the others to discontent and mutiny."

"Think you that he is dangerous, that he has any influence among his fellows?"

"No, captain; besides you know how we all love and respect you, and nobody minds him."

"Release him then; everybody aboard must be happy to-night.

Allard paced the bridge some moments longer, then went down to the saloon already assuming the appearance of a chapel.

"Well, children, how are you getting on?"

"We will be ready at eleven," answered his wife.

"A cathedral in miniature," said young Edward, pointing to a crib which his mother had just tastefully constructed.

"Look at my gold cross," said little Agnes, "it looks like the star of the Magi over the stable of Bethlehem."

"You have done wonders, children; never has the Cormoran seen such splendor. Go on with your work while I will snatch an hour or so of sleep. Call me at midnight."

"Yes, father," cried Agnes and Edward together, while they encircled their father's neck, who imprinted a kiss on the plump, rosy cheeks of his children. Reaching his berth, he was fast asleep in a trice.

Suddenly, he seemed to hear a knock at his cabin door, and he beheld the mate enter precipitately, his eyes ablaze, his clothes in disorder, and his face covered with blood, as if he had just escaped from some terrible encounter.

"Captain," shouted the officer, "we are lost! The crew has mutinied and the sea is wild." The noise brought in at once Madame Allard and the children. A cry of terror escaped from the lips of all, and for a moment the agony was inexpressible.

Above on deck, there was a confused roaring of voices, which grew louder and seemed to approach. At intervals were distinguished horrible blasphemies, imprecations and threats uttered against the captain. Outside the sea was furious, and the vessel battered and tossed by the angry waves, seemed every instant on the point of foundering. The masts groaned and the cordage whistled as they bent under the lash of the tempest.

The cry of the officer had brought the captain to his feet with a bound. He said nothing, but questioned his mate with his looks. Grouped trembling around the captain were his wife and children.

"According to your orders, captain," said the officer after some moments of silence, "I liberated Giles Valareck. It proved, in spite of what I thought, that he had successfully worked the crew and brought them to partake of his designs. About ten o'clock, the sky, serene until then, became dark with masses of clouds, and a gale whipped the waves into fury and handled the brig like a top.

Taking advantage of this as well as of the nearness of land, Valareck pursuaded the sailors that the moment had come to put an end to their fatigue and their privations, that the captain should be killed, that they should seize the ingots of gold which formed part of the Cormoran's cargo, that they should scuttle the ship, take to the boats and pretend shipwreck.

"The scoundrels!" exclaimed the captain. "But they are fools! Stay here with my wife and my children—I will go on deck, and the mutineers, I am sure, will fall back before my authority."

"I beg of you," cried Madame Allard, throwing her arms around her husband and striving to hold him back, "I beg of you, do not expose yourself to the anger of those miscreants."

"Father, stay with us," wept the children.

In spite of their entreaties Captain Allard made a step in advance, but was brutally thrown back by the sudden entrance of the sailors, who, armed with axes and drunk with rage, Giles Valareck at their head, broke in upon the affrighted group.

"What do you want?" said the commander in an energetic voice and with undismayed mien.

"The ingots," shouted the Dane, "and the lives of the captain and his mate."

"Senseless men," shouted still more loudly the captain, "the ingots do not belong to me, as you know too well, and on reaching France you will be held for your double crime. Reflect, my friends," he continued in gentle tones, "do not be led astray by the pernicious counsel of a wretch who merits only your contempt and indignation."

"Down with the captain," interrupted Valareck, with fury and raising his axe.

"Mercy," sobbed Madame Allard, out of herself, while she endeavored to withdraw her husband from the blow which was about to fall. "Have mercy—my husband has done you no wrong—he has always treated you as his children and the ingots are not his to give you."

"Kill the captain—kill the mate!" roared the infuriated band. "Overboard with the wife and children!"

Meanwhile the two children, dumb with fear, came closer to their mother, and the mate, with blood-covered face, stood beside the captain ready to fight with and defend him.

"Overboard, overboard," again shouted the sailors.

"Cowards! low assassins," exclaimed the captain, while he drew his revolver and strode towards his assailants, "is it thus you trample under foot every sentiment of duty and humanity? Well, I am ready for you—come, seize the gold—but I promise you that you will have it only by passing over my dead body. You have pledged yourselves to kill me, my wife and my children—come on bandits, and I will stretch on the floor the first six who advance."

There was only a moment of hesitation.

"Cowards," cried Valareck, turning toward the sailors, "you are afraid! I will show you then, what answer to give to the captain's threats." Thereupon, brandishing his hatchet he threw himself upon Allard. The poor wife fainted. One second more and the brave skipper would have been slain; but at the very moment the axe was going to fall, a detonation was heard. Giles Valareck whirled around and fell heavily on the ground: he was dead. Then began a desperate struggle. Faithfully assisted by the mate and the missionary, who had thrown himself into the midst of the combatants, the captain stood resolute for some minutes against the fury of the sailors, and the captain's saloon presented the appearance of a veritable field of battle. The sight was frightful in the extreme. Blood flowed on all sides. The missionary was one of the first to succumb, a victim of his zeal and charity. Madame Allard and her children, beaten down by the mutineers had ceased breathing. The mate wounded, but courageous as a lion, covered with his body the unfortunate captain.

"Leave me, my brave friend," said the captain, "save your life—these wretches want my life—save yourself for the vessel."

"Abandon my captain? Never," answered the officer. "My duty is to defend and protect you. I shall not desert my post."

The confusion was at its height. Thirsting like tigers for blood, the rebels redoubled their efforts. Four of them lay dead, six others were wounded. But the mate, struck full in the breast by a blow, fell lifeless at the feet of the commander, who, exhausted and covered with wounds and blood, was surrounded by the victorious crew, thrown to the ground, and then lifted up and carried to the deck to be cast into the sea.

Crime was victorious. They laid the body of the captain at the foot of the mainmast; the sailors gathered around it to celebrate their triumph, and insult the remains of him who had so often saved them from shipwreck and death.

However, the luckless commander still breathed, and through the veil of blood which blinded his eyes he saw the dastards grouping around him to assist at his funeral. He heard their ferocious shouts which mingled with the roaring of the storm, and the sinister creaking of the ship which was lashed by the huge waves which tumbled over and against it. Suddenly he thought some one caught hold of his head and feet; for an instant he hung suspended over the yawning gulf; then he plunged and disappeared in the depths of the ocean.

Just then Captain Allard felt a breath cool his forehead, and two soft lips caress gently his face, which was wet with perspiration. It was his sweet little Agnes, who had come to call her father. "Dear father," said she, "it is twenty minutes to twelve; everything is ready; we are waiting for you; you will be astonished."

The captain opened his eyes, gave a cry of agony, and with a bewildered glance at his child—"Agnes, dear Agnes, is it you?" he murmured, as great sobs shook his breast.

"Why, yes, papa. Is there anything wrong?"

"Your mother? Your brother? The crew?"

"They are all in the chapel."

The captain listened a moment and then added:

"Is there not a storm outside?"

"No," answered Agnes, as she took her father's hand, "no, the ship is sailing smoothly on a sea as tranquil as a lake."

"God be praised!" he murmured as he wiped the

sweat from his brow. "God be praised! It was only a dream. My God I thank Thee."

He arose and followed his daughter to the saloon which was blazing with light and fragrant with incense.

All the crew, grouped around the crib and the altar, were assisting with profoundest recollection, and on their knees at the Divine sacrifice. The sailors prayed for their beloved captain, while he implored heaven's blessing on those whom he had so often led out of danger and loved as his children.

The Mass over, the commander shook hands with every sailor, and did it with such an expression of unwonted tenderness, that the old tars found themselves moved almost to tears. When the mate came after the others to present his good wishes and to offer him the respectful homage of devoted affection, Allard caught him in his arms, while tears of tenderness flowed down his cheeks as he remembered his dream and the heroic attachment of his faithful officer. A repast followed; a simple meal, calm and joyous as a family feast.

The captain with his wife and children sat in the midst of the devoted crew, and they sang together the old airs of Brittany.

The next day, just at dawn, the Cormoran with all its bunting waving in the breeze and every sail bellying, entered the port of Saint Mazaire, while the sailors standing on the deck sang in the heartiest tones, happy and jubilant, the staves of a Christmas Canticle. [*From the French.*]

LIEUTENANT HERBERT G. SQUIERS,

SEVENTH CAVALRY, U. S. A.

The picture and the name will recall to the present and preceding generations of students of St. John's College one whom none knew but to love, none named but to praise. Foremost among the organizations of the College is the Battalion now numbering over two hundred cadets. Five years ago they were a mere handful of raw recruits; to-day they are the pride and ornament of the campus. The Faculty points to them with honest and legitimate exultation. Visitors look upon them with an eye of admiration. Their discipline, excellent manœuvres, their splendid drill and general fine appearance are due to the care, and skill, and untiring energy of Lieut. Squiers. One can imagine the dismay of all concerned when a paper, Special Order 275, came to Rev. Fr. Rector with the following communication: "By direction of the President 2d Lieut. Herbert G. Squiers, 7th Cavalry, is, at his own request, relieved from duty at St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., and will join his regiment in the field." (Signed) Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War. Our Lieutenant when he heard of the Indian troubles anticipated that his company would be called into action, and with reluctance to stay behind when his comrades were marching—a reluctance which was in keeping with the spirit of the true soldier he was—insisted with the authorities on being ordered to the front. Useless is it for us to add words of commendation. We all miss his genial presence. St. John's can never forget the services he has rendered to this Institution. Our boys will always remember his disinterested efforts in their behalf. It is his wish that they transfer to his successor the respect, obedience, and affection they have always manifested towards him. He is at present in S. Dakota. Wherever he be we wish him Godspeed. To him, his excellent wife, and charming children we say: Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

FATHER EDWARD DOUCET, S. J.

IT is especially sad for us to have to record on the eve of our Jubilee Year the death of this old professor and venerated Rector of St. John's College. Father Doucet, fortified by the last sacraments and, like many another holy servant of God, "filled with years and merits," passed away peacefully on Tuesday afternoon, December 9th, at 5:25. Those who had the good fortune to be present at his deathbed when he was anointed on Sunday, Dec. 7th, were comforted with the telling words from his dying lips that "the most consoling memory that can come to a dying man is the thought of having led a life of detachment and mortification." Father Doucet was very glad to die. This he told Rev. Fr. Rector when the latter broke to him the sorrowful yet merciful news that the time had come for him to receive the Viaticum and to be anointed. At the time of his death he had already entered on his sixty-sixth year, having been born at Three Rivers, in Canada, on March 12th, 1825. After finishing his classical studies in the Jesuit College of St. Mary, in Canada, he entered the Society of Jesus on the 7th of September, 1844. While still a novice he was sent from Canada to St. John's College, Fordham, to begin his course of studies in the Society. He arrived at the College on the 20th of August, 1846; and on the 8th of September following, he made his first vows. Then came many secluded years of study and teaching which are common to members of the Jesuit Order. These years were spent by Fr. Doucet mostly at Fordham. They brought him well nigh to his fortieth year, at which time he was already in his second year of rectorship of Fordham College, having been raised to the arduous post on July 31st, 1863. It was during Fr. Doucet's term of rectorship that the old First Division Building was first planned and projected. Ill-health, however, prevented him from undertaking the immense work of erecting the building now happily in course of completion under Father Scully. In the month of November, 1864, Father Doucet started for France where he remained for some time seeking a remedy for his failing health. While in Paris he frequently attended the discourses of the famous Fr. De Ravignan. During his stay in France Fr. Tissot was appointed Vice-Rector of St. John's College on January 23, 1865. When Fr. Moylan was made Rector, in the following Summer, he found the First Division Building already begun, and on Fr. Doucet's return to America shortly afterwards, the structure, such as it stood for over twenty years, was almost completed.

Perhaps the most peaceful period of Father Doucet's life was passed in the old novitiate at Manresa-on-the-Hudson. Here he lived for several years when his eyesight and health were both rapidly failing him. He was very much beloved by all the novices over whose different duties he had some charge and care. As at Fordham, so here, too, at Manresa, he was always sought for as a confessor, so kind was he, so full of sympathy, so discreet and straightforward. People came from far and near to go to confession to him. He was the friend alike of the poor and wealthy. Above all, the secular clergy always found in him a wise counsellor and a judicious director. They loved him and honored him to the last. Witness the large and reverent gathering of priests who went out of their way to attend his obsequies. Some of those who so kindly attended his funeral were doubtless his pupils in days gone by, when he taught philosophy and history at Fordham College.

When health seemed to have returned to him for a while, Fr. Doucet left the holy and healthful precincts of West Park to labor once more amid the scenes of his former toil at St. John's. But old age and the sufferings of nearly thirty years bore heavily upon him, and ere long he was constrained to give up all work entirely. This is a thing very much to be regretted, for it would have been a great blessing to current Catholic literature had this good Father been able to devote the last few years of his life to a revision and publication of his copious notes and voluminous essays on historical subjects. And even apart from these directly original works, better health might have encouraged him to give to the world his reminiscences of Edgar Allan Poe, who lived at Fordham during Fr. Doucet's earlier years and who was well known at the College. He possessed besides many valuable letters written by men high in the esteem of the American people, and these with his notes in remembrance of Poe would have been largely interesting. Perhaps it was his wonderful dislike for popularity, of which he tasted a good deal when in the virginal days of his priesthood he was known as one of the best singers and most attractive preachers of the country, which led him in the end to seek the obscurity and quiet loneliness in which death found him. At all events, whatever may have been the various motives of Fr. Doucet's life, whatever may have been his now lamentable retirement from public notice, this much is at least clear, his main motive, his predominant purpose was the greater glory of God and the impression on his life of the meekness and humility, and the heroic patience and the unqualified charity of his Divine Master.

L. D. S.

COUNT ROLAND OF AIX.

A TALE OF CHRISTMASTIDE.

LIKE an eagle perch'd o'er a precipice
With hooking talon, half rais'd wing,
And forward stoop in the act to swoop
Swift as a stone from an Indian's sling,
Down on the prey it would not miss;
Count Roland's castle stood in pride
With tower'd walls sunk deep and wide,
And clutching hard at the mountain side,
Yet somewhat leaning o'er its seat;
And a mile or so in the vale below
O'ershadow'd lay the village of Aix,
Like a crouching slave at its master's feet.

Arm'd cap-a-pie, stretching out both hands
Before the hearth, piled with yule log brands,
In a musing mood Count Roland stands;
And one or two of his retinue,
Arm'd as their chief and within his call,
Abide his pleasure in the hall.
But soon was told the thought in his brain,
For, turning on his attendant twain
Thus in his wonted manner he spoke:
"'Tis Christmas Eve, a peaceful time,
Not to be marr'd with any crime!
So say the friars and the simple folk—
Now what say *you*, shall we make a raid
On the town *to-night*, as we have always made?"

Their courteous bow for him was enough,
And follow'd he moved to leave the hall,
When, lo! at the door the seneschal:
"A minstrel boy stands at the gate,
And of Count Roland audience craves!"
"Go, and bid him hither straight!"
Count Roland answers as his hand he waves.

Anon return'd the seneschal,
Leading the minstrel boy into the hall,
Who silent before Count Roland stood
In meek but unservile attitude,
As before his sire might a loving child.
His muffled harp he bore behind;
His fair face, cuff'd by the Winter wind,
Was red as an apple's blooming rind;
His long, bright hair was floating wild,
And his frank, blue eyes with buoyancy smil'd.

Count Roland felt his heart of oak
Melt to the boy, and thus he spoke:
"I marvel what can have possess'd
A dove to come to an eagle's nest!
For such thou seemest here, brave lad,
So young and fair and peacefully clad;
Now, pray thee, speak what thou wouldst impart."

"I knew Count Roland has no heart,
Whatever his sins on men's tongues may be,
To work any harm unto one like me.
So reft of mail and falchion sharp,
With no other arms than this my harp,
I came, in sooth, to earn my cheer
This Christmas Eve with a song or twain,
In Count Roland's hall—will Count Roland hear?"

"For that I'm not in the rifling vein,
To-night I'll not roam, but bide at home
And lend this minstrel boy an ear!
Therefore make haste, my seneschal,
And gather my vassals into hall!"

Count Roland's vassals one and all
Are gather'd in the bright-lit hall!
But Count Roland marks not their bows profound,
All rapt on the minstrel boy, I wis,
Who sate on a couch of purple vest
And tuning his harp, Count Roland address'd:
"What ditty would Count Roland hear,
This sweetest night in all the year?"

"Touch thy harp to what strain thou please;
Gladness or sadness, war or peace!
For where leaps the will there leaps the heart,
And with it the minstrel's loveliest art!"

The minstrel boy with a melting voice
Touch'd his harp to the strain of his choice:

1

"A poor old man and his maiden spouse
On a Winter's night down many a street
In Bethlehem's town with way-worn feet,
For shelter begg'd on from house to house!

2

Ah! rude the cold blast, yet not so rude
As the heart and the hand which clos'd the door
In the face of that old man bent and hoar,
And that maid on the eve of motherhood!

3

Had the stars in heav'n no beam to warm,
And the angels in heav'n no wings to shade
That poor old man and his spouséd maid,
Forsaken of men to the night and storm?

4

Where was each angel? where was each star?
And where are men when poor Christ doth knock
For entrance into their hearts of rock
To Him alone clos'd, for sin ajar?"

With this the minstrel boy's voice fell
Faint as the tone of a passing bell,
When the tir'd tongue can no longer sing,
But sways a moment with a last half swing;
And from his lid a bright tear stole
Like a lustrous seed from its ripen'd shell;
But wiping it dry, he turn'd his eye
With an asking air on Count Roland there,
Who, spite of his crime-warp'd heart of oak,
Could not in that moment all control
The trouble weighing down his soul,
For in accent full lowly thus he spoke;

"Thy sad, sweet song, O minstrel boy,
Hath pleas'd me well, nor seems amiss,
But, ah! for my long-lost Beatrice!
To have her near to me, and hear
Thy melting harp touch'd to songs like this;
For in such, good sooth, she took most joy.
But now she wanders, I know not where,
Mayhap, forlorn as Christ's parent pair;
And, oh! since the Maiden Mother ne'er
Was purer or sweeter Maid, I wis,
Than my pure and my sweet Beatrice!
Ah, me! that ever it came to fall,
My sins should fray my child away
For evermore from her father's hall!
O Christ! but give me my daughter back,
I will turn away from my godless track!"

A cry of joy from the minstrel boy,
As he leaps to Count Roland's embrace:
"You're pledg'd, my father, I'm Beatrice!
Could not your eyes pierce my disguise?"

Count Roland's vassals smil'd in amaze,
But Count Roland cleav'd to his pledge, I wis,
For that night when the church bells with their tongues of brass
Call'd the folk of Aix to the midnight mass,
Nor sire, nor housewife, nor lad, nor lass
Shrank back from Count Roland, as they saw him pass
With his long-lost daughter Beatrice:
And many a heart that night, I wist,
Thank'd God so great a sinner as this
Should be born to grace with his Saviour Christ.

DAVID ARELLANO, '91.

EXCHANGES.

In the "Kate Field's Washington," for November, an article, "The Negligé in Modern Life," deplores the decrease of modesty in the young ladies of to-day.

Among the causes given for this sad decline is the publication of physiological treatises and the promiscuous study of physiology in the public schools. Who can gainsay her?

The "Niagara Index" has in the November number its exchange column headed "Our Table."

Well, we find no fault with that, but the way the poor "Philosophian Review" and "Notre Dame Scholastic" are belabored by its Blue-Beard critic leads us to fear that "Our Table" is verily a "Dissecting Table." May we be spared!

The "Owl" and "College Journal" are most interesting this month, but where is the "Young Eagle"? Is the voyage too much for him from his Western home?

"Our Dumb Animals" speak to us this month for the first time and in poetry tell us:

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small."

What an apology we owe our fellow monthlies of Jesuit Colleges! It is the old story. We neglect those of our own household and extend a hand of special welcome to comparative strangers. Mind not that we love them less "but that they are always with us." We feel special remorse for our neglect of the "Dial," the bright, little representative of St. Mary's, Kansas. Twice have its pages contained a lament for our absence from its table. We promise amendment and only trust you will not punish us by dropping us from the list of your exchanges.

The "Georgetown Journal" is classical in its neat dress and the high tone of its interesting articles. The poetry is above the average, and the kind words it says of Fordham, in its account of the great foot ball contest, almost make one lose sight of its unfounded claim that they really won the game.

The "Highlander," of Denver, has in it much of the buoyant and health giving atmosphere of its native soil. Still it shows signs of its youth, and there is at times a suspicion of school rather than college work prevading its essays. But we must not criticise. The College itself is of recent birth, and many of its pupils are from regions where English is not as much spoken as Spanish.

Then there is the Mount, fragrant with the odor of De Chantal, and the tiny little Brooklet from the Ursulines of Pittsburgh, charming in its simplicity and naivete.

Other exchanges are on our table, but time and space compel us to leave them unnoticed this month. We wish all our College contemporaries a merry Xmas and a pleasant vacation.

HALIFAX.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Christmas is coming.
New Year's, too.
And January twenty-sixth.
And the examinations.
And good notes.
And bad notes.
And demotions.

The noteworthy event of the month, after the departure of Lieut. Squires, is the appointment of Clarence R. Edwards, 2d Lieut. 23d Infantry, U. S. A., to succeed him.

Gentlemen, what about the last play!!! We had filled our bottle with the blackest ink and picked out our sharpest and strongest pen, wherewith to cut into and asperse the unprecedented exhibition of that night. But Christmas is at hand, and kindlier feelings are tugging at our heart-strings. So we forbear.

Gentlemen, we have given the verdict. Was it the verdict you were waiting for? We forbear this time, but messieurs of the S. T. C. D. A., beware the next time!

Special Order 282 from Army Headquarters reads as follows: By direction of the President, and in accordance with Section 1225, Revised Statutes, as amended by the Act of Congress approved September 26, 1888, 2d Lieu-

tenant Clarence R. Edwards, 23d Infantry, is detailed as Professor of Military Science and Tactics at St. John's College, Fordham, New York, and will report in person for duty accordingly. (Signed) REDFIELD PROCTOR.

There was a very satisfactory class specimen of the Class of Rudiments given December 4th. Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. Halpin, as also the professor and students of Second English, were invited guests. The little fellows did very well. Walter Connell read a salutatory, which we shall print in our next.

We heard there was a petition gotten up by the boys of First Division asking Rev. Fr. Rector to antedate by two days the beginning of the Christmas vacation. Within fifteen years, if our memory serves us right, there have been three petitions presented to the Faculty. The two earlier ones vanished into space simultaneously with their presentation. The last one is cold, dead and buried and no one knows where its grave is. When the interment place is found, pass around the hat, gentlemen, to purchase a slab for it. R. I. P.

Alan G. Burrows, A. B., is commander of the Battalion until Lieut. Edwards arrives. Lieut. Squiers has every reason to be proud of his young and promising remplacant.

Friday, 11th inst., we were favored by a visit from Rev. Dr. Fitzmaurice, president of Overbrook Seminary, Philadelphia.

Nobody saw the Philosophers on their return from their celebration of St. Catharine's Day. They had a jolly good time and were none the worse for it.

Rev. Fr. P. Kelly, of St. John the Evangelist church, presented the office with a printing press. We forgot to allude to the reverend gentleman's thoughtful contribution to his Alma Mater. He has our sincerest thanks.

Mr. Fr. Lamb, S. J., delivered an address of congratulation to Mgr. Preston on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the ordination of the reverend and esteemed Vicar General. The audience were very much impressed with Mr. Lamb's elegant and eloquent discourse, and the papers, both secular and religious, spoke of it in the highest terms.

It was only fitting that Fordham should have been represented on the occasion of Mgr. Preston's anniversary, as his ordination took place in the then Diocesan Seminary, which is now St. John's Hall.

Rev. Fr. Rector was one of the very distinguished gathering which assembled in the library of Sacred Heart College, Woodstock, Md., to witness what is technically known as the "Grand Act," which is a defense of all philosophy and theology against whomsoever may wish to discuss the important questions involved. The learned and able defendant was Rev. Fr. de la Motte, a young French Jesuit, whose dearest thought is to labor in behalf of the Indians in the Rocky Mountain Missions.

Dr. Brown, before whom all the boys have passed for physical examination and who lays down hygienic directions suited to each one's bodily condition, pronounces our students to be the healthiest gathering of youths which it has been his lot to meet.

Rondeaus, Triolets, Rondels, etc., are fads among recent English verse makers. We try to be up to the times. Last month we had an elegant Rondeau from Mr. Taaffe. This month we present a Christmas Triolet by T. E. D. The author gave us another in a humorous vein. It is entitled "Sat On."

Here it is:

I sat on a pin,
Oh, my! how it hurt!
It went two inches in;
I sat on a pin,
Oh, my! how it hurt,
The blood it did spurt;
I sat on a pin,
Oh, my! how it hurt!

We shall have to send out the town-criers after last year's graduates. Two or three we see now and then. Who hears from the others? What of the ten?

The members of the Wesleyan Glee Club, who furnished a concert to the Reformed Church, Fordham, N. Y., kindly sent a special invitation to the Fordham Baseball Team of last year. It was a bit of courtesy in recognition of the pleasant time they had with the boys when they played the Fordham's here last year.

We are sure that every one will be pleased with the engraving of Mr. Squiers, which embellishes another page. The engraving is taken from a photograph made some three years ago, and which was kindly loaned us by Mrs. Squiers, to whom we return our sincerest thanks.

The Christmas vacation, beginning Dec. 23d and ending Jan. 6th, '91, at 6 P. M., will last precisely two weeks and ten hours.

Among our callers this month, as far as we remember, were: Wm. Gomm, '85; Rev. Fr. Renée, S. J.; Rev. C. O'Connor, S. J.; Rev. G. B. Kenney, S. J.; Mr. Jno. Coyle, S. J.; Rev. Fr. Jno. McQuaid, S. J.; Rev. Fr. Busam, S. J.; Rev. H. Richards, S. J.; Rev. Fr. Nagle, S. J.; Rev. Fr. Gleason, S. J.; Rev. Fr. Drummond, S. J.; Rev. W. Carroll, S. J.

Present at the funeral of Rev. E. Doucet, S. J., were: Very Rev. Fr. Campbell, S. J., Rev. T. F. Merrick, Casserly, Cahill, Quin, all of the Society. Mgr. Farley, Rev. F. D. Hogan, Tetrau, McEvoy, McKenna, O'Reilly, Dunphy, Doherty, McKenna, Brady, and Jackson.

Who that has known him can ever forget John Boyle O'Reilly? What a life his was! Surely his biography in the hands of the gifted writer and intimate friend, James Jeffrey Roche, will be a welcome boon to Irishmen and Catholics at home and abroad. It will be published January 1st, 1891, by Messrs. Cassell & Co., New York.

Fr. Rector is in receipt of a delightful letter from Mother Joseph, Superioress of the School at St. Labre's Mission, Montana, and did space allow we would gladly insert it in the MONTHLY, if for no other reason than to show the possibilities for good that lie in even our cast-off clothes. Some time ago he sent her a box of old cadet uniforms, and in writing to thank him, she says that he and the boys would be more than recompensed for their charity, could they witness the joy and pride of her young Indians in their new outfit.

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

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DECEMBER, 1890.

SANCTUM

According to the Sanctum's almanac, which we hope against hope, tallies with those of our readers, when the MONTHLY comes out Christmas is here. Already have the sledge bells bidden the "Chief" shut up shop and cart away all the "disjecta membra" of billet doux to the muse lying on his table.

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallambrosa."

This is pleasant news, to be sure, and it makes the editorial heart, so long "cabbin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" in the "antres vast and deserts idle" of the subscription book, where not even a mirage of a fee and "a fortiori" of a donation can be espied, expand, so to speak, with joy. So much so, indeed, that it has resolved to pour itself out through the length and breadth of the Sanctum column on the subject of Christmas!!! Yes, in view of the peaceful season at hand, we are going to forget our many editorial grievances, to wit, subscribers in arrears, faithless patrons, discontented readers and belated printers' devils, and have no other name than that of "friend" for all. By this name, then, so dear to you all, we address you, as in an insinuating exordium, and ask you to lend us your ears for the last time in A. D. 1890!!!

We know, ye sneering "Philistines," that Christmas is as old as Christianity itself; but, like good wine, and wine "of the grapes of God" at that, it grows in richness as it grows in years. True, Christmas falls in the very heart of winter, that crabbed time when all nature seems "contracted to one brow of woe." But winter, represented though it be as an old man with hoary hair, wrinkled forehead and shrunk shank, has that which makes it so dear to us that we cannot help applying to it the words of the octogenarian poet

> "Where the snow falleth thickest there nothing can freeze."

And this is Christmas, the one flower "blooming alone" on the cypress diadem of winter; contrasting as sweetly with the hoary season it falls in, as the smiling Babe divine with the aged but warm hearted Simeon in whose arms He deigned to lie! Let spring flaunt its showers and roses; let summer boast its luxuriant pasture lands and fertile fields; let Autumn exult in its grapes and sheaves; "for a' that and a' that," old Winter has Christmas so fraught with human sympathies, a thought and a consideration to outweigh all others in the minds and hearts of mankind.

* * * *

It has been proclaimed ex cathedra that the Christmas vacation begins on the 23d; but even now there floated to the editorial ear a rumor

> "In a bondsman's key
> With bated breath and whispering humbleness,"

of a petition to Rev. Fr. Rector asking him to alter the date of departure to the 21st, so as to give our Southern and our Western friends ample time to reach home before Christmas day. In matters of this kind, it goes without saying, the editorial heart hopes for the best; but, come what may, home we go sometime between to-day and the 25th. This much known for certain, we suppose, all our thoughts are running on the thought of home. We are going to bid Alma Mater good bye for a while and betake ourselves to our dearer mother, who is as eager to welcome her boy as her boy is anxious to be welcomed home by her. The parting from Alma Mater is not a sad one, and why should it be? It is not sad, surely, to lay aside "sere and yellow" books, rusty pens, inkwells and foolscap paper with a view to taking "a stretch" and experiencing the wholesome joy so feelingly expressed in the poet's lines:

> "'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home,
> And sweet to know there is an eye will mark
> Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

* * * *

"Something too much of this," cries the printer's devil in the editorial ear. "Be it so," responds ye chief, and with a sigh he rises from his editorial chair to bid, one and all—subscribers in arrears, faithless patrons, discontented readers and belated (?) printer's devils—to say nothing of the countless few with whom he is on terms of perfect friendship the whole year round—*a merry Christmas and a happy New Year*, and returns for many more in spe.!!! Au revoir!!!

D. ARELLANO '91.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

T. S. REILLY, '91.

VACATION begins Tuesday, December 23.

Once more the MONTHLY greets its friends with a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

Apples?!!

Query from above—How are the boys enjoying them?

White ulsters are all the fad, especially among the sober minded Philosophers from the Scientific Course—yet, as honest John remarked, they are like the Corporal's stripes, "they don't care who wears them."

"Harry" tells us that our Editor still harps on the same theme; also, that he writes poetry now.

Who go down to drill 3d Division now? N. B.—Who would go down before the promotions? By the bye, weren't the promotions a big surprise and a bonanza for certain non-commissioned officers!

"Quid significat hare?" the man from "Fifth avenue" was heard to utter.

He said, "if the Faculty had not been present, they would have been mobbed." But didn't they have clubs, aye and pistols, too!

Although none of the "flowers," in the late play, were doomed to "blush unseen," still a little more "fragrance" from them would have been pleasing—however we are certain all will be success in the Christmas entertainment, even in the *stage* manager's part.

Among our callers this month were Mr. T. Gafney Taaffe, '90, and Messrs. Fortescue, '90, Sweeney, '89, Hanrahan, '89.

St. Catharine's Day proved to be one "out of a hundred" for the Philosophers; any reference to it now causes Mr. Cushing's eyes to water, and "Mac's" countenance to pale; certain members in the refectory continually talk about the new play "Superba," while Mr. F. says that the late one "Aunt Scates" is "beautiful." What the festive Mike saw we do not know, but something troubles him, for the next morning he began his Sodality lessons with a "Misereatur Dominus."

The 1st Public Specimen of the Philosophers will take place on the Saturday before vacation.

"Gentlemen," the orator exclaimed, "I am here tonight;" some one then inquired if he could be any place else at the same time.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was most fittingly observed in the College at the Solemn Mass in the morning. Sixteen of our number approached the Sacrament of Holy Communion for the first time. Master Burrows' solo rendering of the "Ave Maria" was particularly commemorative. In the evening an entertaining and masterly sermon was delivered by Mr. Hill, '87, Professor of Philosophy in the Scientific Course.

The cold spell brought plenty of skating with it; all who could seize, steal or borrow a pair of skates were to be seen on the ice, enjoying the thrill of a gliding life in its different phases. Messrs. Keating, Fogarty and their friend from "Second" were among the many noticeables present.

Speaking of "Second" reminds us that there are some very, very, funny (?) youths over there who have lately arrived from Third. These infants consider it "great fun" to knock in or smash the hats of those who may wish to indulge in the luxury of tobogganing. Their "fun" will meet with far more delightful "fun" if they try it again!

Mr. Donovan wishes to inform the students that he intends to ride home at Christmas in a coupé drawn by four horses!

An unique feature in the Christmas play will be a "grande seânce" by the Glee Club. Mysteries of the highest order will be explained, and Roscius will appear in comedy. The gentlemen elected for club officers are Mr. Feeley, '92, Prest.; Mr. McNally, '92, Vice-Pres.; Mr. Burke, '93, Treasurer; Mr. Farley, '93, Secretary; Mr. Roquemore, '97, Interpreter.

The Foot Ball season has closed, but never before so auspiciously for Old Fordham; what glories we possess! what a fame we may boast of! All that remains now is for us to thank the management for their untiring interest in the team, and to hope that succeeding years will bring far greater honors to this branch of athletic contests.

Some questions from "Madison Avenue," solutions and answers will be obligingly noticed by our reporters: 1. How do you climb down a rope? 2. Will those new pants hang a la mode? 3. How do you wash with water till dry? 4. Can a man marry his widow's sister? 5. Why did Mr. Crowley, '91, get the thirty papers from Omaha? 6. Does the Whenceness of the Why differ from the Wherefore of the How? 7. What will he do with it, *i. e.*, the curl of his moustachios? 8. Who ate the turkey with the tall member? 9. Elongate the sentence "What became of the petition."

As we go to press news of the death of Fr. Doucet reaches us. He was at one time President of the College. Particulars of his life and stay at Fordham will be found on another page.

In our last issue we forgot to mention that Rev. Fr. Ziegler, S. J., was Professor of Chemistry and Analytics, and Mr. Buell, S. J., Professor of Physics and Higher Mathematics.

The sermon preached by Mr. Pettit, S. J., Professor of Classics, on all Saints' Day, was very interesting.

We apologize for the lateness of our issue during the past months, but promise better things for the future.

SECOND DIVISION NOTES.

WILLIAM FERGUSON, '94.

Omne bene,
Sine poena,
Tempus est ludendi.
Venit hora
Alsque mora
Libros deponendi!

Christmas, boys, is here! What magic in the word!

To each and all a very Merry Christmas! To all and each a very Happy New Year!

The imported cold weather which we have lately been enjoying proved such a success that we scored a full holiday on Saturday the 13th and expect to pass our last week before Christmas quite enjoyably, either tobogganing or sprinting on the ice.

Of late we have been inundated with pigmies from *Third*. We might bear with them but for their voices, which, to speak gently, need a good deal of mellowing and yet—"many a time the harmony of their tongues hath into bondage brought many a too diligent ear."

"Jim" took our rebuke rather cooly. But we expected as much, for a punster, you know, is like a consumptive. You have only to dig his grave.

Now, "Charles the Small," it is vain, it is useless to set about hoodwinking the captain. Aren't you in the team? Weren't you on the team? And who dares say you won't always be on the team?

By the way, talking about the captain, is that attenuated piece of recent creation from over the Sound called the Captain? Ye gods! to have the honor of Captaining our *Invincibles* during their glorious foot ball career—why he feels so big and thinks so high he'll outstare the lightning.

Our Foot Ball Team for last season—a noble grouping—was thus arranged: H. Brown, left end; W. Alexander, left tackle; J. McAleenan, left guard; Chas. Horn, centre rush; J. Shannon, right guard; J. Lowell, right tackle; Robt. McDermott, right end; W. Ferguson (Capt.), quarter back; J. Reardon, right half back; G. Ramsay, left half back; E. Kenney, full back; and thus arranged, feels confident that it is, for age and weight, *sans egal*, in this quarter of the hemisphere.

The *Latin Course* would like to know how the *English Course* is. Perhaps the latter can play base ball; perhaps they can play tennis, but we must candidly say that when foot ball is in question they are very much like the man who fell out of the balloon.

What great strides foot ball has taken within the last year at St. John's! Compare the *Franklin and Marshal* game of '89 with that of '90. If such success attends our footsteps for a year or two, we shall be able to hold our own with the first teams of the country.

Will the new commander, whom we are daily expecting, come up to the high ideal Lieut. Squiers has left us, of what a Professor of Military Tactics ought to be?

The Billiard Room is now making up for those idle Autumn days which the President so much deplored. The two tables are now scarcely ever idle. Will it not be an incentive to while away an hour or so in the after Christmas hours of moodiness, to know that the champions of the billiard world, *Slosson and Daly*, have used the very same balls that are glancing so nicely from cushion to cushion along our table.

The Reading Room we can safely say—notwithstanding the "eleventh hour" in which it was opened—is ahead of either of the other two Reading Rooms in coziness and elegance.

Have you heard of the *Committee on Odds and Ends* or of the *Secret Committee?* Who are they? What are they?

We have a Glee Club, too! Chas. Horn, Jim Donnelly and the good natured Rob from Salem, compose our highest tenor; Ed. Reardan, J. Shannon, Scott and Fergy, hold down our lowest base chords; while the two Jacks, Pittsburgh Murphy and Ed Kenney fill the places of mild tenors. You will see some stars next term.

And now for a good old time! Fourteen days! "What a world of merriment" their lengthiness will disclose.

"Ule! Ule!
Three puddings in a pule,
Crack nuts and cry, Ule!"

THIRD DIVISION.

ANDREW C. SULLIVAN, '96.

1. Our old friend, Jack Frost, is full of his old tricks; one minute he is here, and the next he isn't. Not so with Christmas, however, that's coming slowly but surely.

2. We tried to flood our ball field and found out for ourselves that water seeks its level. We succeeded partly, so now we have two skating ponds.

3. We don't like to be outdone by the big athletic association so ours held its Fall meeting on Thanksgiving Day. Here are the events and the winners:

50 yards dash (1st section).—1. George Gavard. 2. Louis Gerardi. 3. Edward Scribner.

50 yards dash (2d section).—1. Henry Genico. 2. Richard Magee. 3. John Barry.

440 yards dash (1st section).—1. Edward Ryan. 2. James Horan. 3. Edward Scribner.

440 yards dash (2d section).—1. Richard Magee. 2. Joseph Carrigan.

Half mile run.—1. Edward Ryan. 2. Richard Magee.

Sack race.—1. John Leavey. 2. William Mackel. 3. Richard Magee.

Long jump (1st section).—1. George Hayes. 2. George Gavard. 3. Louis Gerardi.

Long jump (2d section).—1. Fred. Jordan. 2. Edward Atwood. 3. Scott McKeown.

Running jump (1st section).—1. Louis Gerardi. 2. James Horan. 3. George Hayes.

Running jump (2d section).—1. Fred. Jordan. 2. John Rosado. 3. Richard Magee.

Potato race.—1. Fred. Finlay. 2. George Gavard. 3, Clarence Gallagher.

Three-legged race.—1st Gallagher and O'Reilly. 2d Kruger and Leavey.

Wheel-barrow race.—1. Clarence Gallagher. 2. George Gavard. 3. Joseph Carrigan.

Barrel race.—1. James Horan. 2. William Mackel. 3. Joseph Atwood.

Blind Man's race.—1. James Coyle. 2. Richard Magee. 3. James Horan.

4. In our notes last month we promised to give a detailed account of our great and only football league. We always keep our promises, hence the following :

New York	18	0	4	Boston	0	6	4
vs.				*vs.*			
Norfolk	14	10	0	Norfolk	12	18	0
Boston	12	4	6	New York	0	0	10
vs.				*vs.*			
Brooklyn	0	0	8	Boston	6	6	14
New York	4	10	10	Norfolk	10	4	8
vs.				*vs.*			
Brooklyn	0	0	4	Brooklyn	12	10	10

Besides these eighteen games. Norfolk and Brooklyn played two drawn games, 0—0 and 4—4. Accordingly Boston won the championship with New York one game behind, Brooklyn was third, leading Norfolk by one game.

An eleven formed from these four teams played an eleven calling themselves the Bedford Stars, that is, we began to play them, but after we had forced them to make two safety's within a few moments, they saw something or other was wrong and left the field in a dazed condition.

Then we got ready to give a sound beating to a second division eleven, but Jack Frost was referee, and prevented us from presenting them with a big goose egg.

5. The division went wild over football this year. When the field was occupied by regular teams, three or four other games would be in progress everywhere and anyhow.

The gymnasium was often the scene of a dozen scrimmages ; when there were not enough balls to go round, brushes, hats, rubbers—anything and everything took their places. When our lads get up to first divison, Yale, Harvard and Princeton will be majestically lowered into a tureen.

6. The Recruits are rapidly improving in the manual, so rapidly indeed that we are very much afraid the old cadets will have to keep a sharp lookout for themselves.

7. We thank the six first division officers who drill us for their pains-taking zeal.

We have a Sergeant Major now. Who wouldn't be on Third ?

St. John's College,
Fordham, N. Y.,
December 4th, 1890.

Special Order, No. 3.

The following promotions are hereby announced.

To be Sergeant-Major, Cadet 1st Sergeant Roland Fortescue.

TO BE CADET SERGEANTS.

Cadet Corporal, Francis J. Hyland, Co. A.
" " Robert H. Finlay, Co. B.
" " George Grainger, Co. C.
" " Edmund J. Tomney, Co. D.

TO BE CADET CORPORALS.

Cadet Privates, George Gavard, Co. B.
" " Arthur Kenedy, Co. C.
" " Clarence Gallagher, Co. A.
" " Scott McKeown, Co. D.

By order of
W. H. Feeley,
Captain Commanding the Battalion.

Approved.
P. A. Halpin, S. J.

8. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception quite a number of our boys received Holy Communion for the first time. They were very happy and made the rest of us wish that we had that great duty to perform again. Of course, they had the customary feast the night before, and were the lions of the division on the day itself.

9. We were all very sorry to hear of the death of our old friend, Rev. Fr. Doncet. We prayed for him, and yet we felt inclined rather to ask him to pray for us.

DAY SCHOLARS.

JOHN E. KELLY, '93.

A Merry Xmas to all !

Christmas vacation for boarders, Dec. 23d, 8 A.M., to Jan. 6th, 6 P.M.; for day scholars, Dec. 22d, 5 P.M., to Jan. 7th, 8:30 A. M. There is some advantage in being a day scholar after all.

Special horse cars will leave every 15 minutes, Monday afternoon, to bring the Tremont delegation home for the holidays.

Our prefect, Mr. Lamb, announces that he will try to call on all our parents during the next two weeks.

Information wanted and suitably rewarded on the following points: Who authorized the opening of the First Division billard room during dinner? Are sprained ankles contagious in some localities? Do Harlem trains make poorer connections at Mott Haven than elsewhere ?

Another pair of brothers. Next !

That half-holiday in honor of the 250 boarders was a treat, even if we don't get the "big spread." What will Fr. Rector do when we reach 100 ? Will that number be obtained this year? We think so.

What a good division and class record we had last month ! Can we keep it up ?

Our football eleven was organized, and a game with the Xaviers projected. The snow cancelled the engagement.

Heffernan "did himself proud" at the Thanksgiving entertainment. We thought that there was something behind his daily practice at noon recreation. Why didn't O'B. accompany him ?

Why do so few day scholars subscribe for the Monthly ? Are not their interests identified with those of the College as well as the boarders ?

FOOT BALL NOTES.

JAMES P. M'NALLY, '92.

Our foot ball season of 1890 came to a close on Dec. 2d, when we played our last and greatest game of the season with the Franklin and Marshal 'Varsity team of Lancaster, Pa. The team showed up well in this game, as the score of eighteen to nothing will testify, and showed plainly what wonderful improvement it had made since the beginning of the season. Football, without doubt, has been an enormous success at Fordham this season, and has been the cause of much pleasure and excitement to the students. The game has finally taken a firm hold on the athletes of Fordham, and at last justly holds first place among our athletic games. This is indeed pleasing to the management, as it has been their endeavor to bring this game into proper notice and to a higher standard in this College; that they have been successful, there is no doubt, and we have every reason to believe that in the years to come the Fordham foot ball team will be second to none. We have played some of the heaviest and best teams of the country this year, and although we cannot boast of victory in every case, yet we have cause to feel proud of our team and their record. The Eleven was a little slow at the beginning of the season in getting down to good team work but ere the season closed the men played well together and used the science of the game with great effect.

The members of this year's team, although light, were all active and hard workers in a game, and the manner in which they so readily broke through the rush lines of the heavy teams which we played, has been the occasion of much discussion. It is a noticeable fact and a strong argument in favor of football, that during the whole season only one of our eleven players has met with anything like a serious accident; this fact becomes more noticeable and the argument stronger, when it is taken into consideration that we have played against some very heavy teams, and, to speak mildly, in some very warm games. Tom Carmody, a priceless left guard, was the most unfortunate of our players; he sustained injuries in our game with Georgetown College, which necessitated his disappearance from the foot ball field for the remainder of the season; his absence was a great loss to the team and weakened the Eleven noticeably.

The long looked for game with Georgetown College was played on our grounds on November 20th. The game was a great one from start to finish, abounding in brilliant plays and hard falls, and productive of the greatest excitement; it will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. It was a scientific and hard fought battle which lasted for an hour and a half, at the end of which time the game was called and the result was a tie, each side having rushed the leather for six points. A full account of this game will be found in another column. Our greatest game of the season was played December 2d against the Franklin and Marshall College team. It was a game of science throughout, and both teams did some very pretty work, but the greater weight of the F. and M. Eleven gave them great advantage over us, and, as was expected, they won, but they had to fight hard for every foot of ground they gained. The score, which was but 18 to 0, was indeed a surprise to every one, as this same Eleven beat our last year's team by a score of 56 to 0, and it was naturally expected that they would certainly roll up a big number of points against us, since they had such weight and experience to back them up; but our team played with great snap and nobly kept the big Pennsylvanians back. The first half of the game was the best, the F. and M. team being only able to score six points in the 45 minutes; they scored twelve in the last half, after some skillful but desperate playing. The ground was frozen and very hard during this game, and as a consequence the players were decorated with numerous bruises for many days after the game. We have every reason to believe that had our "guard," Tom Carmody, been able to play this game, the score would have been even smaller and our chances of scoring greater, because what we needed specially was more weight in our rush line.

We ended the season with the team lined up in the following order: Phelan, right end; Burke, right tackle; Comerford, right guard; McAleenan, center; Birmingham, left guard; Reilly, left tackle; Livingston, left end; McNally (Capt.), quarter back; Doran, right half back; R. Carmody left half back; Ramsey, full back. Substitutes: Smith, Donovan, Weakly.

The second team, which has been doing some good work this year, will play a few more games before they disorganize. They beat the heavy Sylvan team of New York City, on December 31st, to the tune of 28 to 6.

THE GEORGETOWN GAME.

The twentieth of November witnessed a football contest that was most interesting, both on account of the clever playing of both teams and the colleges represented. Georgetown was confident of winning, and Fordham was prepared to make her supreme effort. The elevens were well matched, notwithstanding the fact that Georgetown had the superiority in weight. Another point that counted against Fordham was the fact that Tom Carmody's sore side had been growing worse since the Manhattan game. Mr. Boland, of Georgetown, acted as umpire, and Dr. Hilyer, M. A. C., as referee. By the way we have heard since that report at Georgetown had it that Dr. Hilyer was our trainer. Now this is not so. The Doctor, whose reputation as a specialist makes his time more than valuable, would be surprised to learn of this new fame as a foot ball trainer. No, we had an impartial referee, whose acquaintance some of St. John's men made for the first time in the Manhattan and Columbia games.

Fordham started with the ball, while a stiff breeze was blowing against them. By steady rushes the ball in a few minutes was within a few yards of Georgetown's goal line and third down was called for Fordham. Everybody who understood Ramsey's ability expected a kick from the field and five points for Fordham, but owing to the

wind Captain McNally would not risk a kick and passed the ball to R. Carmody to run to the left. The distance was short, scarce three yards, but Carmody was tackled very skillfully and the ball went to Georgetown almost on the goal line. Tom Carmody left the field on account of his injured side, and Fordham hopes ran low. The team was demoralized during the remainder of the half.

Now Georgetown rushed heavily and gained yard after yard, finishing with a thirty yard run along the goal. Now the ball was within three yards of Fordham's goal line, and a stout push carried it across, scoring a touchdown for Georgetown. Then came a peculiar piece of tactics on the part of Georgetown. When the ball was punted to O'Donnell he caught it and without even making a mark placed it on the ground. He evidently intended a scrimmage, but the referee gave the ball to Fordham according to rule. Whether Georgetown was ignorant of the rule or thought Fordham was, we cannot say; but certain it is that that poor play cost Georgetown a chance for two points. The rest of the half was taken up with short, heavy play, the ball remaining in Georgetown's territory. End of the first half. Score 4—0.

Georgetown had the ball in the second half. But already it was evident that their best playing was over, and they clearly showed signs of weakening. The want of training was evident in them, while the Fordham boys came out as fresh as if they had been merely exercising a little. The wind had fallen, so neither side had advantage in that respect. In about six minutes Fordham had possession of the ball and carried it over the twenty-five yard line. The next rush was made by Carmody and ended in foul ground after eight yards' gain. Georgetown, in place of watching how the ball was put in play, stopped to wrangle as to where he went out. Carmody touched the ball in and ran down the field; after some clever dodging he scored a touchdown. Ramsey kicked the goal. Score, 6—0 in favor of Fordham. Carmody's touchdown was all right, as the umpire admitted at the time.

The next ten minutes were taken up wi h hard rushes by both sides that ended in no advantage for either, but showed that both teams were working hard, and that the loss of Carmody did not destroy all hope of victory. But when Georgetown's man started down the field with the ball firmly caught in his left arm, and especially when he came near the goal line it looked like a touchdown for Georgetown. Comerford tackled within a yard of goal line, Georgetown dropping the ball. Comerford fell on the ball and rolled forward three yards. It was a close call for Fordham, as, had the ball been held, it would easily have crossed the line in two downs. It was hard to lose the ball at such a time, and Georgetown protested vehemently. As O'Donnell and O'Neil remarked at this juncture, "If we don't get this, the game is Fordham's;" it was plain that the kick was the last hope, as it seemed. Finally Georgetown went back to play. In a few minutes Fordham had the ball away from the line, and then came a trick that puzzled Georgetown. Doran received the ball from the quarter and bucked the centre for six yards. At this point three of Fordham's men left the scrimmage and ran to the left as if they had the ball. Georgetown promptly charged the three, leaving Doran free to leave the scrimmage, and in a clear field cover fifty yards and touch the ball behind Georgetown's goal. They, however, protested that a foul pass had been made, and the referee, owing to uncertain light, allowed the claim. But, as Georgetown players admitted after, no pass—much less a foul one—had been made.

As the time was almost up, Georgetown again made a great gain and carried the ball near to Fordham's goal line. Here the ball was again dropped across the line and Rob Carmody fell on it. A wrangle ensued, Georgetown claiming that the line had been crossed and the man had cried "down." This was clearly wrong, for the ball had been dropped fully ten seconds before "down" was called, and even then it was called by a player who did not have the ball during the game. In the darkness the referee decided, since Carmody had touched the ball in his own goal and it seemed he had carried it across, that Fordham had made a safety. Score, 6—6, and time up.

The best plays for Georgetown were made by O'Donnel, Cleary, Keyes, J. Dyer and Fleming. For Fordham, Bob Carmody, Comerford, Ramsay and Livingstone played excellent ball. Georgetown was weak at handling the ball. It was not held well by them and they fell on it very poorly. Fordham was slow and showed little life at times. But beyond doubt Fordham outplayed her opponents and kept the ball in Georgetown territory four-fifths of the time.

Doctor Hilyer's refereeing was excellent except the two decisions about Doran's run and Carmody's safety. Georgetown had more than her dues. The umpire gave three forfeits to Georgetown for off-side play by Fordham, while at least one of Georgetown's men was continually off-side. The game was a very creditable game, no quarreling or unnecessary roughness. The superiority of the teams will again be tested, let us hope, and next season may the best side win. At present both teams can well be proud, for such a game was a victory for both.

The following are the teams:

GEORGETOWN.	*Positions.*	FORDHAM.
P. O'Donnel	Center	McAleenan.
O'Neil	Left guard	T. Carmody*.
Dyer, W	Right guard	Comerford
Denver	Left tackle	Birmingham.
Smith	Right tackle	Burke.
Geary	Left end	Livingstone.
Cleary	Right end	Phelan.
Henchey	Quarter back	McNally.
Keyes	Left half back	R. Carmody.
Dyer, J.	Right half back	Doran.
Fleming	Full back	Ramsey.

*Reilly was substituted for Carmody in the first half.

Referee, Dr. Hilyer, M. A. C. Umpire, Mr. Boland, Georgetown. Score, 6—6. D. A. J., '91.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Although the College opened on the first Wednesday in September, it was not until after the annual retreat that the first meeting of St. John's House of Representatives was held.

As usual, the first meeting was the occasion for an election of the officers for the first term. The choice was as follows:

Speaker: Mr. Walter Crowley, '91.
Clerk: Mr. Charles D. Horn, '92.
Minute Clerk: Mr. Edward I. Kenney, '92.
Sergeant-at-arms: Mr. Julio Mejia, '92.
First Censor: Mr. Thomas G. Cushing, '91.
Second Censor: Mr. Henry Gallagher, '91.

At most of the meetings the debating was good, and in not a few was it far above the ordinary. With due respect to our predecessors, I certainly think that this year's society will be one of the most successful in the brief history of the House.

The society does not boast of its eloquence, but it does of the enthusiasm and interest so prevalent in its debates. Seven meetings have since been held, in which the subjects of debate have been ably discussed by the members appointed.

As we now go to the press somewhat hurried, we will have to close, hoping that in the following issue of our MONTHLY we will be able to give you a better account of our society.

EDWARD I. KENNEY, '92.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

M. E. CORBETT, '92.

The morning meetings of the Historical Society have been characterized throughout by the interesting mode in which Fr. McGoldrick has examined the subject, "The Protestant Reformation," and by the marked attention paid by the members.

Certain it is that the hour devoted to the Historical Class is always welcome. During the evening meetings that have thus far taken place, essays have been read on Charlemagne, Pope Gregory and Lorenzo de Medici, by Messrs. J. J. Reilly, C. Watson and J. Hardiman, respectively.

The critique of the essay on Charlemagne was read by Mr. H. J. Gallagher; that of the essay on Pope Gregory by Mr. T. S. Reilly.

The last meeting of the Historical Society for the year 1890 will be held on next Wednesday.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

M. E. CORBETT, '92.

We senators have of late been well entertained and instructed by several speeches delivered during the course of certain debates finished a short time ago.

We have had orations so overflowing with wit and so fairly blooming with rhetorical flowers that he would indeed be stupid who would not thoroughly appreciate their worth.

But these have been brilliant exceptions, and we have been aroused only to fall back again into the old familiar style of speeches so peculiar to the Debating Society of St. John's College.

READING ROOM NOTES.

JNO. J. BARRINGTON, '94.

Now that the cold weather has set in, the reading room seems to be the most popular place in the house.

In the last MONTHLY we complained of our Magazines not appearing regularly. Now our Magazines come regularly and our dailies irregularly.

What becomes of the Sun and the Herald?

The patrons of the reading room would feel greatly obliged to the one who carried off the November number of the Cosmopolitan if he would return the same.

The curtains for the room have arrived. We hope to see them up by the time we return from the vacation. We don't mean to complain, for we know that "Rome was not built in a day."

G. Malcolm Eccleston, '94, and Charles McCaffery, '94, now hold the honorable position of officers of the reading room.

BILLIARD ROOM NOTES.

J. J. REILLY, '92.

An exhibition that promises to be most interesting will take place on Thursday, Dec. 18, in the afternoon. Messrs. Maurice Daly and Slosson, two very expert professional billiard players, have agreed to give an exhibition of their skill with the cue and the ivory balls. The exhibition will take place in the First Division play room. The billiard table is to be moved to the middle of the play room, and chairs are to be ranged in a circle around the table for the members of the faculty and the division officers. Behind them are to be placed seats for the different teams of the college. Behind these are to be placed tiers of benches for students of all three divisions; thus all will have an opportunity to see the play and acquire points. Mr. Fargo, Lieut. Squiers' brother-in-law, is among the invited guests. Quite a number of visitors, including old students, are expected to witness the exhibition. No admission fee will be charged. All ye billiard cranks be on hand and learn some new shots!

A proof of the interest taken in the billiard room is the fact that, although two dozen new cues have already been added to the private rack and have been hired out, nevertheless more are wanting, and a dozen have been purchased to satisfy those wanting them.

Both tables are now in excellent condition, and this fact seems to be appreciated, as the room has always a good crowd of players in it.

The officer on duty at the last hour is required to clean the tables every evening during the five minutes.

BATTALION NOTES.

MARTIN M'M. RAMSAY '92.

S. O. No. 9, Nov. 26th, 1890.

The following promotions and appointments are hereby announced:

To be Cadet Adjutant, with rank of captain, Cadet Captain Burrow.

To be Cadet Captains:

Cadet 1st Lieut. Arellano, Co. C.
" Private Ramsay, Co. D.
" 1st Sergt. Feeley, Co. B.
" 1st Segt. Corbett, Co. A.

They will rank in the order named.

To be Cadet 1st Lieutenants:

Cadet 1st Sergt. Clogher, Co. C.
" 1st Sergt. Livingston, Co. A.

To be Cadet 1st Sergeants:

Cadet Sergt. Keith, Co. A.
" " Burke, Co. B.
" " McNally, Co. D.
" " Farley, Co. C.

To be Cadet Sergeants:

Cadet Corp. Buckley, Co. A.
" " Keating, Co. B.
" " McCann, Co. B.
" " Hardiman, Co. B.
" " Cummins, Co. C.
" " Lennon, Co. D.

To be Cadet Corporals:

All Cadet Privates who were directed to present themselves for examination on the 2d Thursday in December. They will be assigned to companies by the Adjutant.

By order of

H. G. SQUIERS,
2d Lt. 7th U. S. Cav.

S. O. No. 10, Nov. 30th, 1890.

The following assignments are hereby announced: Cadet Corps. Calkins, Dockrey, Phelan and Reilly, J. J., to Co. B; Cadet Corps. Carmody, Eccleston, McAleenan and Smyth to Co. A; Cadet Corps. Doran, M. E., McMahon, Reilly, T. S., and Torney to Co. D; Cadet Corps. Doran, M. A., Donavan, Guttierrez and McCaffrey to Co. C. By order of

ALAN G. BURROW, Capt.
Acting Commandant.

The Fordham College Cadet Corps has just sustained a great loss in the detachment of its commanding officer, Lieut. Herbert G. Squiers, of the 7th U. S. Cavalry. This efficient officer has been in command of the Corps ever since its organization, nearly six years ago, and has ever been untiring in his efforts to bring it to its present state of excellence. No duties have been too arduous, no obstacles too great for him to surmount. The discipline, throughout the years in which he has been our chief, has been perfect. Nor did he confine his attention to discipline alone. He strove unceasingly to make the lot of the Cadets a happy one.

Regularly once a year he invited the entire Battalion to spend a day at his house, he presented medals for efficiency in the various branches of military science and tactics, and gave to the Corps a magnificent stand of colors. Hard indeed will it be to fill his place. Lieut, Squiers was detached at his own request, for hearing that his regiment was about to be ordered out against the Indians, he was too true and brave an officer to remain inactive. "God watch and preserve you, Lieutenant," is the prayer of every Fordham Cadet.

2d Lieut. Clarence R. Edwards, of the 23d U. S. Infantry, has been ordered to succeed Lieut. Squiers, but has not yet reported for duty. The Battalion, in the mean time, is under the command of Cadet Captain Alan G. Burrow, than whom a more efficient commanding officer cannot be found.

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The Sixth and Seventh Books of Herodotus. With a Life of Herodotus, an Epitome of his History, a summary of the Dialect, and Explanatory Notes and Index. By *Augustus C. Merriam*, Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of Greek in Columbia College. 370 pages, $1.50.

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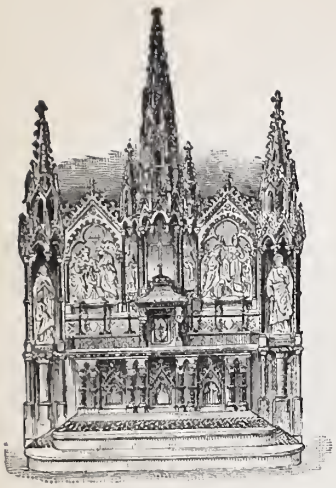

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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

Vol. IX. St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., Jan.–Feb., 1891. No. 4.

Rondel.

Of all the time thou shot'st away,
I bid thee fetch but yesterday.

—Anon.

HOW many a flitting, precious day
Thou hast hurried away on its endless flight!
I sigh to think on thy sorry plight,
If any, perchance, should ever essay
To bid thee fetch but yesterday.
Ah, me! should I ask, thou careless wight,
How many a flitting, precious day
Thou has hurried away on its endless flight,
What answer would'st thou or could'st thou, I pray?
Ah, would some kindly spirit bright,
Some angel in heavenly raiment dight,
Bring home to thy mind, full, careless and gay,
How many a flitting, precious day
Thou has hurried away on its endless flight.

—Thomas Gaffney Taaffe.

FORDHAM COLLEGE AND THE WAY FROM NEW YORK CITY TO IT IN THE YEAR 1846.

ARRIVING in New York City, Sunday, Aug. 9th, 1846, on our way to St. John's College, Fordham, we found, only after repeated inquiries, one who could direct us what route to take in order to reach that recently opened fountain of the stream of Christian education. The direct road to Fordham was, we were told, the New York and Harlem Railroad, whose ticket office was in Centre street near the City Hall. Reaching the junction of what were then Chatham and Centre streets and Park Row (now Chatham is a mere continuation of Park Row), City Hall Square, we beheld a long line of N. Y. and H. R. R. coaches drawn up at the head of Centre street on the track laid along the iron railing enclosing the eastern side of City Hall Park. The ticket office, which is an upper story of the building on the S. E. corner of Centre street and Tryon row, is reached by a steep iron stairway erected on the outside from Centre street sidewalk. Here was also the office of the New York *Freeman's Journal.* Though there was a long line of cars standing on the track, the train was not made up here. The system of starting the train was this: Only the first row of cars was open; now, when this had received its complement of passengers, four horses were hitched to it, and it was drawn off to the corner of Broome street and the Bowery at times, or to 26th street and Fourth avenue where the train was made up and attached to the locomotive. Then the next car was opened and filled and carried off in like manner. Having procured our tickets and entered the cars, we waited contentedly for the signal which was to send us to the last station of our trip. Presently we began to move down Centre street to Broome, and down Broome to the Bowery. From the S. W. corner of Broome and the Bowery, where there was another office of the N. Y. and H. R. R., there stretched along the street several passenger cars attached to what we should now term a very diminutive engine. Instead of at the 26th street station, the train will to-day be made up here. The necessary couplings were in a short time effected, and the signal to start was momentarily expected. To our request to the conductor that he would please notify us when we should reach "Rose Hill" station, he kindly answered that there was no danger of being carried past that place. The terminus of the N. Y. and H. R. R. is Williams' Bridge, one mile beyond Fordham. At present, however, owing to some alterations in the road which is being continued on to White Plains, Fordham is the terminus. We felt relieved, all anxiety about ourselves and our luggage being at an end.

Our train was soon under headway. We rolled up the Bowery, noticing many vacant lots on the east side, especially above Houston, and from the point where the Bowery changes into Fourth avenue, we beheld on the east and west sides vacant blocks, some of which were fenced in as "beer gardens," shows, and places for games. There was a beginning of the opening of 14th street above which there were no sidewalks. We sped through Yorkville tunnel cut through the living rock, reached Harlem, crossed the Harlem river and halted at Mott Haven. Between Mott Haven and Fordham there was only one house, the farm buildings, we were told, of Governeur Morris, and consequently there was no stop or station. Finally, after a pull of two hours, our little engine had us at Fordham station Sunday evening, Aug. 9th, 1846.

Stepping out of the car we glanced about for the city, town or village of Fordham. On the east side there was no sign of it. Splendid, shady trees occupied the ground to the edge of the track. To the west were a few scattered houses climbing up the hill which arose gradually from the railroad. Our eyes failed to see anything which we could call St. John's College. To our inquiries came the answer, that in Fordham there are two boarding schools for young gentlemen, both of which are managed by ministers of the gospel. This information gave us very little light in our search. The entrances to both were pointed out to us. A large, heavy gate which opened on to an avenue running directly east, and shaded by magnificent trees decked in their August foliage, was the entrance to the college whose president was the Rev. Dr. Powell, an Episcopalian minister. Almost adjoining this, and at right angles with it, was a smaller gate from which ran northwards a footpath flanked on the east side by a massive wall of stones without mortar, along which grew a row of "ox-heart" cherry trees. On the west side was, without any protecting barrier, a steep and threatening ravine. This, we were informed, was the entrance to the second college, thought to belong to Catholic priests. Passing through the small gate which opened into the "narrow way," we found ourselves on the property of St. John's College. A few moments' walk brought to a point where the massive wall and row of cherry trees turned eastward at right angles, and gave us a view of the solid building called "Rose Hill College," and the superb lawn sweeping in front of the buildings something in the form of a semicircle, and gracefully descending to the railroad, which would be the diameter of the circle. Ascending the avenue into which our narrow path had suddenly been transformed at the abrupt turn of the stone wall, we were amazed at the beauty of the scene spread out before us and around us. The grand appearance of the lawn, the site of the scattered buildings composing the college, the view of the railroad winding along the foot of the lawn, the hills rising west of the railroad as if straining to obtain one more glance at the sun disappearing beyond the royal Hudson, the picturesque location of the future Fordham, the compact and solid expression of old "Rose Hill" residence now and forevermore, "St. John's Col-

lege," were surely capable of producing on the least sensitive nature an indelible impression.

At the college we were received by Rev. Father Aug. J. Thébaud, S. J., the new Rector, and some Seminarians who had been teachers or prefects the preceding years in the college. Amongst these young gentlemen were Mr. B. J. McQuaid, at present the distinguished Prelate ruling the Diocese of Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. James F. Hourigan, later the zealous, tireless missionary through central and western New York State, at present the renowned pastor of Binghamton, N. Y.; Mr. John Murphy, yet one of the zealous pastors of Albany, N. Y., Diocese; Mr. Edward O'Reilly, who died whilst the beloved pastor of St. Mary's, Grand street, New York; Mr. Eugene Maguire, first prefect of discipline of St. John's before our arrival, later pastor of St. Paul's, Harlem, where he departed this life regretted by his parishioners; Mr. Wheeleher, an accomplished watchmaker—he died in Long Island.

Adopting the motto of the Empire State, "Excelsior," and entering into the spirit of the age, St. John's has made great and progressive changes since August 9th, 1846. Yet the improvements effected have not been so radical as to sweep away all traces of what were in existence nearly half a century ago. The buildings then standing, and retaining still exteriorly the same appearance they had in those far off years, are first—the old "Rose Hill" residence, the main square structure of stone fronting the lawn, and from the north and south sides of which ran long, one-story frame buildings, originally intended as green houses, for the late owner of the "Rose Hill" farm, from whom Archbishop Hughes had been the purchaser; was a florist of quite a reputation. The prolongation on the south side had been changed into a study hall; that on the north side into the students' refectory. Some of the classes were taught in the main building, such as physics, chemistry, higher mathematics, etc. The other class rooms—a row of one story brick apartments terminating in a three story square brick house—ran eastward at right angles from the southern end of the south prolongation. A brick structure some distance east of the "mansion," and connected with it by a broad wooden corridor, contained the dormitories for the larger boys, two recreation rooms and two lavatories. Dormitories for small boys were in the three story square brick house east of the kitchen. "General Washington's Headquarters," a cottage on the north side of the lawn near the clump of majestic elms, has retained its venerable features to the present day. In 1846 we found it occupied by a few Sisters of Charity who superintended the infirmary, wardrobe, refectory, kitchen, and had a special care of the small boys. Washing and mending were attended to by a corps of women under the supervision of the Sisters. On the western and northern sides were shady and roomy verandas where the Sisters took their quiet recreation, which invalid boys were allowed to enjoy. Standing in front of the western porch was an abundant well of pure, cold spring water. The large imposing stone edifice on the north of the lawn, called then "St. Joseph's Seminary," and the church alongside had just been completed. The stone block house southwest of the seminary was occupied by Mr. Rodrigue and family; Mr. Rodrigue was a brother-in-law of Archbishop Hughes. Whilst excavating in the rear of the Seminary, workmen came upon an extensive bed of human bones. After many enquiries amongst the old farmers north of the college, it was concluded that the remains were those of soldiers killed in the battle of the "Bronx." Mr. Corsa, however, the aged owner of the farm immediately adjoining the college property on the north, was of the opinion that the place had been a graveyard.

The students' chapel was the south room on the first floor of the "Mansion;" the room north of this, and separated from it by the entrance hall, was the parlor. Along the south line of lawn and separated from it by a stone wall, was the "Powell Farm," belonging to Rev. Mr. Powell, president and owner of the "Boarding School for young gentlemen." The farm contained one hundred acres, and was offered to St. John's for twelve thousand dollars. The school, on our arrival, was closed and has not been since opened. Father Thébaud was willing to purchase the property, but Rev. Father Visitor thought it imprudent to increase the debt. Later the college paid seven thousand dollars for the piece of ground to protect the gate from the invasion of grog shops.

Father Thébaud, the first Jesuit president, had rows of trees planted along the avenue leading up from the station to the college; and also along the road going back from the college to the Bronx.

Seeing that the actual buildings furnished insufficient accommodation for the now much increased population of St. John's, Father Thébaud immediately ordered what he termed "temporary additions" to be put up, which would last until he could have a general plan drawn out, according to which he would begin the erection of a new college. His first care was to relieve the anticipated pressure produced by want of dormitories required for the increased number of boys expected the next year. After a consultation with the well known builder, Mr. Brady, who had a son in the college, he decided on tearing down the substantial one story addition used as lavatory, which was put up against side of the large boys' dormitories, and erecting in its stead, to the height of the building, a strong brick addition, and thus gave two rooms capable of containing many beds. He next provided for a refectory for the community by having constructed on the north side of the kitchen a two story frame building. The next improvement was a house for a carpenter shop and a dormitory for the servants and farm hands at southwest entrance into the farm yard. Many ameliorations under the direction of Brother Crowe, who had charge of the farm, were effected about the farm yard.

In the transfer of St. John's College and the farm belonging to it, on stated conditions to the Society of Jesus, Archbishop Hughes reserved to himself about, if I mistake not, ten acres, *i. e.*, the field north of the

Seminary, St. Joseph's Seminary and the church attached to it. The stone cottage remained as belonging to Mr. Rodrigue.

When laying out the course of the prolongation of the N. Y. & H. R. R. towards White Plains, the civil engineers and surveyors brought the track within a few feet of the main college building, at the head of the lawn, in order to avoid the dangerous curve through Fordham. The Archbishop, seeing that this would materially injure the institution, made vigorous objections against the engineers' plan. The company, however, refused to make any change, and offered fair compensation for the property. The Archbishop, aided by what influence he could wield, continued to resist the proposed route. Finally, after a long and somewhat bitter contest, a compromise was reached. The Archbishop proposed, *not to sell but to donate* to the railroad company as much land as required for the tracks, provided they would change the route a little, and run the road so as to skirt along the foot of the lawn, give the college in perpetuum two free tickets—one for the President, the other for the procurator—erect a substantial and ornamental fence separating the railroad from the college property as far as the Corsa farm, and construct a culvert which would allow the continuation of the little stream from the Corsa farm into the college pond. (The "college pond" was a rectangular body of water probably 200 by 50 feet at the northwest corner of the lawn, at the head of the swamp. It was about three feet deep, the home of muskrats, mud turtles, terrapins and small fish. Here the cattle were driven to drink; from this pond water was hauled every day to fill the tanks in the students' wash rooms and to the kitchen for cooking purposes when the cisterns did not suffice.) The proposition was examined and accepted; the civil engineers gave the necessary bend to the track, so as to lead it through the swamp along the foot of the lawn. In order to form the road bed through the swamp, the company or contractors asked and obtained permission to cart away the high mound immediately north of the seminary. During these excavations the bed of human remains was discovered. When the Society of Jesus accepted the college the railroad was built, but neither the culvert was built nor the stipulated fence erected. Wishing to leave everything settled before handing the responsibility over to the Fathers, the Archbishop notified the company of the neglect. Promises were made, but only promises. He then placed the case in the hands of his lawyer, who took measures to have an injunction laid on that portion of the track lying along the college property. This brought the company to their wits. They began the fence—I doubt whether they ever finished it. In running the track through the property, the civil engineers left, west of the railroad, a number of feet ofland belonging, of course, to the college.

At the reopening of the classes in September, 1846, the number of students fully corresponded to the anticipations of the faculty. The principal officers of the first year were: President, F. Aug. J. Thébaud; Vice-President, Prefect of Studies and Professor of Philosophy, Father John Larkin, S. J.; First Prefect of Discipline, Father Henry Du Merl, S. J.; Minister, Father Lebreton, S. J.; Professor of Chemistry and Physics, Mr. Stallo, a secular infidel whom we found teaching those branches on our arrival, and whom we retained for one year. The order of the day for the students was the same as had been in force the preceding year. The various grades of the various branches of studies had each its own teacher. The bell announced the termination of the classes, and the migration of boys and professors to other rooms for other grades and other branches. Some classes continued for one hour, others lasted half an hour. Hence there was, apparently, a constant marching and countermarching all day in the yard. Thus, at 8 o'clock, say, 1st Latin, 2d Greek, 3d English, 2d Math. etc.; at 9 the bell announced a change of classes. The boys leave the rooms and go to other apartments for other branches, and the teachers march to other rooms. Thus at all times, there was, one might say, a continual crossing and recrossing in the yard, which caused no small loss of time, and no little amount of disorder. The system was acceptable to no one. The scholastic year, 1846-47, opened in St. Joseph's new Seminary with Father John Ryan as President, Father Isidore Daubresse Professor of Theology.

Father Legouais was Master of Novices in the noviciate established in the "Washington Headquarters," where, if I remember correctly, P. F. Dealy, Matthew Gardner, Thos. Bidwell, Rev. Mr. Adams, a Portuguese priest, a young Irishman ex-prof. in some college, and Rev. Mr. Bienvenu were novices. Father Ryan while president of the Seminary began to collect funds for the purchase of ground and the erection of a church in Yonkers. To his great delight he met a Protestant gentleman, Judge ——, who donated what was considered sufficient ground for a church, school and parochial residence. The Hudson River R. R. Company was just then commencing the construction of their road. This great work brought to the neighborhood of Yonkers many workman, chiefly Irish Catholics, whose families settled around the site of the future church whose hasty building their ready purses completed. The generous collection was continued every pay day on different sections of the road. The company, its agents, contractors, and bosses helped Father Ryan as well as they could. Collections were taken up for the same purpose among the men engaged in building the New York and New Haven R. R.

MRS. BRADLEY GILMAN—"ST. TERESA."

THE "Famous Women Series" presents a list of names familiar to the world. George Eliot, Emily Bronte, Rachel, Mme. Roland, Mme. de Stael, *et al.* It is an interesting collection, and perhaps not the least striking feature is the appearance, in strange company, of St. Teresa. The announcement of this publication roused a natural eagerness to peruse an old and favorite subject, treated in a novel manner. Unfortunately, the manner was *too* novel, and hence a disappointment.

The fairest test of a man's worth is his own standard. No one can murmur that he is judged by a law of his own making. Let us apply a similar test to Mrs. Bradley Gilman's work. If it stand it, let her be praised.

The avowed object of the book is to rescue Saint Teresa from the unreality, the oblivion from which all the religious enthusiasm of "well-meaning biographers" failed to save her, to gain for the woman, Teresa, that admiration due to her extraordinary powers, and that sympathy elicited by a "living, breathing, human being, with feelings and foibles like our own."

So far from being lost to human ken, we may safely assert that few Saints are better known, or more frequently quoted, than St. Teresa. The strong bias of her mind, the unmistakable common sense that formed the chief element in her spirituality, have made her a safe guide to those who seek to follow her. Her maxims have become household words among Christian families, yielding strength and consolation to many a weary toiler on the way. To many outside the Catholic Church, St. Teresa may be a myth, but to her own she is a reality.

The Saint is represented as a woman of emotional temperament, subject to whims and fancies, influenced by petty circumstances, passionate in affection, weak in will, "her reach above her grasp." Is this the type of woman to win admiration or intelligent love? She chose a state than which none is nobler, and the motive assigned for the choice is fear. Even after embracing the most holy obligations, there seems to be scarce a worthy motive to a single action. Desperation, human love, selfishness, ambition, enter largely into the composition of Mrs. Gilman's St. Teresa. The highest and holiest in her life is but the outcome of an excited spiritual sense. From beginning to end, there is not one well supported testimony in her favor. The most natural conclusion to draw from the book is that Mrs. Gilman fancied she saw in St. Teresa a direct contradiction to the beautiful ideal chosen by the Saint for herself, and by a perversity of taste approved this contradiction; she would now lead others to share her approval.

In the very attempt lay the great mistake. To one well fitted by deep study and practical experience of the interior life, the biography of a mystic Saint would present difficulties of a baffling character. A pious Christian of the world could scarcely be expected to cope adequately with the intricacies of a cloistered life. How, then, could a woman, and one utterly out of harmony with the spirit of Christ's Church, venture upon ground so sacred? To such an attempt there was but one possible result, and that, failure.

The time worn calumnies rehashed—the iniquities screened by monastery walls, the abuses of the sacred tribunal of penance—all this too often refuted, let us pass over. They who wish to yield faith to such falsehood, will do so despite evidence; to the true of heart and fair of mind, is needed no further comment upon attacks so vile.

The question arises, is it possible to treat of St. Teresa, eliminating the Saint, setting forth simply the woman as an historic personage? Some critics seem to think that the task may be compassed, but we must beg leave to differ. It was only as a Saint that she achieved her preeminence. Character is not mere natural power, independent of individual exertion. It was in the combat with a full nature, by a will not weak, but strong of purpose to accomplish her lifework—her own sanctification first, and then the remodeling of her beloved Order—it was in this unceasing exercise of her noblest powers, that Teresa of Avila became a Saint, and thus, and *only thus*, *famous*. The "superior wisdom" of the present time is forced to smile at the "little tangible" work she accomplished. Alas for the "superior wisdom" that fails to fathom the depth of heroism in the realization of Teresa's exalted standard! Her task, as indeed that of every human being, was God-given, and in God made perfect. A Saint differs from the ordinary Christian exactly in the degree to which God and God's interests have taken possession of him. In Teresa, Divine grace wrought its mission till there was nought of self remaining, till God had absorbed every atom of her being. Then was she perfected, then had she reached her goal, then did her grasp close on nothing lower than Him who had created, who had saved, who had drawn her entirely to Himself. Her "reach" proved to be not "above her grasp." A true soul can stretch forth only to the true, and the true is ever attainable. Teresa, the woman, is not enough; Teresa, the Saint, needs nothing more. A Christian biographer would recognize Teresa's loyalty of heart, and in it would see the prolongation and the intensifying of her struggle. Her affection once bestowed, it lived on, sincere, unwavering. Her love of God urged her to a consummation of the sacrifice of her heart, but it was long ere she could comprehend the justice of an oblation which must necessarily involve others in its pain. Light came, and with it conviction strong enough to break down every barrier. Freed from earthly dross, her soul mounted to the higher realms of pure love of unbroken union with her spouse. Illumined by this brightness, transformed by this touch of a hand divine, behold the only Teresa, whom we can love, can admire, can honestly revere! Leave to us our Saint, seek for the historic page other noble women who, in lesser ways have blessed the world! So intricate, so delicate, so beautifully attuned to all that is good and true, woman nature seems the likeliest plant upon which to graft the finer growth of sanctity. Holiness purifies, elevates, perfects woman, rifling not her treasury of gracious gifts, eclipsing not their glory; but crowning, ennobling all, raises her to an eminence, envied of angels as it is honored of men. Such is the rank of Teresa, the grand woman, the glorious Saint.

FATHER WILLIAM MOYLAN, S. J.

THE death of Father Moylan occurred at Fordham College on the evening of January 14th, 1891. For fully two weeks before he died there was in the hopeless changes that came over the good Father every sign to indicate that he might pass away at any moment. During this time the prayers for the departing were recited at his bedside more than once. But the word kept frequently coming from the chamber of sickness that the courage and self possession of the sufferer had upborne him through some new struggle, and averted for a while the impending agony. Surely the Divine Master whom he had served so faithfully was not waiting to give to so true a laborer longer time for preparation. It was rather, it would seem, that Father Moylan on his death bed might leave behind him a lesson of regularity, exactness, and strict fidelity to all the detailed requirements of his religious calling, still more striking than the lesson which characterizes the whole course of his career.

Fr. Moylan was born in Ireland on the 22d of June, 1822. At an early age he came to this country, and, after his ordination as a secular priest, labored for some years among the Indians and fishermen at Cape Gaspé on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. His life in this cold and cheerless region was blessed with much fruit for souls. Here he became inured to all kinds of hardships, and, while leading many abandoned creatures to the path of holiness and salvation, paved the way in his own soul for that severer form of sanctity which at the close of his life seemed like a second nature to him. Filled with renewed zeal for the missionary life he was then leading, and inspired by the hallowed lives of the heroes who had gone before him in Japan, in Paraguay and in Canada, Fr. Moylan determined to consecrate himself still more perfectly to the salvation of souls by enlisting under the standard of St. Ignatius. In the sacred folds of that honorable standard and in the noble motto written across it, he hoped to find a life-long incentive to earnestness in God's vineyard and an unfailing comfort after enduring "the burden and heats of the day." He did not leave Cape Gaspé, however, till a very malignant attack of typhoid well nigh brought him to death's door. In fact the acute stomach trouble which took him off was entirely due to this fever. He entered the Society of Jesus on the 14th of November, 1851. After some time specially devoted to imbibing the spirit of the Religious Order to the observance of whose rules he offered the remainder of his lifetime, Fr. Moylan was sent to teach the classics in the undergraduate course at Fordham College. While teaching he was also very successful as a prefect. His uprightness and firmness of character united to his reasonable thoughtfulness of the wants of others, and his sagacity in applying the right remedy at the proper time, has served him in good stead. As regards his teaching, he doubtless inspired those who were under him with a great admiration for the writings of Julius Cæsar. He himself was very fond of Cæsar and delighted to read his commentaries on the Gallic War even during the months of his last illness. His years of teaching at Fordham were followed by several years of work in the ministry of the priesthood, at St. Francis Xavier's first, and later on in San Francisco, where he remained for some months. On his return from the latter place he was made Rector of St. John's College, Fordham. His installation took place on the 31st day of July, 1864. The elevation of Fr. Moylan to this post was an event which gave much consolation and satisfaction to Archbishop Hughes, for the illustrious Prelate very highly esteemed his devoted friend and zealous priest. When he had already spent almost fifteen years in the Society of Jesus, he was admitted to his last vows, which he made on August 15th, 1866. It was during Father Moylan's term of Rectorship that the playground was enlarged, and the first division building was commenced and completed to the size and extent familiar for a quarter of a century to all students of Fordham College.

After his Rectorship at Fordham, Fr. Moylan spent some years in Canada, where, as preacher in the Gesu, he attracted much attention by his eloquent, logical, and incisive discourses. From Canada he came back again to the States. He was engaged for many years in parish work at 16th street, in Jersey City, and in St. Lawrence's in 84th street, and again in Jersey City. From the last-named place he was sent to Fordham on the 26th of September last. He was anointed on 20th October following, and died very peacefully during the holy season of Epiphany.

JOHN McKEOWN.

TO all the students of this and the few past years who have known the McKeown boys, Arthur, Byron, James and Scott, the death of their esteemed father will be a source of deepest sorrow. Mr. McKeown was still in the prime of life when he was carried off, after a short illness, on Sunday, February 8th. As soon as recovery was pronounced impossible, the three boys were telegraphed for, and at Mr. McKeown's special request, Father Rector was asked to come with them to the dying man. But they had not the consolation of reaching him before his death.

Mr. McKeown was a splendid type of the self-made man. Coming to this country from the County Armagh, Ireland, in 1865, at the age of twenty-seven , without a dollar in his pocket, he soon drifted to Pennsylvania where the oil excitement was then very high. Here by his pluck, sagacity, and indomitable will he succeeded in amassing a fortune which is variously estimated from two to ten million dollars. His immense oil wells were famous throughout the United States, his Martin No. 4 in particular being said to have produced more oil than any other well in America. But with his great business prudence, knowing the uncertainty of this source of revenue, he hastened to put his profits from the wells into real estate, and so we find him a large property owner in New York, Washington, and Baltimore.

With all his wealth, Mr. McKeown was a very modest and unassuming gentleman. His charities, which were generous, were at the same time unostentatious, and St. John's College has lost in him one of her best benefactors. On the approach of death, extreme unction was administered by the Passionist, Father Herdrick. The funeral took place on Tuesday at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, whence the body was taken to St. Mary's Cemetery at Lawrenceville.

To Mrs. McKeown, to her daughter and the boys the Faculty and students of St. John's extend their fullest sympathy and condolence in this hour of trial.

May the God of all consolation console and strengthen their afflicted hearts!

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JAN.-FEB., 1891.

SANCTUM

Ah! fled are the pleasures but yesterday mine,
That made my quick heart with aerial joy swell!
Come memory now on their fresh sweetness dwell,
As men smack their lips over newly drunk wine!

The thought expressed in the foregoing has not been, we are sure, a total stranger to the minds of many after returning from the holidays—it is so natural to indulge in retrospection after vacations—to hang over the happy time gone by as over the body of some dear one departed! And in these our *sessions of sweet, silent thought* the figure repetition, "Where was I this time yesterday, a week ago, a month?" is the general favorite, until common sense calls the mind to order and the consideration of the great question of the hour—the examinations!

* * * * * * *

Apropos of repetition, there are things which bear repetition and there are things which do not. Among the former we plead a place for the question of the MONTHLY'S finances. We have spoken often enough of it to be sure; but it won't do any harm to speak of it again. Our treasury is sunk to low water mark, and we are beginning to give up hopes of a grand jubilee edition of the MONTHLY next June. Now the MONTHLY'S management has started the raffle of a first class sewing machine, which we ask all our friends to enter generously—the more generously the better, according to the old adage, "*As you sow so shall you reap.*"

* * * *

Here we are, back again to our editorial task for the new year. There is scarcely anything new, however, about the Sanctum; it is much the same as it was when we left it a fortnight ago, and the old-time air of peace and quietness reigns undisturbed, save that from yonder dusty nook.

The moping owl doth to the moon complain

of our exchange editor for casting a waggish look or two at it which it takes for sneers at the *grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wears.* Nor would the owl have deigned to notice our exchange editor had he not impudently obtruded himself on the owl; poor blind bird that cannot and will not see anyone who doesn't knock it on the pate and wake it to a consciousness of his existence! But as it is, the owl, frightened from its gloomy perch, has come to beat itself against the sanctum casement and finally has blindly rushed in *with many a flirt and flutter*, pouncing on our editorial head. It then proceeds very solemnly to prefer the ensuing charges against us: 1. Making the editorial column a receptacle for slang, and 2, Reviling our own students for complaining against the MONTHLY when they have reason to do so, *bubone judice*, of course. As for the first charge, we acknowledge having used a popular phrase, which to the eye of the Owl seems downright slang—this we cannot help, since we cannot provide the blind thing with better eyesight. As for the second charge, we can only ask the Owl whether it does not seem presumptuous for it, though it *is* styled the bird of wisdom—*lucus a non lucendo*—to prescribe to the MONTHLY the matter for its editorials? and whether it had not better leave us to wash our own dirty linen ourselves, while it looks to its own, of which, God wot, it has plenty and to spare, if only it had eyes to see it, and its clients were sharp enough to detect it and honest enough to point it out? But, alas! for the Owl in the phrase of its own Pater Æneas, who seems to have mistaken inversion for verse, there is "darkness all around!" for no other reason than that the Owl is blind, stone blind, proverbially blind. And now for the sake of our readers, we beg to declare that we would never have retaliated editorially had we not been editorially assailed. We consider the Owl's expressed indifference to the MONTHLY'S approbation or reproof a mere artful dodge, and we are confident that the way in which the Owl shall take our rejoinder will bear us out in this opinion. At any rate, the Owl's *sang froid* has not saved it from the *venom of our spleen*, which has not hurt us, and which we make the Owl share with us. But lest our indignant feelings should run away with us and make us mistake a barber's shaving mug for a Membrino's helmet, and an eagle for an Owl, let us bid the *grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous fowl* get it gone where it belongs, *back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore.*

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

T. S. REILLY, '91.

Examinations.—How did the mathematicians make out?

Elections.—How did "McKinley's" supporters make out?

Those who returned somewhat late from their Xmas vacation were surprised at the warm reception the Vice-President had in store for them. We surmise that "such things" will not happen again.

The gloom, which generally falls over the Fordham youth after his return from the happy pleasures of home, joined with the thoughts of an approaching examination, seemed to have been dispelled this year by the remarkable opportunities for tobogganing and skating; the former sport was so thoroughly enjoyed that the Infirmary became a veritable hospital for sprained joints and bruised members.

At the last meeting of the Philosophy Class it was decided to present Mr. Cushing, of the "Special" Science Course, with a copy of Harde Luck's book on "Elections," also of his "Texan Romance," or "Edward Smith"

The annual reception of the Parthenian Sodality took place on the morning of Feb. 2d in the parish church; twenty-five new members were received, which augurs well for the reputation of this Sodality. Immediately after the reception Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Rector, assisted by Father McGolrick and Mr. White as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was delivered by Father Kavanagh, the Director of the Sodality, while a new choir under the direction of Mr. O'Connell made a decidedly favorable impression.

Our seminarians at Troy seemed to have forgotten us during their late vacation. Those calling we were heartily pleased to see, but only Messrs. Aylward, '88, and Keane, '90, called. Both gentlemen are looking extremely well.

The "kid captain" was afraid to knock off the forage cap himself, so he procured the services of the "Long Chief."

The "Mardi Gras" festival and *bal masque* were even more successful than those of last year, and all know what praises and comments they elicited. The gentlemen chosen as the chairmen of the various committee are as follows: Of Arrangements, M. McM. Ramsay, '92; of the floor, T. S. Reilly, '91; on finances, T. G. Cushing, '91; of decorations, W. J. Crowley, '91.

Important despatches from Williamsport, Pa., assure us that their representative at Fordham acquitted himself very favorably during the late vacation. In fact till the day of his departure he was the cynosure of all eyes. What the Pittsburgh delegation accomplished we cannot say, but we do know that the committee who volunteered "to see them off" with red and blue cravats and kazoos have come to the conclusion that Philadelphia is a far better place than San Francisco.

The semi-annual elections took place on the afternoon of Feb. 3. Midst great excitement, vote buying, cheers and shouts of opponents, the following results were obtained:

Athletic Association—*President*, J. P. McNally; *Vice-President*, R. Bermingham; *Treasurer*, Jos. McAleenan; *Corresponding Secretary*, J. Rafferty; *Recording Secretary*, P. Comerford.

Base Ball Association—*President*, T. S. Reilly; *Vice-President*, M. Corbett; *Treasurer*, F. Keating; *Corresponding Secretary*, J. Farley; *Recording Secretary*, T. Smyth.

Billiard and Pool Association—*President*, R. Carmody; *Vice-President*, T. Cummins; *Corresponding Secretary*, Wm. Kennedy; *Recording Secretary*, Ed. Smith.

Reading Room Association—*President*, J. Hardiman; *Vice-President*, Mich. Doran; *Treasurer*, R. Bermingham; *Corresponding Secretary*, George Toney; *Recording Secretary*, T. Murray; *Librarian*, J. Barrington.

The aspirants for the vacant positions on the Fordhams, and those desiring to gain a base ball fame on the second team, may be seen practicing in the "cage" on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday afternoons. A new feature this year is the supervision of their training by Messrs. Ryan, '90, and Carmody, '92, Mr. Lynch's service as trainer being dispensed with for the present year.

Ye poor editors were on pins and needles the evening of the last play, waiting to hear the songs or the song on them, the editors; rumors of which happening had been floating in the air! But it seems that the suspected "*promissi carminus auctor*" had no time or knack for any other productions than the "Battalion Notes."

Many words of praise are due to our new Lieutenant commanding, for the successful efforts he has made and is continually making for the advancement of cadet interests.

Here are some new fangled figures of rhetoric: Interrogatio—"Was it put?" "Has it went?" Propositio—The vote stands 17 pros and 6 cons. "I move we make it a unanimous vote!" Contentio—And there is no man in the house can do me, either. As for "interruptio"—Lon gum est enumerare.

SECOND DIVISION NOTES.

WM. A. FERGUSON, '94.

"Is that your bed?" "No, sir!" "Well, take off that hat!"

The dear man is no longer with us, but his memory is green with the pleasantest recollections, for, although he didn't know much about billiards, he was a superb prefect.

Judging from the number of reprisals made by the "Guard" since its inauguration, the enterprise is a howling success. The "Senator," however, inspected their

precincts on one occasion and gives his judgment that the machine should be brought to a stand still on account of an excessively *hot box*.

The "Senator" has of late developed quite a power of oratory, and to hear him harangue a crowd from the steps of the "*Palais Royale*," or, to use the accepted cant of the day, the "*Paas*," one would be inclined to paint a very brilliant future for the gushing orator.

You may discourse about the historic *Ghost Dance* of "Big Foot's" tribe, but step over to SECOND some rainy day and witness the performance of "Ginger," "Goose" and their clan. Old Sitting Bull himself might catch a wrinkle that would make the young braves stare in open mouthed wonder. But that "Senator" is sure to come in at the very denouement of the scene and spoil it all with his unbridled laughter.

Thanks probably to our Study Hall, SECOND was not excluded from its *Mardi Gras Ball* this year. The evening was a pleasant one, but was far too short.

There isn't much fun in sliding down the Toboggan when the snow is on the other side of the world and the rain has left a lake at the bottom; but it is luxury in comparison with sliding down a stone flight of steps with a bayonet prodding you in the ribs every other half second and a box of rubbish at the lowest steps to be your sepulchre.

Fr. Pittar and the 500 is a drama—positively its last appearance—which has totally eclipsed Reilly and his crew during the last week at ST. JOHN'S. Its unquestionable success—strange as it may appear—is the only reason why it cannot be reproduced.

Evidently the scribe who wrote last month's "Battalion Notes" was not admitted into the council of the Lieutenant, or SECOND could never boast of even being near the exalted dignity of having corporals among its members. We trust, however, that after five or six years, when his judgment will have become maturer and his precociousness proportionately more unobtrusive, he will, we do not say, be admitted as a counsellor among the wise, but be worthy even of a subaltern's place in the companies of SECOND.

The "Original Four"—honest and happy to a fault—have opened their ranks and admitted three honorary members to their squad and have been appropriately as well as pleasantly dubbed the "Sensible Seven." Long life to them! They have wit and activity enough to make the darkest days lightened or the crankiest beholder more jovial. Again: "Long life to them."

THIRD DIVISION.

FRANCIS E. O'NEILL, '96.

Nearly all of us are back to work again in real earnest, and though some have had what is termed the "blues," that feeling has, like the holidays, passed away, and now the watchword is—June.

Those who dread the tortures of an examination are already expressing their fears as to whether they will pass or not, and are not behindhand in telling the new boys what kind of a place "jug" is.

Our "Yuletide Entertainment," which was given by the Glee Club a little before Christmas, was a complete success. The Rev. Father Halpin and other members of the Faculty witnessed our fete. The First Division officers who drill us were also present.

The gymnasium has undergone a thorough repair, and, thanks to Rev. Father Rector, we have almost as many different ways of hardening our muscles as either First or Second.

Already some of our base ball friends are getting themselves into trim for the coming season, and though the chances are against us, we may be able to get up a fairly good "nine" next Spring.

Our reading room is a model of neatness and taste, and the boys who appreciate this are not at all willing to yield the palm to Second Division.

Some fifteen or more of the boys have learned to skate this year, and the last time we paid a visit to the pond nearly half of the Division were down, and all could skate in the true sense of the word; but of course there are some who can do what others cannot, and of these we make an exception.

During the heavy fall of snow which visited us in the holidays, the tobogganing was excellent, and when it rained, the frost which followed made skating ponds for us on the "night-bounds." Even now, after the severe rain and hail storm which made more than one boy feel a little "blue," the skating is very good, and those who are bashful about venturing on the large pond are now taking lessons. When we next go to the college pond, we intend to astonish the big fellows.

The billiard room is more than making up for the time lost when foot ball held sway both outside and indoors, and the officers are always busy during recreation time with the lovers of the balls and cue; without any boasting there are a few who, if they keep on, will be able to give the great Slosson a tight game when they reach First.

Our sergeant-major has become a high private on Second; we hear that he is getting along splendidly and we wish him good luck.

Although the days are cold and dreary, and the ground is covered with ice or snow, many of the boys have not forgotten the muddy glories of foot ball, and consequently they may still be seen kicking or rushing the "oval."

From the accounts given by Second and First Division fellows, we learn that our new instructor in military tactics is a worthy successor to our friend, Lieutenant Squiers. Lieutenant Edwards is a thorough soldier and a very strict disciplinarian, and though the new exercises may at first seem bothersome and no good whatsoever, we are told that one week's steady work at them is more beneficial than a month either at marching or the manual.

Still another member of the Faculty has been laid to rest in our beautiful little graveyard; Rev. Father Moylan, once Rector of this College, came back to die within its walls.

DAY SCHOLARS.

JOHN E. KELLY, '93.

Happy New Year!

It can be said to the credit of the day scholars that they were very prompt in returning after the vacation. This is more than can be said of our friends, the boarders.

We neglected to state in our last issue that Ed. Martin, more familiarly known by another name, had returned from Canada and entered the college as a boarder. He was one of the best known of day scholars and while we regret to lose him from our ranks, we can see the advantage of the step that he has taken. He has become quite Frenchified and sprinkles his conversation, which is at all times interesting, with the choicest of Gaelic "bon mots."

Too much cannot be said in praise of Heffernan's artistic rendering of "The Little Hero" at the Christmas play.

We were surprised to hear that Frank McDermott had become a boarder. He is the second Tremont man who has deserted us this year. Is any reflection on the "huckleberry" implied?

We have a poet amongst us. He read his first effusion to a few chosen ones a short time ago. It was entitled "An Ode to a Snowflake," and began thus:

> "O! Hoary Winter, bleak and drear;
> Thou ruthless *ender* of a pleasant year;
> O Thou who brings to man chilblains
> And measles and rheumatic pains."

We are not critics, so we refrain.

The day scholars of "First" seem to take little or no interest in the affairs of the division. Their names are not to be found on the membership lists of the billiard, base ball, or athletic associations. Why don't they wake up and show that they are a material part of the College?

Are we to understand that "the man with the two left feet" is one of us?

We find it necessary to remind some of the forgetful day scholars that the Sodality meets every Saturday afternoon at two P. M. There are nearly seventy of us attending the college and about twenty-five go regularly to the meetings. Rather a poor showing! Let us hope the examples of our new prefects of Sodality will effect a change.

The election of Sodality officers for second term took place on the 14th. John Kelly was again chosen prefect and Frank Kelly and John Mulcahy assistants.

CHRISTMAS AT ST. JOHN'S HALL.

J. HOWLIN FARLEY, '93.

On the 9th of December, the boys of Third Division gave their Yuletide Entertainment in the pretty lecture room in St. John's Hall. Rev. Father Halpin presided, assisted by the Rev. Professors and Prefects. An invitation was extended to the officers of the Battalion, which all thankfully accepted.

While we naturally anticipated a pleasant evening with the small boys, we nevertheless realized far more than the fondest of us hoped. The programme presented was brilliant in every respect, and the manner in which each participant did his share well merited the applause which was freely given. Regarding the entertainment, the few words we can say in praise of it have been richly deserved. Each of those who took part showed signs of study and preparation, and every feature of the programme was well carried out.

The greater share of the entertainment fell upon Master D. W. Coughlin, who presided at the piano. This young gentleman possesses talent of no mean order, and to his efforts the musical part of the programme owes its success. The salutatory, by Master J. F. Horan, bore the appropriate title, "Poor Nous-outres," and was well rendered. The recitations were, perhaps, the most interesting numbers of the evening. The "Young Tramp," by Master J. T. Delaney, and "The Steamboat Deck," by Roland Fortiscue, held the attention of those present from the beginning. Each of these young gentlemen entered into the spirit of his work, and perhaps the applause which their efforts evoked has sufficiently remunerated them. The recitation by Master O'Neil was particularly brilliant. He had for his subject the famous "Fontenoy." We have heard this piece several times from a member of rhetoric and have always appreciated it. While Master O'Neil was reciting we entirely forgot that we were in Third Division, so much did it remind us of our oratorical rhetorician. "A Trip to Boston," by Master Jack Baker, was given in grand style and made us imagine ourselves on the journey, so realistic was his presentation. "Only Daisies," by R. J. Magee, was very prettily recited and had a charm about it that was truly pathetic. Altogether we can say, without flattery, that Third Division possesses more than the normal standard of oratorical and musical ability, and if the young members continue, we may safely warn Second Division and even First, "Beware." The piano solos by Masters J. B. Rosado, C. L. Givernaud and J. T. Coyle were excellent and brand these young gentlemen as musicians of the first order. The same may be said of the violin solos by Master F. M. Jordan and of Master Dugan's singing. The entertainment closed with "Paris Nouveau," by D. W. Coughlin, and all came away well pleased and with words of sincere praise.

We extend our congratulations to the boys for their efforts and hope to have the pleasure of again assisting at one of their entertainments. The officers of the Battalion tender many thanks and will reciprocate in the near future. Again we say, *bene, bene.* "*Age, quod agis.*"

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The January number of the MONTHLY was mislaid or misaddressed and so never reached the printer. Some say January was a short month—school month we mean; and the editors—some were sick and some were so busy with examination, and the examination was most assuredly

an ordeal from the effects of which not a few are in a precariously convalescent state—that anything outside of classwork could not be had either for love or money. If any of our friends wonder where the journal of January went, their wonder will be estopped by looking at this paragraph.

We do find that some members on the editorial staff are very indolent. The editor in chief and the printer's devil get matter from them only after repeated knocks at their doors. We shall look to it that henceforward they become more than mere figure-heads. If others have to do their work, why others will have their places on the honor roll of the paper.

The events of importance since our last issue were the arrival of Lieut. Edwards, the Christmas play and the Mardi Gras masquerade ball.

Mr. Edwards, our capable and genial commandant in military matters, took the battalion in charge when the cadets returned after the vacation. His is a firm hand encased in a velvet glove.

The preparatory or "set-up" drill has very efficaciously done its work. The end of the vacation brought back to our halls cadets pretty well disfigured as far as military appearance goes. Three or four drills wrought magic effects. Now straight, soldierly forms parade in our midst and an almost invisible minority present round or stooped shoulders or parenthetical ( ) legs. The lieutenant has reason to be proud of his efforts. The boys show a grateful spirit and esteem and appreciation are seconding all his projects. Among incidents noteworthy in college life, since last we went to press, is the guard mount. It is a Sunday exercise. From 9 A. M. till 5 P. M. the college bristles with the bayonets of cadets on guard. Fife and drum summon those appointed to the guard house which is in Second Division Building and thence at stated intervals issue the sentries who are detailed to mount guard first at the guard house, then in the front of R. Fr. Rector's office and then at the college gate.

A village urchin was arrested and kept in durance vile for not showing proper respect to the young gentleman on guard at the college entrance.

Some students of second and first division have felt the strong arm of law and have been lodged in the darkness, visible of the military dungeon.

We say to Lieutenant Edwards that he has the best wishes and heartiest concurrence of every inmate of St. John's.

The Christmas play was a vast improvement on its predecessor of Thanksgiving day. The parts were better known, and the acting in many cases was good, in all tolerable. The farce was a prime affair. It is full of laughter-tickling situations and moved all, the small boy especially, to uproarious hilarity. A neat but forcible reply was given to what some consider the excessively severe structures of the dramatic critic. The coffin enclosing the real mummy—the veritable dead man—was very suggestively inscribed "Halifax." The idea was as slender as a bare bodkin but it worked a quietus. We wish the dramatic association a place on the topmost pinnacle of success. Mr. J. Smith, its energetic moderator, has been temporarily retired on account of ill health and M. G. Petit, S. J., has kindly accepted to labor in his stead. We append the programme.

A. M. D. G.

"Of mirth to make a trade may be a crime,
But tired sprites for mirth must have a time."
—*Southwell, S. J.*

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT UNDER THE AUSPICES OF ST. JOHN'S DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, AT FORDHAM COLLEGE, MONDAY, DECEMBER 22D, 1890.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

MUSIC ..... *Wandering Bards* ..... R. WILLIAMS
ORCHESTRA.

CHRISTMAS GREETING ..... MARTIN GLYNN

"THE VIRGINIA MUMMY."

A Farcical Comedy in two Acts by the Members of St. John's Dramatic Association.

Dramatis Personæ.

Ginger Blue ..... J. W. Fogarty
Dr. Galen ..... I. A. Dunn
Karl ..... F. A. Keating
O'Leary ..... J. P. McNally
Capt. Rifle ..... C. Watson
Walter Galen ..... E. McCreary
Mr. Shadow ..... T. P. Burke
Patent ..... F. McSorley
Servant ..... J. Charles

ACT I.—SCENE: A Street.

CORNET SOLO ..... Polka ..... C. L. LIVINGSTON

ACT II.—SCENE: Dr. Galen's Office.

PROGRAMME.—PART II.

MUSIC ..... Magnetic ..... ORCHESTRA

"THE SWEET SUNNY SOUTH."

A Melodrama by the Glee Club.

The Cast of Characters.

Johnson ..... J. B. Farley
Sambo ..... J. P. McNally
Rufus ..... F. A. Keating
Silas ..... J. W. Fogarty
Clementine ..... G. M. Eccleston
Marcus ..... D. E. Kiernan
Capt. Langston ..... A. G. Burrow
Pompey ..... A. D. Baker
Julius Cæsar ..... T. P. Burke

SCENE I.—A Southern Plantation.

SONG.....Non è Ver....MASTER T. BURROW

SCENE II.—The Suburbs of New York.

MUSIC.....Berlin..... ORCHESTRA

SCENE III.—Back Again Home.

FINALE.....The Guardmount.....ORCHESTRA

"Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die
We'll bury it in a Christmas pye,
And ever more be merry."
—*Withers.*

As the above shows Part II. was rendered by the Glee Club. The Melodrama, which we believe to be the work of Rev. Fr. Pittar, S. J., was as sweet and as sunny as the South. There was some neat singing and some excellent acting. It was a sunburst of revelation disclosing to us all a wealth of talent we had not supposed to exist on first Division. Let us hear from the Glee Club again.

There was the Feast of the Purification, a celebration not very old, but which brought along with it a sense of finish, to be expected solely from "days" of longer standing in the College than Sodality Day. The procession from the College grounds to the Church of Our Lady of Mercy was a beautiful sight. Solemn High Mass followed, during which new members were admitted into the Parthenian Sodality, and an eloquent sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. L. Kavanagh, S. J., who organized the ceremony and who is Spiritual Director of the first Sodality. In the afternoon there was a spiritual academy. The following programme shows what was done and who were the participants:

A. M. D. G.

LITERARY ACADEMY, in honor of Our Lady. By the members of the Parthenian Sodality. St. John's College, February 2d, 1891.

PROGRAMME.—PART FIRST.

"*Son, behold thy mother.*"

PIANO DUET, March—(Kuhe)
Messrs. Petersen and McLean.

LESSONS OF THE PURIFICATION.....J. A. Dunn, '91
NON É VER (Mattei).....T. Burrow, '95
VIRGO PURISSIMA (Carmen).....R. Gutierrez, '92
MARY, PATRONESS OF AMERICA.....C. Watson, '91

PROGRAMME.—PART SECOND.

SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY PRAYER.....C. Livingston, '91
Cornet Solo—(J. Cox.)

ANNUNCIATION (Poem).....D. Arellano, '91
SONG TRIO—(Abt)... { T. Burrow and Messrs. A. Burrow, W. Feely and J. McNally.
HELP OF CHRISTIANS.....T. Murray, '92
MAGNIFICAT..... College Chorus

The examinations were the nightmare of the whole month of January, and we fancy, too, of December and even of the Christmas vacation. The marks for the whole College were good.

Only two boys, Edward Holden and William Rhinelander, received First Examination Testimonials. Testimonials, by the way, which are awarded only to those whose marks do not fall below ninety in any branch.

The highest mark in the College was obtained by Jno. O'Rourke of First Latin Grammar. The highest class average was reached by the Class of Belles-Lettres.

The demon of the examination was exorcised by the grand masquerade ball of Shrove Tuesday night. The Study Hall of Second Division was handed over to the dancers. It was tastefully decorated by Second Division boys who worked very commendably under the direction of Mr. Ambrose O'Connell, S. J. The effect was simply marvelous. A stroll under the colored electric lights was like walking through fairyland. Lo the music begins and the masqueraders enter, striking the audience of wallflowers dumb, so diversely and gorgeously were they apparelled. Every historical costume was there. Kings, officers, courtiers, fakirs, sailors, Mephistopheles, devils, imps, death with train upheld by the baboon. The disguises were perfect. Shrewd gueses were made but absolute certainty was reached only when the revellers were unmasked. It was an evening long to be remembered. The music was inspiring and the dancing graceful and animated. We had only one word to qualify the ball. It was too short. The masqueraders to the number of forty wound up a very pleasant time by a lunch served in the College Refectory.

Mr. Squiers, now first lieutenant, paid us a visit Sunday Feb. the 15th. We all said thank God when we beheld Jack safe from the wars. His company was almost hacked to pieces, but our lieutenant escaped al harm and is now resting in the bosom of a rejoicing family. Call again and come early and often, lieutenant!

Poor Bruno is dead. Killed ruthlessly, mercilessly killed. We do not envy the possessor of the hands which struck the blow which brought harm first and then suffering and death to the favorite dog of the College. He was a magnificent dog, massive of frame and large of head, and with a countenance as majestic as that of a lion. What eyes! Why was there not some artist to limn his form and features? He has gone where all good dogs go.

The Hughes Statue Fund is swelling. The following contributions have been handed in through the energy of Rev. Father Flood and T. F. Neville, Esq.

Wm. R. Grace (additional)	$150.00
Edward Cooper	250.00
C. C. Baldwin	100.00
Rev. J. J. Dougherty (additional)	50.00
Rev. Father Gleason	50.00
Patrick Walsh	25.00
Mr. Murtha	5.00
	$630.00

Our exchanges came as usual during the months of

January and February. Most of them had holiday attire. The *Owl* was probably the most pretentious in its Christmas number. Its reading matter was good, collected from many sources, but made somewhat hideous by the coarse-grained engravings which accompanied the text. The *Owl* is getting saucy. Generally good natured in its criticisms, it seems to be a little ruffled as to its feathers lately, judging from the discord of some of its recent hootings.

We had marked several passages in our different exchanges whereon to hang a few remarks, but the printer's devil is at our elbow asking for copy. Besides, our exchange editor has left the staff, and as yet his successor has not been appointed.

BASE BALL NOTES.

J. HOWLIN FARLEY, '93, SEC.

The ex-manager is at home sick. We hope for the speedy return of Tom's accustomed good health.

The remnant of the trio from Towanda, Pa., has not yet put in an appearance. Come, "Sully," come soon, and let us gaze upon your stalwart form "ere the daisies bloom again." We would like to call the attention of those concerned to the Secretary's notice of the bulletin board. Many of those whose names appear thereon fail to report for practice on the days specified. This should not be. If we expect to place before the college and the friends of the college a team which will in every way uphold our fair honor in base ball matters, the men themselves are bound to lend us their energy as well as their good will. Let those who are to train be on hand at the hour named in the notice and thereby save our poor manager who has enough of other things to think about. Always has the Fordham College Club done well in this department of sport, but it is capable of doing better; so with the goodly number of candidates who have presented themselves, we promise that there will march upon the field in April, a team which will well merit your approbation and rightly deserve your Rah! rah! rah!

"But ye select ones, take heed and train."

The teams this year are being coached by Messrs. John Ryan, '90, and Rob Carmody, '92, who will take care of the veterans, and see that the usual number of "phenoms" are not neglected.

We shall greatly miss the genial Mike Hickey of Brooklyn town. We learn that he has entered the realms of journalism bearing with him the famous antique glove. May success attend him.

Already anxious eyes are looking towards the vacant position of second base. The rhetorician from Washington, and the gentleman from Hot Springs, who is known by the name of "Erdie," are among those who feel certain of filling the shoes of "Adonis."

The æsthetic pitcher from somewhere in Massachusetts will go into training, that he may take his turn in the box when "Bob" is unwell.

"Oh, what fun, boys!" The elections are at hand and the tickets now in the field would indicate a national election, so numerous are they. However, we prophecy the withdrawal of all save three, the "Democratic," the "Pro Bono Divisionis," and the "Anti-McKinley." For reasons *known to all* we refrain from expressing an opinion on the outcome of the struggle. For the verification of our prophecy, see First Divison Notes.

Now who are the lucky ones who will represent Fordham on the University team?

BATTALION NOTES.

MARTIN McM. RAMSAY, '92.

S. O. No. 39, Jan. 27th, 1891.

I. The following transfers are hereby announced:

Cadet	Captain	Arrellano	from	Co. C to Co. A.
"	"	Ramsay	"	Co. D to Co. B.
"	"	Feeley	"	Co. B to Co. D.
"	"	Corbett	"	Co. A to Co. C.
Cadet	1st Lieut.	Livingston	"	Co. A to Co. B.
"	"	Clogher	"	Co. C to Co. A.

II. The following promotions are hereby announced:

To be Cadet 1st Lieuts.,	Cadet	1st Sergt.	McNally.
	"	"	Burke.
To be Cadet Sergt. Major,	"	"	Farley.
To be Cadet 1st Sergts.,	"	Sergt.	McSorley.
	"	"	Buckley.
	"	"	Keating.
	"	"	Hardiman.
To be Cadet Sergts.,	Cadet	Corp.	Reilly, T.
	"	"	Torney.
	"	"	Reilly, J.
	"	"	Dockry.
	"	"	Carmody.

III. The following assignments are hereby announced:

Cadet	1st Lieutenant	McNally to Co. D.
"	"	Burke to Co. C.
"	1st Sergeant	McSorley to Co. A.
"	"	Buckley to Co. B.
"	"	Keating to Co. D.
"	"	Hardiman to Co. C.
"	Sergeant	Reilly, T., to Co. A.
"	"	Torney to Co. D.
"	"	Reilly, J., to Co. B.
"	"	Dockrey to Co. C.
"	"	Carmody to Co. A.

By order of

Lieut. CLARENCE R. EDWARDS,
23d U. S. Infantry.

ALAN G. BURROW,
Cadet Capt. and Adjutant.

Lieut. Squiers' successor as Instructor in Military Science and Tactics, 2nd Lieut. Clarence R. Edwards, of the 23d U. S. Infantry, has reported for duty, and taken command of the Battalion. His first step was to deprive the Cadets of their arms, and put them through a course of setting-up exercises, the great benefit of which is evident from the improved appearance of the entire Corps. He has also instituted guard duty, thus giving the Cadets some slight idea of the practical part of a soldier's life. The guard is mounted at 10:15 A. M., and marched off at 5:45 P. M Three posts have already been established, and there will probably be more when warmer weather arrives. Post No. 1 is at the guard house, No. 2 in front of the main building, and No. 3 at the College gate. All persons entering the College grounds are stopped and questioned. If they have business with any member of the Faculty or students they are allowed to proceed, otherwise they must turn back. Thus far guard duty has proved a decided success. May it long continue so!

There is a movement on foot, backed by Lieut. Edwards, to get a full-dress uniform for the Cadets. At present they have nothing but the plain blue fatigue uniform, and it seems a shame that this Battalion, one of the best drilled in the State of New York, should be inferior to other organizations in appearance.

The Cadets extend their heartiest congratulations to their old and popular commanding officer, Lieut. H. G. Squiers, on his recent promotion to the rank of First Lieutenant. First Lieut. Squiers is now East on a short leave, and visited the College the other day. He seems much improved in health by his sojourn in the Indian country, where he fortunately escaped unwounded.

Let the Cadets of First Division look to their laurels. The commanding officer publicly complimented a Second Division private as the best sentinel in the guard.

The following questions have been proposed by a gentleman thirsting for information:

1st. If it takes two corporals and two privates to arrest a Fordham boy two and a half feet high, how many corporals and privates would it take to arrest L–v–ng–t–n?

2d. Why do all the sentinels prefer Post No. 3?

3d. Why do the Officers of the Day and Guard always inspect their sentinels about twelve o'clock?

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EXTRACTS FROM

The Life of John Boyle O'Reilly

By JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE,

Together with his Complete Poems and Speeches, edited by Mrs. John Boyle O'Reilly.

Introduction by his Eminence, JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS, Archbishop of Baltimore.

CASSELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Cardinal Gibbons on John Boyle O'Reilly.

In the coming "Life, Poems, and Speeches" of John Boyle O'Reilly, published by The Cassell Publishing Company of New York, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore has written a most noble Preface. Speaking of the beautiful nature of the dead poet, His Eminence says:

As strong as it was delicate and tender, as sympathetic and tearful as it was bold, his soul was a harp of truest tone, which felt the touch of the Ideal everywhere, and spontaneously breathed responsive music, joyous or mournful, vehement or soft.

"A loss to the country, a loss to the Church, a loss to humanity," exclamed Cardinal Gibbons when the sad news was announced to him, and in his beautiful Preface, he writes, speaking of the dead poet's public life:

John Boyle O'Reilly's career as a journalist, the magnanimity and self-control thrust variously upon him and infused into him, were especially manifested. Constantly obliged to deal with burning questions, he usually handled them with a conservative prudence scarcely to be expected in one so vehement by nature, Accustomed by long experience to have his most cherished convictions resisted and assailed, he met all opponents with a chivalrous courtesy, as well as with a dauntless courage, that instantly won respect and often ended by winning them over to his side.

* * * * * *

The country of his adoption vies with the land of his birth in testifying to the uprightness of his life, the usefulness of his career and his example, the gentleness of his character, the nobleness of his soul. The bitterest prejudices of race and of creed seem to have been utterly conquered by the masterful goodness of his heart, and the winning sweetness of his tongue, and to have turned into all the greater admiration for the man.

With all these voices I blend my own, and in their name I say that the world is brighter for having possessed him, and mankind will be the better for this treasury of pure and generous and noble thoughts which he has left us in his works.

O'Reilly the Editor and the Poet.

Reviewing the editorial work of John Boyle O'Reilly during twenty years, and understanding as only newspaper men can understand, the difficulties under which such work is performed, especially the necessity which it involves of deciding quickly on matters, often of gravest importance, the unerring instinct with which O'Reilly decided rightly in almost every case is little short of marvelous. The editor of the ordinary weekly paper is supposed to have abundance of leisure for forming and expressing his opinions. Such was not the case with O'Reilly. He preferred writing his articles at the last moment; he was as scrupulous as the most enterprising of "night editors" in getting the latest news, and in supplying the final editions of his paper with everything of importance chronicled up to the moment of going to press.

Yet, reading through those editorials of twenty years, with the light of subsequent events to guide, I am amazed at the sureness of his instinct, the accuracy of his judgment, and the terse vigor of his pronouncements on every event of more than ephemeral interest. His political forecasts were often as erroneous as those of other editorial prophets; but his instincts never once failed on a definite question of right and wrong. There he was infallible.

The question of John Boyle O'Reilly's rank as a poet has been often debated since his death. The least that can be said of him is that he was in that small group of poets ranking immediatly after Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell.

A significant test of his merit and popularity, is the fact that the choice naturally gravitated to him when a poem was wanted for a great occasion, and where one of these great, older poets would have been chosen, ere advancing age made him shrink from the strain involved. Witness his poem for the unveiling of the monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass., August 1, 1889.—*Life of John Boyle O'Reilly, Cassell Publishing Company.*

Convict "No. 9843."

One day O'Reilly was summoned by the officer in whose immediate charge he was, who said to him, "You will go down to the vessel (mentioning her name), and deliver the articles named in this bill of lading; read it!"

O'Reilly read it. It called for the delivery, in good order and condition, of three articles, to wit: One convict, No. 9843, one bag, and one hammock or bed. O'Reilly was No. 9843; his destination was the convict settlement of Bunbury, thirty miles along the coast, west of Fremantle.

Arrived there he was assigned to one of the road parties and began the hard toil of a convict, which, however, was relieved from the utter woe of Millbank's solitary days, or the revolting cruelties of Chatham and Dartmoor. Still it was bad enough. Among the criminals with whom he was forced to associate were some of the most degraded of human kind,—murderers, burglars, sinners of every grade and color of vice. They were the poison flower of civilization's corruption, more depraved than the savage, as they were able to misuse the advantages of superior knowledge. They were the overflow of society's cesspool, the irreclaimable victims of sin—too often the wretched fruits of heredity or environment. Happily for the young, generous, clean-minded rebel, who had been doomed to herd with this prison scum, God had given him the instincts of pure humanity; and ill-fortune, instead of blighting, had nourished their growth. He looked upon his fellow sufferers with eyes of mercy, seeing how many of them were the victims, directly or indirectly, of cruel, selfish, social conditions. In the Australian Bush he saw humanity in two naked aspects: the savage, utterly ignorant of civilized virtues as of civilized vices; and the white convict, stripped of all social hypocrisies, revealing the worst traits of depraved humanity. Both were "naked and not ashamed." For the savages, so called, he entertained a sincere and abiding admiration. "Why," he said, years afterward, "I found that those creatures were men and women just like the rest of us; the difference between those poor black boys and the men of the Somerset Club was only external. I have good friends among those Australian savages, to-day, that I would be as glad to meet as any man I know."—*Life of John Boyle O'Reilly, Cassell Publishing Company.*

Love was True to Me!

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Love was true to me,
  True and tender.
I who ought to be
  Love's defender,
Let the cold winds blow
  Till they chilled him.
Let the winds and sun
Shroud him—and I knew
  That I killed him.

Years he cried to me
  To be kinder.
I was blind to see
  And grew blinder.
Years with soft hands raised,
  Fondly reaching,
Wept and prayed and praised,
  Still beseeching.

When he died, I woke,
  God, how lonely!
When the gray dawn broke
  On one only.
Now beside Love's grave
  I am kneeling,
All he sought and gave
  I am feeling.

Unpublished poem from the Life of John Boyle O'Reilly, Cassell Publishing Company.

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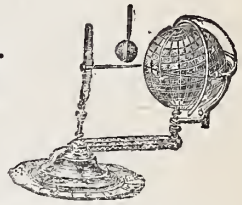

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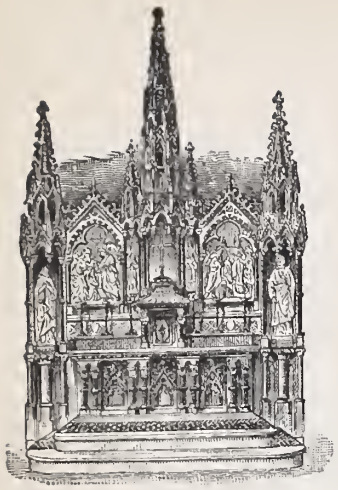

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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

VOL. IX. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y., MARCH, 1891. No. 5.

A SONG OF MARCH.

TO F——

O slayer of the winter-king,
O herald of the flower-girt spring,
What good tidings dost thou bring?

"Lo! the peace-bough of the dove,
A Father's blessing from above,
One more year of God's good love."

"Lo! a brother's prayer for thee:
'Jesu, Joseph, Sainte Marie,
Keep him safe eternally.'"

RHETORIC: ITS SYSTEM.

CLASS books, in many instances, suggest a suspicion that they were printed in behalf rather of publishers than of students, and in the interest of trade rather than of scholarship, In view of the rapidly developing culture of the times, this is to be regretted. For if in the facilities of education, which are among the best gifts of an enlightened government to the people, is found encouragement for money-making at the expense of scholarship, shallow sciolism will usurp the position of sound learning and the noble boast of a country may soon become its bane. Waiving, however, the consideration of the motives which actuate publishers and authors, it is unavoidably thrust upon our notice that many educational works on the subject of Literature in general and of Rhetoric in particular betray unmistakable symptoms of vagueness in conception, of hurry and incompleteness in execution. There are some good things in them—some valuable hints for the student. But they are put together according to no clearly defined principles. They pull down old land-marks and substitute no new ones. They do not properly survey the ground of Rhetoric. They either curtail limits or encroach on other domains. There is a tendency to confound concepts and no unanimity as to what Rhetoric and its province may be. In a word there is neither system nor method. If this defect, which is certainly a capital one, went no farther than the books themselves, if vestiges of it were not elsewhere visible, there would be less reason for expostulation. To point to one fact which is very significant: Since the organization of the Intercollegiate contests in oratory the public have been able to judge for themselves that many of the so-called discourses were no discourses at all, but rather descriptions or narrative pieces, and that more attention was bestowed on elocution and delivery than on close and fervid reasoning. Now elocution and delivery are very important matters and by no means to be neglected. But college graduates or undergraduates are not school boys, and when they meet in "keen encounter" it is not assuredly for the primary object of surpassing each other in declamation. They came forward as Rhetoricians, and what the audience had a right to expect from them was a thesis well supported by strong argument tricked out in beauty of language and presented with a clear enunciation and animated and natural delivery. Rhetoric, properly understood, is self-explaining. It defines its own limits, prescribes its own method, shapes its own system. It is a habit with some to underrate Rhetoric, to look upon it as something more ornamental than useful. Such an opinion can proceed but from a mistaken idea of the nature of Rhetoric, or from a forgetfulness that in a land where the best interests of a nation are settled by deliberative assemblies, public speaking assumes a principal role, and whatever tends to render it effective and impressive cannot be treated with indifference or ridicule. Rhetoric, if it have any well-defined meaning at all, is that collection of rules which develop and direct natural eloquence. About the nature of eloquence, too, there have been learned and lengthy discussions, yet we may unhesitatingly affirm its existence where one speaks or writes so as to convince our minds, tt master our wills and so completely control them as to make us think and act as he wishes us to think and act. Whenever we find a man with this trick of pen or tongue we at once call him eloquent and style him an orator. The fairest and ripest fruit, then, of Rhetoric is the orator. Antiquity defines the orator to be an honest man skilled in speech. "Vir bonus dicendi peritus"—a man skilled to achieve, through speech, all the high aims the Creator had in view when he gave to man the gift of language. It is hardly possible to better this definition, and because it is a good definition it is luminous, and sheds light over the whole scheme and creates and gives unity to the system of Rhetoric.

As a man the orator must be endowed physically, morally and mentally. As an intelligent being he must set before him an end and reach it, because an orator, by means of skilled speech. Speech being a medium of thought supposes a term of communication which is the audience, *i. e.*, other men. Thus the definition has surveyed and planned our domain, it has given us the three-fold division of Rhetoric, to-wit: the Orator—the Speech—the Audience. The speech has a beginning, a middle and an end, or technically, there are in every discourse an Exordium, a Confirmation, a Peroration. The *Exordium* introduces always the Discourse, sometimes the Orator, and Propriety is its supreme law. Next comes the *Body* of the speech with the development and proofs of the matter in hand, with its proposal of the subject enlivened as occasion may demand by the charms of narrative and description, and strengthened by argument, direct or indirect, intrinsic or extrinsic, and by a judicious and impartial refutation of what the adversary has objected or may advance. Last of all the *Peroration* with its rapid

summary of important points, its stirring and pathetic appeal to the audience, exciting hatred or love as it suits the speaker's design. No matter how skillfully these parts are woven together, nor how strong every link in the chain of reasoning may be forged, the charms of style and the animation of delivery must not be overlooked. Style varies with the subject treated, and in one and the same speech there may be need of different styles. To render success doubly sure the speaker should be a master of style, and so consummate a master that the proper word will come at his bidding and every color and grace and beauty of language spring into being at his call. For it is the masterly combination of different styles, their harmonious and charming variety which will stamp his effort as a masterpiece, to live beyond the hour and the occasion which gave it birth. Rhetoric, therefore, cannot disdain style or despise delivery. But since the discourse is without doubt among the highest productions of thought and composition, it is only reasonable to suppose that the student of Rhetoric has previously been training himself in the school of style and artistic elocution or delivery. Thus properly both style and delivery precede Rhetoric and certainly fall outside of its scope. The question sometimes arises, Which is the weightiest part of the discourse and claims the greatest attention from the writer. The speaker is a man speaking to men—a reasonable being addressing reasonable beings. To the reasoning portion, therefore, of he discourse, to the portion which contains the proofs, the why and the wherefore of the speaker's standing before his audience, is the most importance to be attached. It were well that a course of general literature, in which style and its adjuncts—poetry and its kinds—are fully discussed, that a course too of severe logic, treating of the reasoning faculties and their nature and object, of ideas, judgments, propositions, of arguments, their forms and sources, trained and disciplined the mind of the student prior to his entering the class of Rhetoric. Failing, this, however, every Rhetorical work must include some chapters on reasoning and the method of conducting an argument. Rhetoric moreover must embrace an investigation, brief it is true, but correct, of human passions. Prejudices exist—prejudices which withstand the onset of the soundest reasons and which mere argument cannot dislodge. Besides, the human will is at times so degraded as to sin against the light, as to impugn the known truth. The noblest and most difficult triumph of the orator is the one he achieves over long standing prejudices, whether resulting from religious views, national tastes or political bias. Thus it is not sufficient to present proofs—the audience must be interested, their hearts must be touched, their wills moved, some of their emotions checked, others awakened. This victory is impossible unless are elicited those sensible emotions produced in the human heart by the idea or the representation of good or evil, unless are stirred up what are called the passions. Hence the necessity in a faultless system of disclosing the nature and the sources of the passions. The student must learn how in the apprehension of evil or in the desire of good is the fountain of all human emotion, the cause of all human action, the former begetting hatred, the latter love. He will be taught how desire, emulation, hope, pleasure and joy are the offspring of love, and how hatred is the parent of anger, indignation, sorrow and grief. Thus impelled to question history seriously, to observe facts attentively, and to analyze his own experience closely he will learn the necessity of a lively fancy, of keen susceptibility to all producible emotions, and thereby go far to acquire that mastery over the feelings of an audience without which no singal victory is achievable by oratory.

The *audience* is the raw material of the orator's glory. Because there are three kinds of hearers, there are three kinds of oratory or eloquence. Parliamentary or deliberative assemblies reject or adopt a measure. Judicial gatherings decide on the justice or injustice of a fact. Speculative meetings demand the demonstration of the truth or falsehood of a doctrine or opinion in the moral, in the literary or scientific order; and thus we have, determined by the special character of the audience, parliamentary, legal, pulpit and academic eloquence. These three classes of oratory have their respective rules and limits, and with the development of them our system of Rhetoric is complete. So a perfect treatise of Rhetoric is reducible to partial treatises in logical sequence, on the orator, the discourse and the audience. All else falls outside of the scope, does not belong to the "outward limbs and flourishing" even of Rhetoric, for every thing else is either presupposed or is an adjunct supplied by some one or other kindred art.

In thus tracing from the concept of an orator the plan which Rhetoric from the nature of things should follow, in thus building upon a definition, a logical and complete, a clear and intelligible system of oratory, I have sketched outlines only, I have merely presented what the French would call a "catalogue raisonnée" or analytical index of a text-book on Rhetoric. Such text-books exist in other languages. I apprehend, however, that a search after English ones might prove fruitless. There are not wanting, I know, books on Rhetoric in our tongue, but they are not text-books. A text-book after all is a book containing a text or texts for the professor to expound, develop and illustrate in his lectures, and affording the student a leading principle to which he may refer the solution of the difficulties encountered in his studies. Our best books are at best books for consultation, and as such they are not always reliable guides. In Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric for example, out of twenty-five chapters, three (3) chapters only, that is, out of 396 pages scarcely fifty pages are devoted to what is truly the pith and substance of Rhetoric. Blair is diffusive, methodless and is deservedly becoming superannuated, and Whately who had it in his gifts to write well, treats solely of the argumentative part of the discourse. Baine, as far as I am able to judge, approaches nearer to perfection and would be faultless if his plan were more discernible and had not included much redundant matter. Home productions are, I feel loth to say it, open to similar objections. Every conceivable topic is handled and ably too, but the leading lines are indistinct; extraneous matter is brought in; there is, in a word, no system and consequently neither plan nor method.

The Jesuits follow in their schools for every branch of university teaching an appointed method which is called the

ratio studiorum, or method of studies. Though a system and a clearly defined one, it is elastic enough to adapt itself to all the modifications which as time goes on are necessarily introduced by real progress into the accidentals of no matter how complete or perfect an arrangement. Until now that part of our method of studies which directs the professors of Rhetoric includes the system I sketched above, and which is essentially that method which for more than two centuries elicited from friends and foes praise as sincere as it was universal. A rapid summary here of our method of teaching Rhetoric is to the point and may prove not uninteresting.

The class in which the study of Rhetoric is pursued ranks in grade with what is called in other colleges the junior class. We call it the class of Rhetoric. Our text-book, either in Latin or in the vernacular manuscript of the teacher, is strictly in accordance with the method of Rhetoric developed above. One hour and a half daily is devoted to a lecture on a single text, which the student commits to memory and whereof he is obliged to repeat from his own notes the explanation expounded in the class lecture. Two or more of Cicero's speeches are read by the class as well as the Oration on the Crown, a play from Æschylus or Sophocles and a discourse or two from Bossuet or Bourdalone, besides the orations contained in Mr. Goodrich's admirable collection of British Eloquence, to which are added the best efforts of our own countrymen. When a speech, whether Latin, Greek, French or English has been read it is submitted to a thorough rhetorical analysis oral or written. It is tested by questions which bring the author's beauties into the best light and fasten the principles of Rhetoric in the mind of the student. The questions are suggested by the system of Rhetoric: who composed the speech—what reputation does he bear as an orator—against or in favor of what or whom is the speech—to what class of eloquence does it belong—why—nature—qualities—beauties—blemishes—limits of the exordium—express and qualify proposition—what of description and narrative—what arguments—their arrangement—force—method of refutation—how does the discourse end—what passions have been appealed to—why, and with what success. The arguments of the discourse are then reduced to a leading syllogism, and the analysis is completed by a similarly thorough examination of the style.

It will be readily granted that besides recalling and so sinking principles deeply in the memory, an investigation of this nature aids as wonderfully as mathematics in forming the student's mind who, moreover, while thus rifling the splendid treasures of ancient and modern thought familiarizes himself with what is most beautiful in literature and is stimulated to labor and emulation. Nor do we permit the student to content himself with a dry, curt answer to these questions. The answers are so much subject matter which he is to cast and re-cast until they form an essay on the oration, finished in reasoning and style. It will be seen at once that very long speeches can be analyzed only progressively. But there are speeches in the styles of Tacitus, of Homer, of Æschylus, of Milton and of Shakespeare which on account of their brevity and perfectness are admirably adapted for immediate analysis. It is part, too, of the scholar's duty to draw out skeletons of discourses on subjects proposed by the professor, which when approved are returned to be filled out and fashioned into complete speeches. Lastly comes the Debating Society, exclusively for the members of the rhetoric and graduating classes, wherein elocution and delivery is improved and readiness in extempore speaking acquired, thus helping on marvelously and completing the task of rhetorical formation.

In view of the theory and its application it is not too much, I feel, to claim for the method I have endeavored to elucidate the indispensible qualification of logical completeness. Certainly it gives Rhetoric its fitting importance and its proper place in university education. It is not a new method. It goes back to Aristotle, perhaps it is older. To drift away from the beacons set up by antiquity is in many things unsafe and it may mean running into fogs on shoals and rocks. More than once already has true progress been imperilled by mistaken independence and desire for novelty. The old method goes very far toward creating the *vir dicendi peritus*—the man skilled in speech. We have need of such men, for the fight for truth and right is not over yet. What I might call the Aristotelian method is the deadly foe of bombast and sophistry. Where nature is not entirely recalcitrant it must of necessity produce more than the average speaker, and where nature is propitious a finished orator will be the result.

So perfect however, is the conception formed by the ancients of the orator that unenlightened though they were by the full radiance of the Christian dispensation, they have not lost sight of the moral element, *vir bonus*. An upright man he must be. Whatever their practice their theory is salutary. They knew that to confine the speaker within the limits of truth and right far from contracting but increases his power and widens his sway. They were aware that the principles of Rhetoric were indissolubly wedded to the dictates of morality, and that no man could put them asunder. They were too keen sighted not to see, and too candid not to avow that without correct principles and noble sentiments there may be skill in speech but the orator will be faithless to his trust and recreant to his mission, will enable the wings of his genius to remain on lower planes and never soar to sublime heights. We remember how enamored the Greeks were of beautiful form, graceful motion and statuesque poses—how willingly they surrendered to the spell of harmonious sounds and numbers—how they glorified the intellect active, ready, penetrating, grand in its views and rich in its acquirements—how they revelled in the gorgeous creations of a full, brilliant, lofty and chaste imagination—yet they desiderated more even than all this in their orator—they asked for the strong will always directed to good always impelled by high motives and guided by lofty aims. For it was too clear to them that the upright man was more than triply armed by his virtue. He could speak of God because he served him. He had a right to speak of religion because he obeyed it, of his country for he loved it, of virtue for he practised it, of character for his was unblemished, of honor for his own was beyond reproach. The moral effect of all this, the resistless eloquence of unsullied worth and integrity; could be supplied neither by flights of genius nor by zeal of party.

A matchless orator and a finished rhetorician of modern times, Edmund Burke, affirms that it is never well to depart at once or altogether from antiquity. How true this is for other things is not for me to state here, but for the matter to which I have been addressing myself, that is regarding Rhetoric and its systems, my humble opinion is that until better roads are opened the old ones are safer than the new.

O. F. W.

IN MEMORIAM,

W. J. K.

Could we but pluck the anguish that we feel
From out our breast, and hush this yearning strong
That cries like some reiterated song,
For that against which there is no appeal;

Were but our heart to stone turned or to steel
That we might get some respite from our wrong,
And list not to the many-voiced throng
Of loves that nightly for their dead one kneel;

Then grinning Death were grown a harmless thing,
And men might sup and fillip in his face,
And bid him point his victim as he rose,—

'Twould be a dragon reft of fire and sting,
A painted storm that, howling from its place,
Could o'er us fling but painted spray of woes. J.

THE "PHÆTON."

A SEA STORY.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

A MONTH on shore is enough to weary a sailor of the land-shark and of the irregular life he must needs live in a crowded city. He pines for the fresh sea-air and tires of replenishing his purse which, as if by magic, in a wonderfully short while loses its contents. I had been paid off in New York, and after some weeks of pleasure and extravagance had at last drained my pockets of everything but a ten-dollar bill. This, I knew would be needed in equipping myself for the next voyage. Therefore one bright sunny morning in the month of June I wended my way to the East River docks, and after a careful survey of the idle craft I singled out one little brig, taut and trim from keel to yards. She was one of the finest merchantmen that ever ploughed the ocean's waves; and had not, I venture to believe, the wrath of Divine Providence settled upon her captain and crew, she would to this day be carrying cargoes to some one or other of the world's ports.

Going aboard I asked for the captain, and was shown by a Chinaman, in whom I afterwards discovered the cook, to his cabin. I was received in a very cordial way and was told by the captain to have all my effects on board in a week's time, as he was going to sail a week from the morrow. He also informed me that the ship was bound for Melbourne, by way of Cape Horn. This only increased my desire to embark on the voyage, as I had always entertained a wish to visit the great metropolis and sea-port of Australia. My papers signed, I took leave of the captain, and proceeded at once to make ready for the trip.

Promptly at seven on the night designated I went aboard and was introduced to my shipmates. Truly, at sight of them I almost regretted my bargain; for a more degraded and uncouth set of men I had never before met. However, I soon determined to make myself at home, and turned in that night rather earlier than usual. My companions sat around a table gaming, drinking and swearing until a late hour. Next morning, when it was time to rise and get everything ready for the favoring breeze, the debauchers of the night before were quite loath to do so, and delivered themselves of oaths enough to make a man with even fewer pretensions to piety than myself blush. My refusal to join in the night's revelry had, no doubt, rendered me extremely odious, for as I left the close and smelling forecastle, I overheard a very vile epithet hissed after me by one of the crowd.

Once at sea, the captain threw off the mask he had striven so long to wear and became a very Lucifer among his men. In some unaccountable way I had become the special object of his hatred, and he imposed upon me all the dirty work of the vessel. The mate was nothing more than the captain's silent tool, and was too big a coward to refuse to execute the latter's basest behest. The crew, and they were ten, were even worse than I had surmised on first acquaintance, for never a meal passed without some brawl or dispute, and on one occasion a man cut another very severely on the forehead over a game of cards. Such were my fellow passengers to Melbourne, and I could not with any regard for myself select a friend from their company. I soon determined if the Phæton, for that was the brig's name, touched at any port on its journey, to at once part companionship with it and its dastardly crew. The captain I detested, the mate I both pitied and looked down upon, and the crew I regarded as so many cats and dogs.

But here dogs, as the sequel will show, behaved far better than men. There happened to be on board a large Newfoundland dog, and with him speechless and irrational as he was, because in sheer need of a friend, of some one above the level of my shipmates, I struck up an acquaintance. He proved a faithful companion, and the affectionate looks from his large brown eyes would frequently console me and cause me to forget the injuries of the day. In the quiet of the night the dog and I would sit together upon the forecastle, I patting his neck and he licking my hand. Sometimes he would stretch full length upon the deck and allow me to rest my head upon his shaggy back. Once on his account I got into a scrape of quite a serious nature, and had not the following events happened, I doubt if I would now be living to tell the story. Our cook, the Chinaman above alluded to, found Zip (for such was my comrade's name,) lying in the kitchen. Then the fiend, always in bad humor, seized the poor brute by the collar and with one kick sent him flying through the door. I happened to be near and seeing the whole affair, neatly chastised "John Chinaman" for his fun. He of course reported me to the captain, and the captain ordered the customary flogging. At this new insult and injustice I seized a block lying near, and as the mate stepped forward to obey I struck him full in the head, felling him senseless to the deck. Then rushing upon the monster who called himself captain, before my right senses returned, I nearly strangled him to death. The other sailors during the conflict stood by, seeming to enjoy the whole affair; they were actually too lazy and too indolent to help their insulted captain. When I had finished with the latter he was unable to rise, and he and the mate were taken below to their berths. I then went aft, gave the cook the rest of his dues and liberated my friend Zip, who had been chained during the fight.

That night the wind became stronger and lashed the sea into greater fury than before. The crew, deprived of commander and mate, made a raid upon the larder, where they found a considerable amount of brandy. This they divided among themselves and drank in such doses that they were soon as intoxicated as human beings could possibly be. The wind steadily increased in force, till it blew an out and out hurricane. The ship had been sailing under full canvas during the day, and with neither officers nor men was allowed to have her own way. Waves mountain high came rolling past and the ship, with all her sails spread to such a gale, groaned and creaked under the unequal strain. Suddenly there came a lull, and the sails flapped indolently against the masts. Again the ship was lifted upon a monstrous billow, just in time to catch the blast with renewed violence. This was followed by a noise like the report of a cannon. Looking aft, I saw a white object carried some distance on the wings of the wind and then disappear in the darkness. It proved to be one of the topmost sails. Though I had already recognized the impossibility of one man's getting the ship in order, I nevertheless took my post at the hitherto unmanaged wheel to at least for a time avert the impending danger. But soon, as the brig was lifted upon a wave higher than the rest, there came an awful crash, and down went the mizzen-mast, carrying with it the upper yards of the mainmast. I lashed the wheel and taking an axe rushed to the side to clear away the wreck. It was too late! Another huge wave came close behind, and seizing the brig tossed it about like a toy.

The Phæton broached to, and the next rolling mountain, breaking over sides, sent barrels of water into hold, forecastle and cabin. The captain's cabin was completely filled, and, needless to say, both he and the mate perished. About five men, lying in a deep stupor in the forecastle, were also drowned. The other drunkards asleep upon the deck were all, with one exception, swept overboard. The Chinaman, who was not so badly off as his companions, I saw holding to the side of his galley as a flash of lightning revealed the scene of death and desolation around. Where was Zip? This was my first thought as I beheld the flooded hold and empty deck. Another flash came and I saw the faithful animal curled up in the fore-part of the ship.

In spite of my efforts to the contrary, the Phæton again broached to, and with the receding wave there came a third flash of lightning, disclosing to my eyes a sight I piously hope never again to witness.

The reflux carried with it the body of the Chinaman, who laughed and swore hysterically. The look upon his ghoulish face could belong to no being of earth, it mirrored a soul in hell. I felt the vessel fast sinking, and counting it certain death to remain on a sinking ship, I commended myself to Providence and sprang out into the waves. Another moment and the Phæton was no more. It took all my strength to combat with the huge billows, and this was fast failing me. At length, when full of the thought that I must soon surely give up, I felt something tugging at my collar, and turning round I beheld the faithful Zip, who had singled me out and thus come to my rescue. I could have hugged the big Newfoundland, had not circumstances forbidden The water, though it was summer and we were some distance south, was very cold, and my feet, hands and whole body were numb. After hanging between life and death for about twenty minutes and still supported by true old Zip, fortune favored me; I espied, drifting on the crest of a coming billow, one of the Phæton's life boats. I clutched it eagerly with both hands and clambering in pulling Zip after me. That night was weary enough, but as the first rays of dawn lighted the horizon, the gale abated womewhat in its fury. As the day advanced both sea and wind went down; about noon a steady breeze blew over a sea just rough enough to be enjoyed. But still another and a greater danger started us in the face. Whence was the drink to come, and whence the food? My thirst, now aggravated by the rays of the scorching sun, was already beginning to torture me, and I could fully sympathize with poor Zip, who would sometimes creep with a moan from his place in the bow, rub his nose against my hand, and then look piteously into my face. The night, it is true, brought us some relief; but when the sun again ascended the heavens. our thirst became almost intolerable. The sea remained in a glassy calm, not a breath of air moved over its smooth surface. I felt that my pangs must be in some measure alleviated, so without a moment's thought I flung myself into the sea and began swimming about. What may have been Zip's motive in following me, I do not know, but in another second he too sprang into the water and swam towards me. Wishing to humor the dog and make him in some way forget his agonizing thirst, I struck out for the boat, and just as Zip was about to grab me by the collar, dodged around the corner. I had hardly done so when I heard a yelp, and looking in the dog's direction I saw the water tinged with blood and poor Zip struggling in the throes of death. Another moment, and he was jerked forever beneath the waves. Too well, alas, I knew the cause of all. The voracious shark had seized the poor animal and devoured him almost before my very eyes. Trembling for my own safety, I seized the side of the skiff and drew myself in just as the fin of a second monster scraped my foot. As I took my seat in the boat, thoughts of all Zip's noble deeds crowded into my mind and hiding my face in my hands I sobbed aloud. The loss of this faithful animal was to me the loss of my bes friend, and I felt more lonesome than ever.

Night came on, and tired by the day's adventure I soon dropped into a profound slumber. Next morning I was awakened by the rays of the sun, and rising up beheld with unmixed feelings of joy a full-rigged ship bearing directly towards me. Standing in the bow of the boat I waved my shirt, hoping to thus attract attention. But the ship was a long way off and nine chances out of ten the sharpest look-out would fail to see me. On, on came the vessel, until she seemed to be no more than two miles away. Then tacking to the east she left me to my fate. A groan of despair escaped my lips. In vain I shouted and waved my shirt. It only made my thirst the more intense and robbed me of what little strength I had left. Sinking into the bottom of the boat I fell into a stupor; how long I lay there I cannot conjecture. When I revived I found it raining, and my lips were moist. Oh! with what eagerness I held out my hands

to receive the falling drops. I rather drank the vapor-laden air than inhaled it. This was indeed a round-about and tedious way of satisfying a tantalizing thirst, but it was the only means at my disposal. When morning came the clouds disappeared, but a cool breeze starting up made the day less disagreeable than it might otherwise have been. Lying back in the boat I thought of my younger days. My mother's image rose again and again before my eyes. I fancied her exhorting me to return to the home from which in the folly of my youth I had fled. There too, I saw my sister, now a young lady and perhaps married. A pang of remorse shot through my whole being, and I determined if ever I set foot on land again to seek my long lost parent and sister, and to turn the earnings of each voyage to their support.

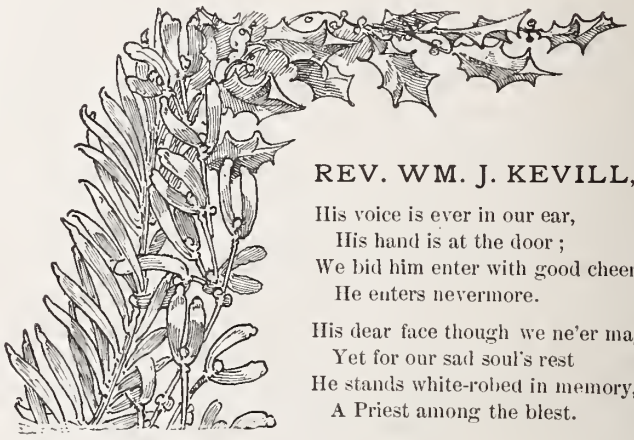
As I sat thus musing over and repenting for past actions, I again scanned the horizon and beheld a steamer bound in my direction. Knowing full well that no need of tacking would this time blast my hopes, I patiently awaited her approach. It was positive pleasure to watch the dark smoke ascend from the pipes, soar aloft in the sky and there remain stationary, as if wishing to conceal from my eyes what lay above. As the vessel neared I again waved my shirt. My rude signal was seen. For presently a puff of white smoke issued from the steamer's side and then the report of a cannon came rumbling over the waves. A boat shot from the vessel and from the measured stroke of the sailors I at once concluded that my deliverer was a man-of-war. All doubt about her nationality was quickly removed by a glimpse of the Stars and Stripes flapping from the stern-sheets. The men sent out to rescue asked me no questions. A genial young midshipman politely invited me aboard. I readily assented, and soon found that the thoughtful commander, anticipating my wants, had supplied the little launch with both food and drink. When we reached the cruiser I was so weak that I had to be carried up the gangway. I was at once taken below and placed under medical attendance. After drinking about half a bowl of hot broth I sank into a sound sleep. Next morning I awoke quite refreshed and feeling much better; but the doctor would not allow me under any circumstances to leave my bed. I was visited by the captain also, and to him told my story, carefully concealing my identity with the mutinous sailor who had knocked down my captain and thus indirectly caused the wreck of the Phæton. He told me that his vessel was bound for Baltimore, and that I could either enlist with him or go ashore there. I decided upon the latter course, for Baltimore was only a few miles distant from the home of my boyhood, and I was resolved to keep the promise passed between my conscience and me. I was confined to my bed for three days, and on the morning of the fourth we had reached the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay. The next day I was walking the streets of Baltimore.

Taking a local train over the B. & O., I was whirled along towards home, and in the short space of half an hour found myself once more upon my native heath. I enquired for my mother's cottage and was told that it still occupied the same old place. She opened the door herself, and wanted to know what my business was.

"Why, mother! don't you know me?" I exclaimed, as I threw my arms around her and wept for joy.

"My son, my long lost son!" she sobbed, as she threw her arms around my neck.

This brought my sister in, and she too recognized me after six dull years of separation. As I had conjectured when floating alone in that fragile skiff upon the merciless deep, she was married and had a beautiful little boy two years old. Amid surroundings so happy, I bring my pitiful tale to a close, persuaded that of all my sea adventures, and they have been not a few, my experience with the Phæton was most appalling and dangerous. BANKS MOORE, '95.



REV. WM. J. KEVILL, S. J.

His voice is ever in our ear,
His hand is at the door;
We bid him enter with good cheer,—
He enters nevermore.

His dear face though we ne'er may see,
Yet for our sad soul's rest
He stands white-robed in memory,
A Priest among the blest.

Father Kevill is dead! This is the sad news that but a few days ago sent a thrill of sorrow through the hearts of us all at Fordham. The announcement was so sudden and startling that it had to be repeated again and again before the full significance of that one short sentence could be fully realized. Father Kevill dead! is the cry that escaped from us at first, and the same cry, as an echo, is still ringing in our hearts, trying to win for itself a reality of belief. It was only last August he left us, young, strong, and eager for the new field of work opened out to him in Washington, and as we bade him a last farewell, none ever thought that ere the year had run its course, death would come and claim him as its own. And now he is brought home to Fordham, in memory at least, home to those that loved him, to claim from them the last tribute of love, sorrow and regret. For the three years of his stay here he endeared himself to us, winning esteem from all and love from most; and though his departure was our loss, there was some satisfaction in the thought that the same good qualities that had gained for him our sincere affection, his genial and kindly manners, his ready sympathy for all, his gifts of heart and head, were now working unto the weal of many a poor soul in his new field of labor, for there in Washington he had begun to engage more largely in the work of the ministry. But God has called him to Himself; death has come, and a rude awakener has it been for us. It has called up such a host of sweet and bitter thoughts that we have not the heart to undertake an obituary story of his life and death, but leave it to those who stood at

a greater distance from him and who may view it more calmly. We append the account of the Washington *Church News* for March 15, 1891.

"As we were on the eve of going to press with our loca page, which contained the announcement that the Rev. William J. Kevill, S J., would preach Sunday morning in St. Aloysius' Church on "The Atonement," the sad news came to us that the beloved young priest had received the last summons and gone to enjoy the fruit of the atonement of which he was to speak. Although the angel of death came to him so unexpectedly, it did not find him unprepared; and whilst the devout son of St. Ignatius would doubtless have been willing to labor a little longer in his holy calling, whilst his desire was to instruct the ignorant, preach the Gospel and comfort the departing, he was perfectly resigned to the wil of God. By his beautiful death he edified his companions of the Society as he had edified them by his exemplary life.

About a week ago Father Kevill was taken with a severe cold, although it was not thought he was in a dangerous condition until last Wednesday, when it was discovered that he was quite ill with pneumonia.

At 11 o'clock Thursday morning he received the last rites of the Church. A few hours later he asked for his Breviary, then calling the members of the community around, he asked them to forgive anything he had done to disedify them, and his pure spirit went to enjoy the reward of a noble, zealous and holy life.

Saturday morning the Office of the Dead was recited by the clergy of the city at 9 o'clock. At the close of this solemn service Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Cornelius Gillespie, S. J., Rector of the parish. The remains were then taken to Georgetown College. On the arrival of the funeral cortege in the college grounds it was met by the Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., rector, the community and the students. A few minutes later all that was mortal of Father Kevill was consigned to the grave in the college cemetery, Father Richards pronouncing the last absolution. The services throughout were exceedingly simple and solemn.

Death, at all times sad, was especially so in this case, as the deceased had only a few days before his death been in good health and full of zeal and devotion. The sad countenances of those gathered around the little grave gave evidence of how sincere was their sorrow.

The Rev. William J. Kevill was born in Norfolk, Va., November 17, 1853. His father is Capt. Thos. Kevill, chief of the Norfolk Fire Department. His mother is in very delicate health and was unable to come to see her son before his death. He left two brothers and two sisters. One of the latter is the wife of Mr. Michael Glennan, of the Norfolk *Virginian.*

Father Kevill's education was begun in the parish school of St. Mary's Church during the pastorate of the Rev. Father O'Keefe. From Norfolk he went to Louvain, and passed through college and the celebrated university. Monsignor Schroeder, of the Catholic University, was one of his professors at Louvain. Father Kevill passed through a two-years' course of philosophy and theology at Louvain, and was on the eve of being ordained for the Richmond Diocese when he resolved to enter the Society of Jesus.

Returning to the United States, he entered the Society of Jesus, March 3, 1881, and was sent to the novitiate at Manresa, West Park, N. Y. From there he went to Frederick and finally to Woodstock, where he finished his course in philosophy and theology. He was ordained at Woodstock in August, 1887. He celebrated his first Mass in the college chapel, and soon went to Fordham College, where he taught rhetoric and belles-lettres for three years.

Among those with whom he associated at the various periods of his life he was always a favorite, being beloved by all, companions, superiors and servants. Highly cultivated, generous and pious, to know him was to be attracted by his many noble virtues, and an extended acquaintance was sure to ripen into love."

No voice so sweet when life is sad,
No hand so fraught with blessing,
As Christ's sweet voice : "Be thou made glad,"
And his fond hand caressing.

TO A PREMATURE BREEZE OF SPRING.

Blow yet again ! blow through my casement, breeze !
O, let me feel once more thy breath of spring
Athwart my weary brow awakening—
As airy fingers o'er the ivory keys
Sweet music—thoughts of April and of May,
Which after thee I deem not far away.

Aye, rapt into the freshening night whence thou
Hast hither come to me, I quite forgot
Crabb'd winter still holds fast the garden plot ;
And fancied wee buds tufting every bough,
And green grass carpeting the tender sward
With daisies and forget-me-nots bestarr'd.

Blow yet again ! and link me to my dream ;
Nor force me to confess thee but a breath
From some far land where Nature knows no death
Of unrequited love for the warm beam ;
But reigns the amorous Sun's unwith'ring bride
Adorned with orange blooms and flowers pied.

I hearken in expectancy amain
To catch from midnight air the softest stir
Or faintest sound, from which I might infer
Thy winging hither—it is all in vain !
And for my heart I now can but redeem
A dream-realization of its dream !

For I betake me to the poet's verse :
Hear ling'ring zephyrs among blossoms blow,
And hurrying brooklets over pebbles flow,
And all the joys of spring full oft rehearse,
Basking in April sunshine's rain-bow blush,
While moaning March winds o'er the meadows rush.

And then, mayhap, when spring is come at last,
Thou'lt hither through my casement blow once more ;
And drop a wafted petal on the floor,
As token that the winter's overpast.
Yes, do thou come anon, awakening
Me from the fancied to the real spring !

DAVID ARELLANO, '91.

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MARCH, 1891.

SANCTUM

Unto the beat of shower drums
Blithe April marches past; sweet May
Like winged odor fades away;
And June before we know it comes.

We call our reader's attention to the poetical justice of the above. It very aptly reminds us that the next three months, like the rest of time, are going to steal on us and steal from us. April and May shall soon be over, and ere long, June too shall be here with the Jubilee, and *all quality, pride, pomp and circumstance* of Commencement Day. The Jubilee proper shall consist in the unveiling of a statue to Archbishop Hughes, the Founder of the College, a military mass, the cadet drill and the usual Commencement exercises; but as the celebration is merely a commemoration of the past, we are of opinion that the Monthly should also take part in the way of a grand illustrated edition. For this we have the prospectus:—may it not prove a mere

Circle bounding earth and skies,
Which lures from far yet as we follow flies!

There shall be a historical department composed of the local and personal history of the College from its establishment in '41 to our own day, with an account of the different societies and associations; and a literary department consisting of the best articles, prose and verse, that have ever appeared in the Monthly, with some choice selections from the Goose Quill, the racy little periodical got up away back in the fifties by the gifted Ham, and therefore the worthy predecessor of the Monthly. It goes without saying that such an undertaking has a deep claim on the encouragement and support of all the students of the College, past and present, because in it they are all to be represented specifically, since there can scarcely be one among them who has not in his day figured on the Rose Hills, in the Dramatic Society, in the Monthly, in the Debating Society or the Historical, or in the ranks of the Cadets. Therefore from the old students we expect pecuniary contributions and contributions in the way of reminiscences of their times; and from the present students as we cannot ask the latter we will be content with the former. Let each one then do his best, resting assured that be that best ever so little it shall not be unwelcome or go unappreciated: and so the united efforts of all will conduce to the consummation of the great work in hand for the honor and glory of our Alma Mater on the celebration of her fiftieth birthday.

We are on the threshold of the base ball season. The schedule of games surpasses those of all other years in quantity and quality. It contains some thirty odd dates with Princeton, Williams, Wesleyan, Cornell, Lafayette, Columbia and many other famous nines. For the rich base ball treat which such a list promises, we are obliged to our Father Prefect and our energetic little Manager; for the great honor which future victories will reflect on the College we are indebted in advance to the nine which gives earnest of doing excellent work. With a lively hope that the Queen of Heaven to whom we have so often and so fervently chanted her own Magnificat, will grant the nine *bright sunny days* and

Strew laurell'd victory and smooth success
Before their feet,

we beg to tender our editorial congratulations to our Father Prefect and to our Manager for their endeavors to make the base ball season of 1891 worthy of past years and of the year of the College Jubilee.

We print elsewhere a brief account of the latest meeting of the Hughes Monument Committee. Evidently the project is tightening its grasp on the minds and purses of our leading Alumni, and of representative Catholics not of this College. These all we cordially thank for pushing the project to its present status and for the bright promise they hold out to us of bringing their work to a timely completion.

The Sabre, a magazine published at the Pennsylvania Military Academy, has just been ushered into existence. It presents a robust and comely appearance, and will no doubt push its way. The editor-in-chief is our old friend Joseph I. Kelly, '87, and among the editors is the name of Thomas F. Kelly, '87. Let us say, good luck to *The Sabre*. Joe and Tom, we salute ye.

ECHO.

E'er hast thou seen Queen Juno's maid
Whose fairy form is in the dell?
Thou hast heard her voice; but in the glade
E'er hast thou seen Queen Juno's maid?
Ah, naught but her sweet serenade
Makes Echo dear to us. But tell,
E'er hast thou seen Queen Juno's maid
Whose fairy form is in the dell?

O Echo, when such strains are thine,
What of thy laughter loving eyes!
Bereft by Juno? 'tis a crime,
O Echo, when such strains are thine,
Thy fair form gone? nay do not pine,
For with thee mortals sympathize
O Echo, when such strains are thine,
What of thy laughter loving eyes!

Then ring thy song throughout the vale,
Make yonder hill-tops chant thy lay,
First joyous be and ne'er bewail,
Then ring thy song throughout the vale.
Hark thou the hunter's trumpet hail,—
Speed to his ears thy greeting gay:
Then ring thy song throughout the vale
Make yonder hill-tops chant thy lay.

J. Howlin Farley, '93.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

—The Society of the Alumni of St. John's College has been doing very laudable work of late in the way of giving an impetus to subscriptions for the Hughes Monument Fund. As an evidence of this we need but recall the citizens' meeting held on March 20th in the hall of the De la Salle Institute. The Rev. Father Scully, the Rector of the College was present. Judge Morgan J. O'Brien presided, and addresses were made by Col. John O'Byrne, ex-Judge Gunning S. Bedford, and Gen. James R. O'Beirne. Among a list of Vice-Presidents chosen were Mayor Grant, Comptroller Myers, Frederic R. Coudert, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Judge Joseph F. Daly, John D. Crimmins, the Rev. Sylvester Malone, Thomas F. Gilroy, ex-Mayor Grace, Gen. McMahon, ex-Judge Bedford, the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, and ex-Judge Charles P. Daly. A circular letter will be sent out signed by Judge O'Brien and others, asking for financial aid. The sum of $4,700 has already been raised, and the committee announce that they can use from $10,000 to $15,000 more. Seventeen hundred dollars of the $4,700 was subscribed at the meeting. Among the recent subscribers are ex-Mayor Grace, $250; ex-Mayor Cooper, $250; Thomas F. Ryan, $250; John Hughes, $200; Archbishop Corrigan, $100; Judge O'Brien, $100; Col. O'Byrne, $100; ex-Judge Bedford, $100, and C. C. Baldwin, $100. The movement originated about two years ago with the alumni of St. John's College, of which Archbishop Hughes was the founder. The statue is to be of heroic size, and will represent the Archbishop attired in his cassock and in the act of delivering a speech. The model is now nearly completed. William Rudolph O'Donovan is the artist.

—Arrangements have been begun already, and active work is now in progress for the due celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Fordham College. Among the engagements of His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, for the month of June, as published in the *Sun* of March 22d, is one to attend the semi-centenary of St. John's College, Wednesday, June 24th. It appears from latest reports that all the festivities will be begun and carried through within the space of one day. And of this single golden day it is to be hoped that all lovers of dear old Fordham, and they are legion, will make the most. What a grand re-union that will be of old hearts and hands and faces under the time-honored and aged branches of the commencement trees.

—Not the least thankworthy and pleasure-giving part of the late entertainment praised ubiquitously in this issue, was the presence in our midst that evening of Lieut. and Mrs. Edwards. Only those who have stood or strutted nervously upon the college stage are able to conceive how much courage, confidence and inspiration can come to a youthful actor at sight of kind and respected friends in the audience. We must say that we felt honestly proud that the players quitted themselves so artistically before our honorable visitors.

—The news of the departure of Rev. Patrick Dealy, S. J., from Fordham College, came unwelcome to all of us. Father Dealy was our chaplain for several years, and he will always be remembered as a kind-hearted and devoted friend. We wish him every joy in his new abode, and look forward to frequent visits from him during the weeks that still remain to us of '91.

—The article on the Bronx Park in the New York *Herald* of March 22d was a revelation to many New Yorkers. They had no idea that so many beautiful bits of scenery fringed the banks of a river which a quondam student of our college in a poetic effusion dubbed the Snuffy Bronx. Verily, there are hidden on what was once the property of St. John's, nooks of delightful loveliness which would have set the eye of a true poet rolling in very fine phrensy. Sites there are which moneyed men would give millions to possess and use for building manor and mansions, and castles, too. Many and many a time have our boys made "an universal shout" on the edges of the classic stream which gives the new Park its name. Repeatedly has the Bronx trembled underneath her banks to hear the replication of their sounds made on her concave shores. It was our old swimming ground—our old tramping ground. Orators of yore were wont to repair to the shades which darken its waters to rehearse their speeches for Commencement Day. It is a river, is the Bronx, memorable in American history. A British general of revolutionary fame is said to have proposed the northern entrance of the stream as a gateway whereby the English fleet could sail through and capture New York. Old river, thou hast touched a pathetic cord. Sweet are thy glimpses as seen from the hills around. Glad, glad indeed are we, that thousands are going to be admitted to gaze upon thy placid face. Roll on! and in thy myriad whisperings speak to the thronging multitudes of the gay free spirits that frolicked in thy waters and were thy first lovers, and who still hold thee in affection. Thy waters flow into the sea and pass by many

shores where the friends of thy earlier days are fighting for duty and fame, and pass by graves where are at rest many who sported in thy glades and bushes.

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I flow on for ever."

—We are building fast and well. The Faculty building is an accomplished fact. The exterior is complete with the exception of the cupola, which is gradually climbing on its arched highway to the stars. Alas! that we cannot put up without pulling down! Old Fordhamites can scarcely recognize their old home. Second Division study hall, with its adjoining dormitories and play rooms and candy store, was demolished last summer. Is there no poetry on Second Division? What kind of hearts must they have, not to have breathed a poetic sigh over the fall of a home wherein, in spite of its ugliness, they spent many happy hours! Earlier in the summer the Castle fell. The Castle! what memories this name will bring to the students of the sixties, seventies, and eighties! The square brown brick building looked quietly down n so many generations of students and masters. It served so many purposes. It was the Vice-President's office, it contained the rooms of the lay teachers and many of the post-graduates and philosophers. It was the shrine —Heaven save the mark!—of the English classes. What fragrant odors poured out of the windows in the days when the chemists of English and Latin philosophy analysed the unknown compounds put tremblingly into their hands by FF. Freeman & Ziegler. The Roman baths were there. At one time it was the workshop of Brother Smith. But it has fallen, and its bricks are hidden and unrecognizable in the walls of the splendid Faculty building whose uprearing compelled its downfall.

—The work of tearing down is only in its prime. The structure which is or rather was, a hyphen connecting the Castle with the Chapel, now lies a pile of mortar and bricks. The shed which sprung from it, sheltering a narrow path of some thirty feet, is no more. How varied the history of house and shed. Under the shed walked many a father now at rest in the little cemetery near the greenhouse. Their forms come up before us as we write. We remember FF. Thebaud, Shea, Gockeln, Fitzpatrick, Driscoll, Fouche, Legouais, Pelletier, Wellworth, Moylan, Treanor and Doucet. They have all gone down the narrow path which widens as the goal is neared into the splendid immensities of eternity. Many a time did the altar boys loiter beneath the covering which made a walk in unpleasant weather a pleasing possibility. The Brothers took their summer recreation there. The old, however, must make way for the new. When Fr. Rector's plan is completed the graceful gallery on the south and east of the Faculty hall will provide us once more with the facilities we have lost by this last removal. So we say to our beloved, venerated and venerable patriarch, author, linguist, historian, and universal genius, Fr. Jouin, to be of good heart, for the days that are to come will be better far than those that were.

—A new feature of the Monday night Study Hall talks, with which Father Halpin entertains the students of the different Divisions, is the attendance of the graduating class.

—Father Pittar is putting up a new backstop, which will be more efficient in every way than its predecessor.

—Rev. Fr. Fargis, S. J., for a long time professor he and whose management of the Dramatic Association created a glorious epoch in the history of our theatre, paid us a visit last week. He returns to Georgetown, where he is in charge of the Observatory, next week.

—Father Reed, S.J., St. Peter's, Jersey City, spent a few days with us during Passion Week.

—The sermon on Good Friday was preached by Mr. Shealy, S. J. Easter Sunday night Father Halpin, S. J., addressed the students.

—It is very edifying to witness the solemn devotion of the boys at the Stations of the Cross. Their demeanor and singing are superlatively inspiring.

—Brother Considine, who for a long time had charge of the wardrobe, has been sent to Georgetown College.

—Father McGoldrick, S. J., is preparing boys for first Communion and Confirmation. He is Chaplain of the College, vice Father Dealy who is now stationed at St. Lawrence's Church, East 84th Street, N. Y. City.

A familiar and ever welcome face was seen at the College on our late play nights. It was that of Mr. T. J. Gaffney Taaffe '90, whom we all of recent years remember as one of our ideal College actors. A right down regular royal cheer was given to Mr. Taaffe by all old Second as soon as he appeared on the quadrangle between First and Second Division. The Monthly sends him and his class mates whom we should be glad to cheer would they but condescend to visit us, the heartiest of greetings and well wishes.

To Rev. Father Halpin, S. J., Vice-President, the various classes are indebted for the opportunities they will have to display their knowledge of class matters in their respective specimens. These specimens will take place in the following order:

March 25—1st English.
April 1—English B. L.
" 6—English Rhetoric.
" 15—3d Grammar, 2d.
" 20—Chemistry.
" 22—3d Grammar, 1st.
" 27—2d Grammar.
" 30—1st Grammar.
May 4—Classics.
" 6—Belles Lettres.
" 11—Rhetoric.
" 24—Public Debate (Latinists).
" 31— " " (English).

STRANGE THINGS.

'Tis strange that in this world of ours
So much of sadness dwells,
When every leaf and every flower
A tale of goodness tells.

'Tis strange that men and women
From God who hateth sin,
Should turn aside the gifts He gave
And ne'er His treasures win.

'Tis strange that they who hold the reins
Of power within their hand,
Should spread so little peace and joy
Throughout their native land.

'Tis strange that they who roll in wealth
In idle comfort live,
Forget that He will cherish those
Who from their plenty give.

'Tis strange that sullen hate devours
Hearts that came from Love,
But now in fiendish enmity
From God and justice rove.

'Tis strange that God is so forgot,
And stranger when we think
Our little narrow thoughts of Him
So far below Him sink.

'Tis strange we are so very strange,
'Tis strange we never see
The half of God's own strangest love,
And to Him strangers be.

DIF.

THE DRAMA.

On the evening of Washington's birthday we witnessed one of the best dramatic entertainments of the college year. The play presented was "The White Horse of the Peppers"; and the farce "The Irish Tiger". Considering the short time the students had for preparing their parts the production of the drama and farce was really a master-piece for college students.

When the curtain rose, after a neat and well-intended prologue by Mr. McLean, the scene presented was that of a drawing room in an Irish castle. Mr. McCreary in the garb of an old man was very uneasy about his son who was fighting the English. Soon the son enters with two gentlemen, the one an English Colonel, the other Major Mansfeldt, both of whom he had rescued from the fury of the outraged Irish peasantry. Major Mansfeldt, with waving whiskers and face decorated from the effects of hard drinking, struts about, wondering at the richness of the Irish castle. The plot presently thickens and Mansfeldt is found to be a Dutch mercenary in search of an estate which he had won by his services in the English army, and which happened to be the very estate that Gerald Pepper had forfeited by his loyalty to Ireland. Before the curtain falls young Gerald determines to thwart the designs of the Dutchman.

In the next scene we behold a number of buffoons seated outside a rural inn endeavoring to drown themselves. Gerald then enters, lays before them his plot to deceive the Dutchman, and obtains their willing assistance. He proposes to lead Mansfeldt to some lonely hovel and to show him acres of bog and fen as his estate instead of the rich lands bestowed on the Major by the English Government..

The ruse succeeds admirably and at the end of the play after many trials, the Dutch mercenary gladly deeds his entire estate to Gerald Pepper in return for a white horse.

The chief characters were represented by Messrs. Keating and Callahan. Both were well adapted to their parts and showed considerable talent. The time of preparation nine days in all, was so short that the young gentlemen did not manifest all that they were capable of doing; but they are destined to have their names, if not themselves, handed down to posterity at St. John's as bright stars of the Dramatic Association.

In the farce the acting abilities of Mr. McNally were displayed to their best advantage. As an Irish tiger, it would be difficult to find his superior. Mr. McNally, on the stage is as natural as he is comical, and he has already established an enviable reputation at Fordham. May his fidelity painstaking and success with his parts induce others to follow his example.

Eugene Reilly made his debut in the farce and acted extremely well. However, it was rumored about the Division that he was charged for ruining a moustache.

Thus the play and farce filled our hearts with jollity and fun for the evening. Had Washington himself seen it, he would have laughed heartily, no doubt, and been proud of such a performance.

MICHAEL DORAN, '94.

THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH.

St. Patrick's Day '91 is a day long to be remembered in the history of St. John's. Leaving the Military display to the Battalion Editor, we will say a few words concerning the treat of the evening,—the play, and the smitingly lovely faces of the actors who took part therein.

"A Celebrated Case" was chosen for performance and success marked its every feature. We happened to notice handkerchiefs and tears in the course of the evening, and this has a story to tell.

The play itself was a happy choice. It has been produced many times upon the Amateur stage and always with good fortune. The scene is laid in France. The plot tells of a soldier in the French army, who has displayed great heroism at Fontenoy, meeting the Count De Mornay, dying on the road after the battle, and of his receiving a trust. The soldier, by name Jean Renaud, thinking it better to place the trust in safe keeping runs to his home, a short distance away, and confides the treasure to his father, whom he has not seen for months. An open window reveals the hiding place to a camp follower, who, after Renaud's departure, enters, kills the father and makes away with the trust. The grandfather's cries for help arouse his grandson in an adjoining room who thinks the grandsire is quarrelling with the lad's father as was their wont to do. The child had previously kissed his father and gone to bed, and not knowing of his departure had supposed that the death wound upon his grandfather was inflicted by his father, Jean Renaud. The

following day Jean is accused of the murder and is convicted on the testimony of his own child. Thus ends the Prologue. Twelve years elapse between the prologue and first act of the play. The curtain rises to disclose a scene with Adrian, Renaud's son, now aged 17, whom a warm hearted Irishman in the same regiment as Renaud, had made the adopted son of the Duke d'Aubeterre, and Valentine de Mornay, a companion of Adrian's during his stay at College. A convoy of slaves being transferred to Toulon, on some new works are oppressed by the heat and receive shelter in the park of the Duke. Here Adrian discovers his own father by a singular chain of circumstances, to be one of the convicts. The second act introduces a so called Count de Mornay who turns up and lays claim to Valentine whom he declared he had left at College before his exile, and who, he learned, was at the Chateau of the Duke d'Aubeterre, in company with the director of the College. He advances his claim to Adrian's friend, Valentine, and forbids him to associate with Adrian who, he insists, was the son of an assassin. The third act discloses a scene between Valentine and his father. Valentine has prievously reasoned and concluded that the jewels which his father brought with him correspond exactly with the jewels described by Jean Renaud at his trial, and beholds in his own father, the assassin, and in Adrian's the innocent man. He immediately communicates his knowledge to his father, who would take from him the proofs of his guilt, but is intercepted by the appearance of the Duke d'Aubeterre and the third act closes with a quarrel between Valentine and his father, the Count de Mornay. In the fourth act, the plot is revealed where the Count de Mornay is proved an impostor and a murderer, and Jean Renaud's innocence is made clear. The play ends with a very pretty tableaux in which the Count de Mornay, who was none other than Lazare, the camp follower who had killed Renaud's father after Jean's departure, is nicely trapped by a guard of soldiers with charged bayonets So much for the plot. The play was produced in the very best of form, and this is owing in a great degree to the untiring efforts of Mr. Pettit, S. J. He is to be congratulated indeed.

The leading role of Jean Renaud was taken by Mr. Jas. A. Dunn of '91 who did entire justice to his part. Mr. Dunn not only held the attention of the audience at every speech but fairly surpassed himself, and so impressive was his acting that the small boys who often titter at the tragic, were here moved to tears. Mr. McSorley, '93, as the Count de Mornay was an entire surprise and an utter success. His action was well adapted, his voice was deep metallic and audible, and he won the plaudits of the audience as a typical villain. Frank is unquestionably one of the coming men. Mr. James McNally, '92 as O'Rourke cannot be complimented too highly. In the words of the immortal Ginger "he was immense." He deserves the greatest praise for the manner in which he acted his part. His characteristic order: Break ranks! has already become one of the stock sayings on one of the Divisions where he has more admirers than he imagines. Mr. Delaney '94 as an Augustinian Canon was chiefly noted for his extensive hat his beveled shirt bosom and his truncated pantaloons. He portrayed the character of a French religious in vivid colors indeed. Are we to judge that this is a forecast of his future character? Mr. Watson, '91 as the Duke and Colonel of the army was up to his usual good standard, as was Mr. Ramsay, '92, as the Marquis. Each of these gentlemen put on the mark of nobility and carried the honors of their rank with becoming dignity. Mr. A. V. Callaghan, '92 Eng. and Mr. Daniel Buckley, '94 as Adrian and Valentine respectively were the real proverbial chums. They joyed and they sorrowed reciprocally and they are to be congratulated for the superior presentations of their roles. The other characters were taken by Messrs. J. J. Reilly '92, Charles Kiernan, '94, M. Doran '94, D. J. Shay '94, Maurice Doran '95 and tiny Chalmers Charles from Third Division. A feature introduced into the prologue by Capt. Corbett, '92 won great applause, namely a little military display and drill in the Manual of Arms. Altogether we cannot say anything in praise of the performance which was not well merited. The same play is to be produced, we learn, in public on Rector's Feast, May 6th, and we know that then it will prove even more successful than its first production.

We compliment the Dramatic Society and its Rev. Moderator highly for their very fine presentation of "A Celebrated Case". Before we close a word in praise of the orchestra seens in order. The music was the best we have heard this year. Many thanks are due to Prof. Petersen for his efforts in this line. Vocal solos by Mr. T. Cummins, '94 and Master D. Coughlin, and songs by the College Glee were excellently rendered. What wonders are, in store for the 6th of May! What regal splendor! What sweet predestination!

J. Howlin Farley, '93.

'TIS MARCH.

When winter's cutting blast is o'er,
When nesting birds above us soar,
When dazzling sun is seen no more,
'Tis March.

When crashing hail and pattering rain
Tap drearily 'gainst the window pane,
And men do sigh for spring in vain,
'Tis March.

When shooting buds and bright hued flowers
Peep from their ever verdant bowers
To be refreshed by welcome showers,
'Tis March.

T. J. Cummins, '94.

"A DIM LIGHT THRO' THE CASEMENT SHINES."

In yonder cell my true love sleeps,
Fair angels o'er him watch are keeping;
Where dim light thro' the casement peeps
In yonder cell my true love sleeps.
While stars sing in the lake's lone deeps,
And moonlight thro' the boughs is peeping,
In yonder cell my true love sleeps—
Fair angels o'er him watch are keeping.

George H. Torney, '93.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

J. J. REILLY, '92.

The first meeting of the Historical Society after the middle term examinations, was held Wednesday, February 4th, and the new business was taken up, namely, the election of officers for the second term. Before the motion to proceed to election was made, a question arose as to whether the members of Rhetoric and Special Science should not be eligible to the offices of President and Corresponding Secretary. The question was warmly debated and the Rhetoricians appeared to have the better of it when it was decided to leave the matter to the consideration of the Faculty. At the next meeting it was found that the Faculty had decided that such a motion was in opposition to customs and regulations of the Society. The election then took place. The result was as follows: President, Chas. L. Livingston, '91; Vice-President, Wm. H. Feeley, '92; Corresponding Secretary, Thos. S. Reilly, '91; Recording Secretary, Martin McM. Ramsay, '92; Treasurer, H. Gallagher, 91 (English); Librarian, John Hardiman, '92. The meeting on motion then adjourned.

The next meeting was held February 18th, with the new President, Mr. Livingston in the chair. After the reading of the critique of Mr. Corbett's essay on Joan of Arc by Mr. McLean, Mr. Delaney moved that the Society go into a jollification meeting. The Chair declared the motion out of order and the meeting adjourned.

The next meeting, held March 11th, was one of great interest, as the President, Mr. Livingston, had in the interim left the College, and the Vice-President, Mr. Feeley, was in the chair. After the regular business had been finished, a motion was made to proceed at once to elect a successor to Mr. Livingston. This motion was put to the house and lost. Several other motions were made by the house and lost. All was excitement amongst the members and a motion was put before the house "That we now proceed to consider the propriety of electing a successor to Mr. Livingston."

This motion was made so as to keep before the house the subject-matter of the preceding motions. The contention of the friends of the motion was that the Constitutions called for a new election on the ground that the President of the Society must be a member of the Class of Philosophy, and therefore the Vice-President being a Rhetorician could not constitutionally succeed the out-going President. The opponents of the motion, however, took the ground that the Constitution and By-laws of the Society provided for the very case in point by specifying that the duties of the Vice-President "shall be to preside at the meetings in the absence of the President," and there is not a single suggestion as to any steps to be taken in case of the permanent absence of the duly elected President for any term, since by the wording of this clause the Vice-President is constituted a permanent substitute on whom constitutionally devolves the duty of performing the President's duty whenever that officer cannot attend. Besides, it was urged, one of the reasons for creating this office of Vice-President, was to prevent the necessity of a new election in case of the resignation or prolonged absence of the President. And if this be not so, is not the creation of the office of Vice-President, and the election of a Vice-President every six months, a rather pretty farce; since when the time comes for the exercise of the duties to which he was appointed under the Constitutions of the Society, he is by appeal to these same Constitutions declared incompetent to exercise any Presidental function whatever, as if the office of Vice-President were so merged in that of President, that when the President ceases to exist, the Vice-President by a fiction is supposed to cease to exist also. On this issue the opposing parties debated stoutly during the entire session. It was a grand occasion for the votaries of parliamentary law, and the apostles of common sense were firm in their determination to put down any attempt to force matters by resort to any means unwelcome to the majority. "Points of order" flew thick and fast, and motion after motion was disposed of. "Divisions of the house" took place, and even an appeal from the ruling of the Chair was attempted, but the Vice-President went through it all with (at least some of) the bearing of a veteran. Some of his decisions on the delicate question under debate were in remarkably good taste, but there were not a few present who thought that other of his decisions on "points of order" and "appeal" were supremely Reed-like. Altogether this meeting was a very lively one, and gave many opportunities for debate, which were not lost.

The meeting held on March 18th, was quieter than the preceding meetings as a communication from Rev. Father Halpin was received and read, to the effect that a new President must be elected. There was no gainsaying this; but as the time was not specified a motion was made to defer the election until the last meeting of the year. The motion was not seconded. A motion was then made to have elections immediately, which was lost. Then several short speeches were made to the effect that the ends of the Society would be defeated if the Vice-President was in the chair. This was stoutly denied by the Rhetoricians, and a motion was made to have the elections on the 1st of April, and it was stated that time was needed to select a fitting candidate for the Presidency of this honorable Society.. The motion was agreed to and the meeting adjourned.

In his morning lectures before the Historical Society, Rev. Father MacGoldrick has reached the third part of the course namely, the "Consequences of the Protestant Reformation." The last two lectures were taken up with the history of the Council of Trent, and next will come a "Study of the French Revolution," which will bring us down to the end of the 18th Century.

"ALBI, NE DOLEAS".

As Love came tripping by my gate
  I becked and bade him enter
How could I know I beckoned late,
  As Love came tripping by my gate?
If there be fairer should he wait
  My lowly home to enter?
As Love came tripping by my gate
  I becked and bade him enter.

P. J. K.

SOME DUSTY CRUMBLINGS OF ROMANCE.

The following version of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was blown a few days ago from one of the lunettes in the new dome. As luck would have it these patriotic lines found their way to the nebular Sanctum of our Monthly. They are clearly bucolic verses, whose burden, like the trend of some recent events, makes it manifest that in the college world, as in the world of politics, it is of paramount necessity to avoid entangling alliances

Oh, say, did you hear by the dawn's early light,
What so sadly we heard mid the hero's loud screaming?
Those broad stripes and blue scars on the venturesome wright,
Whose foolhardy pitcher went gallantly streaming
With a douse in the face, and a dash o'er the hair,
Of a night noisy youth taken quite unaware —
Oh, say, does that scar-spangled urchin yet crave
For the fun of the bold and the fame of the brave?

In a hall clearly seen as a lamp on a stand,
Where Second's long line in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the Mister holds fast in his hand,
And which frightfully, bodefully, fondly discloses
The swift-glinting gleam of affection's first beam,
All bright like a banquet of candy and cream?
'Tis the love-spangled letter! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the haunts of "the three" and the hearts of the brave

And where are the boys who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of shouts and the letter's confusion,
That no letter like that should be laid at their door?
Their pens have scratched out their far flaunted delusion;
No refuge could save in that laughing conclave
From the soft breath of love which the ciphers outgave:—
And the Greek-spangled screed, like some garrulous knave
Told its tale all too soon on the hearts of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, where *fresh* men shall stand
Among their loved care in the day's recreation:
Taught with lessons like these may the *dear* scribbling band
Put a stop to their time-filching tergiversation!—
Then sleep well they must with their heads free from dust,
And their hearts free from worry and fear and distrust,—
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

P. V. B.

The subjoined letter will speak for itself. It bears no date; but it was probably written on a memorable morning not long ago, and was indited doubtless by a hand more wont to balance the cue than flourish the pen.

Dear Old M——

My heart is full of tears too deep to reach my eyes, as I sit here bidding you a long and affectionate farewell.

M. C.

SALLY ANN AND SANDY.

It was a very delightful evening in June,—just such an evening as poets sing of in their amorous ditties,—an evening when the moon's soft beams more than compensated or the departed sunlight, when unsuspected flowers disclosed immensity of sweetness, and the air unburdened of the dust and turmoil of busy day, imparted a pleasure passing all other charms at Nature's disposal. On a huge bowlder beside a prattling brook which flowed from the mountain above, and through verdant fields glided gently down its rocky bed to join a mighty river, sat Sally Ann and Sandy, their two hearts beating as one, their four lips babbling as only lovers' lips can babble.

Clearly visible through the thicket of sturdy oaks and maples, whose leaves bowed to the fluttering breeze that wafted, the scent of sweet-smelling roses from the valley below stood the cottage of Sally Ann. A hedgerow of boxwood, long and carefully cultivated, encircled the garden that spread before Sally's picturesque home. Under a closely woven covering of gleaming foliage, a pebble-strewn walk wound among lilies and pansies and rose-bushes to the cottage door. Within through the small windows the reflection of the wood-fire burning on the hearth could be seen distinctly.

The thoughts of those two sitting upon the bowlder have found utterance in words. They arise, they leave the rock, they clear the thicket of oak and maple. Towards the home of her childhood they walk side by side, hand in hand. At length they reach the entrance to the cottage, whence after a fond adieu Sandy turns his footsteps homeward and is soon out of sight.

On the morrow, the wedding was to be,—a bright event towards whose consummate bliss their heads had been planning many designs, and their hearts entertaining many wishes.

The night passed by lingeringly, as such night do pass. The first breath of dawn found Sally Ann busy preparing for the nuptial feast. She was ready ere long, and, arrayed in her gayest and queenliest peasant garb, she took her wonted seat by the window and endeavored to maintain herself in an attitude of calm expectancy. But who is this that, clad in the simple raiment of a country gentleman is just now skirting the nearest hill? It is Sandy himself mounted on a gray steed and leading a glossy bay for his bride. Nearer and nearer he advances to the boxwood hedgerow till at last he comes in sight of his future wife. With a sigh Sally Ann espies her own Sandy, and leaping from her chair, she darts forth to the parterre. There she stands peeping through the tall, rose-bushes whose fragrant odors cast upon the air by falling petals and buds bursting into bloom were as nought compared to the aroma that breathed from her affectionate longings. But Oh! grief of griefs! While jogging along leisurely his horse stumbled and fell. Heavily thrown to the ground Sandy lay prostrate and motionless. His hands were outstretched, as if in death, dust hid his eyebrows, no sound escaped his lips.

Sally Ann saw him fall, and flinging from her hand a bunch of flowers, she hastened to his side with much trepidation. On beholding, as she thought, the corpse of her lover, Sally Ann rushed to the bowlder of her recent courtship, and without word or warning threw herself over the precipice and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Not long after. Sandy recovered from his swoon and hearing the tale of his love's death, the poor creature followed in her wake and shared a similar fate.

Maurice Doran, '95.

BASEBALL NOTES.

J. Howlin Farley, '93 Sec.

The Baseball season is at hand. Never before in the history of Fordham was the interest in its advent so all absorbing; never before were the prospects so all assuring. From the Herculean youth on First, whose only true happiness is to twirl the sphere, aye and occasionally the sproutings of his tender moustache, to the smallest boy on Third, its coming is hailed with delight. Already the field fairly abounds with men, all intent on the one purpose to make a name for themselves and to shed brighter lustre on Fordham's conquests. And the Manager? He too, is to be seen strolling around and wearing his usual smile of complacency, but neverthless on the alert for any star player who considers himself above the needs of practice, and at the same time giving incentives to the others for steadier work. From his latest appearance we judge that those things which once seemed metaphysical impossibilities have become physical certainties.

Contrary to announcements and reports Mr. Jack Lynch, our old-time trainer has been secured and is now engaged in training the men ordered for practice for vacant positions n First and Second Nines. The work of those under his care, in the main, has been very gratifying. However, if the member from Mass., likewise the Senior from the West would only imitate the heavy man from Rockland, Co., in practice perhaps considerable good would come of it.

A glance at our schedule will show what a reputation we enjoy for Baseball,—May our season be as successful as ever.

Where will he play? What position does he deem himself capable of filling? What do you think George?

When Washington and Omaha met "O what a fall was there". And the ball? Oh, no, it wasn't caught. Some one picked it up. Others performed a like service for the players who fell.

The "Lord Chumley" team seems to be a fixture, with "Frankie" and "Harry" and "Gerry" and the famous outfield of the "Three Graces" the whole Amateur fraternity must needs tremble. Only the other day, the manager of this now celebrated nine gave orders for one hundred bats, following no doubt the example of the Fordhams. Challenges have already been issued to the Tyros, Spartas, etc.

The Fordham boys take this opportunity of acknowledging contributions that have thus for been forwarded for the baseball team.

Rev. J. P. Egan, Tarrytown, N. Y., $5.00; Rev. Wm. Dunphy, White Plains, N. Y., $3.00; Mr. Peter Hendricks, New York City, $25.00; Jas. Butler, M. D., New York City, $5.00; J. Dunn, M. D., $5.00; Mr. William Donohue, Chicago, Ill., $10.00. The generosity of three Divisions is fully appreciated by all connected with the team which is to represent the College. Our expenses so far mount as high as $830. The following are the players who will uphold our standard during the season of '91. R. Carmody, P., Sullivan, C., F. Phelan, 1 B., E. Reilly, 2 B., McCann, 3 B., Ryan, S.S., Eccleston, L.F., Roche, C.F., T. Carmody, R.F.

The schedule thus far arranged is at follows:

March	22d	Sylvans,	here
"	29th	"	"
April	2d	Williams	"
"	5th	Volunteers	"
"	7th	Princeton	"
"	12th	Olympic	"
"	16th	Columbia	"
"	18th	Lehigh	Bethlehem, Pa.
"	22d	Lafayette	Easton, Pa.
"	23d	C. C. N. Y.	here With 2d team.
"	26th	Calumet	"
May	9th	Wesleyan	Middletown, Ct.
"	14th	Amherst	here
"	16th	Lehigh	"
"	20th	Univ. of Penn.	Philadelphia, Pa.
"	28th	Stevens	here
June	4th	Lafayette	"
"	11th	Wesleyan	"
"	16th	Univ. of Penn.	"

Other dates with Brown and Columbia and local teams have not as yet been settled. Second team is to play seven games here with visiting clubs. May we find at least one dark horse among the members of the "Reserves", since the substitutes for the Fordhams have not been determined on. The above fine schedule is due in great part to the self sacrificing spirit and energetic efforts of our Manager "Tom" Reilly '91.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

T. S. Reilly, '91.

Spring cometh—so doth the effusive poet!

Home runs—? on "Second" they have occurred quite frequently of late—

When will the two "Toms" go to the city again?

It was rumored he was dipped in a duck pond—but he was'nt—No!—He was only differentiating F^5.

The committee on all Army and Navy affairs have decided to procure horses for the Decoration Day Parade. We will order walking shoes immediately as perhaps the jolting would destroy the effects of our "setting up" exercises.

'92 Where, O Where did you get that tobbogan slide?

St. Patrick's day, this year, was as usual, a clear, cold yet delightful one. Green, to use the "Soph's" expression —seemed to have suffused everything. The ceremonies and exercises commenced at 9.15 A. M., when Mr. Comerford assisted by Mr. Charles, let Erin's flag wave from the Tobbogan slide pole. His apostrophe to O'Connell was almost sublime. Then the Cadets went down to the village and surprised the natives. The afternoon was exciting enough, for two gentlemen who were endeavoring each to catch the same ball, were carried down to the Infirmary,

where for several hours, they saw nothing save green comets, and carmine stars. The evening entertainment was a pronounced success.

We very respectfully urge the "Bad man" from the West to keep his "teeth rattling" blows to himself. Our Insurance policy has just run out, and the Faculty forbids the use of all fire-arms.

We feel happy to announce that Messrs. McMahon and McAleenan who are at present at home trying to recover from the effects of the Lenten season, will shortly be able to return again.

Mr. C. Ludlow Livingston, '91 has donated a very handsome gold medal for the person scoring the highest number of points in the Spring games of the Athletic Association. It may be of surprise to some of our readers to know that Mr. Livingston is no longer with us, but is preparing himself for the classic shades of the Columbia Medical School.

It appears that a prominent member of the Editorial Staff is now devoting all his spare time to the study of Shakespeare.

The much desired improvement in the Reading Room has come at last. The papers and magazines which by some unknown means used to find their way to the study-hall desks are now on file. A formidable stamp proclaims the public's right to them.

It is insinuated that Mr. T., the Sodality organist intends to bring that organ to his native village next Summer and have its mysteries explained. Mr. Farley, our chief authority on all such oddities in music, says that the combination is lost: we do not know of any term in music by that name, but at all events we pray that Mr. T will succeed in finding it.

Among our visitors this month was Father Hart, ordained in Woodstock, in August last. Fr. Hart was a prefect here a few years ago and was a great favorite with the old Second Division boys. We were delighted to see him, and to learn that he was enjoying excellent health.

The "Lord Chumleys" a baseball aggregation under the management of his serenity, Gerald Gallagher of Goats Harbor, Penna., are making quite a name for themselves on the "diamond." They are sanguine of showing the "Invincibles" how the national game should he played. Mr. George Robinson has been selected to act as referee and scorer.

The meetings of the Historical Society have been marked with great importance of late, and also with no little excitement. Owing to the departure of the duly elected President that office was vacant, and though the constitution says that the President shall come from the class of Philosophy, the Rhetoricians in the blindness of their prejudice could not see why one of their number was not deserving of it. The speeches of Messrs. Dunn, Watson, Arellano, McNally, Keith and Cushing for their respective sides are indeed worthy of note.

All Baseball happenings will be found in another part of our issue. Many thanks are due to the popular and energetic Secretary of that Association.

The public play will be presented on May 6th. Speaking of plays brings to mind that "Harry" occupied a certain box with the "Muses" at the last entertainment. As Mr. C-w-y remarks, who by the way, "was not in it," (the box of course), he ought to take better care of himself as Dame Gossip is very busy these days.

SECOND DIVISION.

WM. A. FERGUSON, '94.

Cranky March is in his grave.

Lovelier April is already peeping over the distant hills.

Pleasantest sports divert the winter-ridden boys of SECOND and speak volumes for the fun that is to be.

A new story for the Nickel Library, "Bereft of a Pal, or Alone by the Window," is soon to be published by a *Senatorial* Seconder!

We released one of our best players to the Buffalos for $10,000.

Thirty at a blow! Not all of SECOND.

Fresh flowers, fresh fruit, fresh fellows, fresh ——. We know now what it is to be caught in a freshet!

Such letters are scarce of late. Was your name in it?

Mister, won't you please let me turn off those electric lights; I really never *did* turn off such lights befo'.

Well, I never! "The Rev. C. D. Horn," says the *Philadelphia Press*, "an eminent young divine of FORDHAM COLLEGE, is one of the guests at the St. Elmo's." What colossal impudence for such a diminutive fellow! Go ahead, "Shorty," fellows with as much brass as you cannot fail to make a mark in the world!

"Slow, but sure, like Tim's mule," is a motto that has taken hold of our quiet Joe Smith. "All out," cries the Prefect, but Joe still parteth his hair. "Fire!" cries the small boy, but Joseph—still parteth his hair!

Cold spells and whirlwinds didn't have a monopoly of Washington's Birthday, but SECOND, too, had its share in the holiday, and there was almost as much activity around our *Division* as one could expect of a sunny day in May. The class of '95, after they had engaged a little fellow, whom they considered a professional, to catch for them, and thereby secure the game for their side, challenged '96, but were so badly thrashed that they may never again appear on the battle-field.

The first game of the season was played about February 15th, between the *Picked Up* and the *Seven Up*. A very closely contested game it was too, but proved a sad event for the latter team. The game drove the prevailing dullness out of the atmosphere and set the ball of merriment a-rolling, and that was all the *Seven Up* desired.

"Shorty, Shorty, you're up!" But "Shorty," standing on the threshold of the wigwam and peacefully consuming his latter days in smoke, was utterly oblivious to the surroundings, and not till the sapient champion of balls and strikes opened his syren mouth and condemned him to fine unpayable on this side of the Styx, did he awaken to the perilousness of his position.

From the present outlook the *Invincibles* will have a very lively season at base-ball. Our new suits together with the copious stock of base-ball goods lately procured ought to be a

stimulus to the team to do their level best and to our new Secretary to secure us numerous and worthy opponents.

The *Invincibles* play under a new staff of officers this term. Ed. Kenney was elected Captain, while Messrs. Walsh, Ed. Reardon, Clarke and Rogers captured the offices of Secretary, Scorer, Mascot and Umpire respectively. The team is just the same as during last term. Ed. Reardon was elected to the Captaincy of Second Team, or Actives, and Leo Villegas to the office of quill-driver.

The *Invincibles* wish to appear in a new uniform this term. Everybody is delighted and says: "Splendid!" "Won't that be fine!" Money is an indispensable condition. The tune changes; there is a lost chord; the notes don't blend; what! do they refuse? Their sympathies never outrun their pocket-books—their pocket-books never run out of their pockets.

SECOND itself is not half as generous as it might be. Fives, tens, twenties shimmer on the collection plate when that modern Shylock from over the way demands his gold or sacrificial gore, but, when the more modest Edward puts in his claims, they shudder as one who had exorcised an evil spirit and was rewarded by seeing the fiend before him.

THIRD DIVISION.

FRANCIS E. O'NEILL, '96.

Easter eggs! How many?

Lent has passed very quickly, though probably not quite quickly enough for a select few who distinguished themselves in the refectory every day.

During the month nearly all the boys on the Division were received into the Sodality. Although it was a very quiet affair, yet it was a rare sight to see seventy boys kneeling four or five deep around the altar in the little Sodality chapel. They were received by the Rev. Father MacGoldrick.

The weather has been very fickle of late, today baseball and no overcoats; tomorrow overcoats and no baseball. O ye immortal "weather-sharps," have compassion on us poor young aspirants to baseball fame.

Some boys down here said to another; "Where has Livy gone? And the choir answered, "like the sound of a great Amen." "He's gone to join the Angels." "We weep for Adonais."

We heartily thank our friends on First who have taken such an interest in our baseball "groochings." When we started "grooch," the thought never entered our minds that we should be able to collect so much of the cash needed to pay off our debts. Though others had forestalled us we were glad to find that our admirers saved a few pennies for the youthfuls.

Our first game of the season was played with a team from St. Francis Xavier's College. The score was 18 to 6 in our favor. Not very bad for an opening game, is it? We expect another game with the same team. All of us are looking forward to the Princeton game. It is hoped that the "Fordhams" will do the proper thing. Some fellows are preparing a new cheer for our "crack" College team. We had an election lately for the manager and committee of the baseball teams and after some sharp work Francis J. Hyland was elected manager with Ed. J. Tomney, Fr. E. O'Neill, J. J. McCarthy, and G. V. Grainger on the committee to assist him. These young gentlemen have charge of all baseball affairs on the Division.

Our esteemed athletic, Jim, was not seen for a time in the midst of his glory on the horizontal bar. Wretches! Why did ye thus? Something is wrong with our "sweet William," and his usual happy face is not clothed in smiles as of yore. Mayhap a certain tall "Indian" on First can tell us what's wrong.

Probably the fellows did not notice it, but the "gym" has been thoroughly fixed up. There are dark rumors of a bowling-alley on a small scale. The billiard and pool tables have been kept very busy during the latter part of this season. Some time ago the Rev. Fr. Pittar and Mr. R. Carmody came down and played a few games for the entertainment of Third; and since then nothing suits the boys but "fancy" shots. A dozen new cues have been purchased and the owners seem to like them so much that more of the fellows may get them. Francis O'Neill has been appointed officer and with V's leave, has taken Scott as his sturdy assistant.

How is this for "Poetry?"

"On Third Division is a cat
Which all the boys call "Nigger;"
One day it offered fight to me,
Although I was much bigger.

I looked at it with great surprise
And asked it what it meant;
It placed it paws on my new pants
And made a great big rent.

And then it stood and glared at me,
With vengeance in its eyes;
And looked as if it wished to say,
"On me there are no flies!"

And ever since that awful day
I've let that cat alone;
For anyone that makes it mad,
The fault will quick atone."

Let's hear from Second—

With four uniformed clubs, and fair players on all, "the Hall" will look like itself again. But who will captain the Tyros? Who will be on the Tyros? Where are the Tyros? Why don't the fellows play good ball and get on the Tyros?

We have a large net put up at the side of the night-bounds and during play-time, as many as ten batteries(?) can practise without the trouble of running after "muffed" balls.

On the afternoon of Washington's Birthday, we turned out in three companies and marched around the lawn and up to First Division field, where those who were in the first company viz: dressed in uniform and carrying-guns, "did their prettiest" before the eyes of Second and First Divisions.

Both Washington's Birthday and St. Patrick's Day afforded us much amusement in the way of dramatics. The players ought to be proud of themselves, and we certainly are proud of our own youthful comedian, as well as of our nightingale.

DAY SCHOLARS.

J. E. KELLY, '93.

Who would have thought that the measles could have conquered his mighty soul?

A game of baseball took place on the 19th inst., between the "Chumleys" of First Division and the day-scholars team. The "Chumleys" have our sincerest sympathy.

Will some one kindly inform us why "our shortest" is so partial to the German element?

The order of Lieutenant Edwards, directed "especially to certain day-scholars", will have the effect of filling up the ranks of the awkward squad. The manly form from Mott Haven will fill a cadet uniform more frequently than heretofore. Many departures have taken place from the trains of the Central Road lately, and the Stock of the "Huckleberry" has advanced in proportion to the departures. Speaking of the "Huckleberry", the car in which we rode to Fordham last Friday morning made an almost miraculous trip; it was derailed only five times between 170th street and the uptown terminus.

Fairfax McLaughlin has followed the good example of his namesake by becoming a cadet.

An adjective, much used by the farming population of Pittsburgh, has of late been very irrelevantly made use of by certain members of First and Second Divisions in designating the highly respectable body of gentlemen whose title heads this columns. Is New York city a farming town when compared with Chicago, Minneapolis or Pittsburgh?

Our base-ball team is hardly in working order yet, but in a few weeks we will be well organized and ready to demonstrate to any nine of the College, the First Team of course excepted, the right way to play base-ball.

OBITUARY.

V. REV. J. A. KELLY, '51.—The following account of the funeral of Vicar-General Kelly appeared in the Brooklyn Daily *Eagle* of March 4th.

"SOUTH AMBOY, N. J., March 3.

"A number of Brooklynites were present here to-day at the funeral of the late Very Rev. John A. Kelly, V. G., pastor of St. Mary's, who died last Friday. The solemn requiem mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop O'Farrell.

"Father Kelly was born in Brooklyn in 1830. At the age of 15 he was sent to St. John's College, Fordham, where he had as his fellow students the late Vicar-General Keegan, Bishop Loughlin's nephew, the late Thomas Collins; Father David A. Merrick, S. J., rector of St. Francis Xavier's College; the late Mgr. A. J. Donnelly and many others equally well known. He graduated from Fordham in 1851 and at once entered St. Joseph's seminary, at Troy, to make his theological studies. He was ordained on August 17, 1854, for the then new diocese of Newark by Archbishop Hughes. He was made pastor of South Amboy, then only a marshy jungle on the banks of the Raritan. His mission then extended for forty miles down the coast to Barnegat bay. He built a small frame church, which has since grown into a splendid edifice that cost $80,000 and was dedicated in 1876. The field of his early labors now boasts of ten churches nearly all due to his efforts. He celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination on November 27, 1879, with imposing ceremonies. The clergy gave him a massive gold chalice and the people a splendid silver service of twenty-five pieces. He was made vicar general in December, 1888. He was a zealous priest, a wise counsellor, and his death is considered a great loss to the diocese of Trenton."

We have to add two more names to our necrological list: Michael McDermott, '74 and Rev. Geo. McCluskey, one of the first students of the College. We have no particulars of their death and so must satisfy ourselves with a mere mention of their decease.

We regret to state that Bart. Dowdle was called home on account of the death of his younger brother. The little boy's demise must have been very sudden as he was on visit here and in the best of health a little over a week before his death. We tender Bart. and his bereaved parents our *sincerest* sympathy.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The number of Exchanges for this month is not so great as often heretofore. We miss many familiar covers, among them, *The Oak Lily and Ivy*. *The Owl*, great bird of Pallas, put in its appearance as usual. *The Salve Regina* came to hand on time with its interesting and idiomatic articles. We have received *The Highlander* and consider it a fair number. The "Ode to the Cuckoo" on its first page has too much school-boy indiscretion in it. The poem on Gen. Sherman is quite good, much better than the cuckoo ode.

Worthy of note is an article in the February number of the *Haverfordean* called "Among the Novelists." It is a plain forward statement of the constituents of too many, alas! of our modern novels. It enforces very strongly this fact that: "What is harmful in such novelists is this. That from them we learn to honor as strength of character that which is not strength of character, as modesty that which is not modesty, as virtue that which is not virtue, as love that which is not love, as truth that which is falsehood, as gold that which is tinsel. Love is degraded either into cheap sentimentality or base passion, and then being such is glorified not only beyond all human emotion but even beyond human duty."

The Brown is a very solid looking magazine. An article on "Older English" ends with an appeal to bring to the speech of day the words which were full of vigor and force in the Viking days.

L'Etudiant, a monthly review dedicated to the studious classes come to us from Joliette, Canada. A little better paper and cut leaves would improve its make up. Somebody asks the very comprehensive question how should the verses of Corneille and Racine be read. Jules Janin answers that the verses of Racine ought to be recited in a sonorous and pure voice accompanied by the sweetest and limpidest clearness. They are melodies he says, filled with divine music not a single note of which the ear is willing to lose.

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EXEGI MONUMENTUM.

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE.

I've hammer'd out a chain of song
To tether me to fitful time ;
With soulful words and ringing rhyme
I've linked it well and wrought it strong.

'Twill render life an endless day,—
No rain no wind can rust or wear,
No ages can its strength impair,—
'Twill bind me to my kind for aye.

I steal away from meaner men,
I die to live ; my body sleeps
My spirit wing'd with Fame o'erleaps
Dull bounds too thick for mortal ken.

As long as priestess virgins tread
Beside gray years the sun-flecked stair
That winds up to Jove's house of prayer
Green laurel grows to wreathe my head.

J. O. S.

A LITERARY CRITICISM.

OF THE

"IN MORTEM PASSERIS" OF CATULLUS.

AT the first reading, a poem in a strange tongue is like a veiled statue. We catch perchance in the swing of its metre a dim indistinct glimpse of the beauty of its contour, but are rarely able to look it full in the face and read the depths of its expression. And so I must begin my criticism of this little poem of Catullus, by endeavoring through an English paraphrase, to tear away the veil that shrouds its outlines. And yet while I may thus reveal the harmony of its proportions and the beauty of its features, I do at best but clothe it in a guise uncouth and foreign to it. I subjoin the original poem and my English adaptation of it.

In Mortem Passeris.

Lugete, O Veneres, Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum !
Passer mortuus est meae puellae,
Passer, deliciae meae puellae,
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat :
Nam mellitus erat, suamque norat
Ipsam tam bene, quam puella matrem :
Nec sese a gremio illius movebat ;
Sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc
Ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.
Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
Illuc unde negant redire quemquam.
At vobis male sit, malae tenebrae
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis :
Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis
O factum male ! O miselle passer,
Tua nunc opera meae puellae
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

Ballade.

"Our Sparrow Dead, They Toll His Knell."

O Venus mourn, and Cupid too,
With all to finer feelings bred !
My lady's sparrow dead, ah rue !
Her joy, my lady's sparrow dead !
Far dearer than her eyes he grew,
For he was cunning, and full well
As any maid, his mother knew,
Our sparrow dead they toll his knell.

He never from her bosom flew,
Hopped here and there with saucy head
Peeped ever to his lady true.
Now down that murky road he's sped,
Whence none return to life anew.
O woe betide you shades of Hell !
Our precious ones you ever slew !
Our sparrow dead they toll his knell !

ENVOI.

My precious pet from me you led :
Fell deed ! My lady's tear drops tell,
Poor bird, of swollen eyelids red.
Our sparrow dead, they toll his knell.

The dress in which I have chosen to clothe the poem, is that of the *Ballade* a form of verse invented by the Provençal Trouveurs of the thirteenth century. It is most difficult to catch the swing of the Hendecasyllabics in English, and I fear to tread where Tennyson has stumbled. The *Ballade* stanza with its rigid three rhyme structure, its regularly recurring refrain and its *envoi* is very unlike that easy freedom of construction, peculiar to the Hendecasyllabics, and yet, to my ear, it seems to counterfeit quite closely the movement of the favorite metre of Catullus and to be well suited to reproduce the sentiment of this poem of his. I trust, at all events, that my kind reader will find himself not indisposed by my version to a further examination of this sweet song.

The poem itself seems to make quite clear the circumstances under which it was written, yet a few further facts in regard to it may not be out of place. The *meae puellae* of the poet is that Lesbia, the subject of so many of Catullus's happiest inspirations. She is thought to have been Clodia, a sister of that notorius Clodius the antagonist of Milo, and was called Lesbia by Catullus in comparison with the Lesbian poetess Sappho. In after life she jilted the poet to marry Lucullus

the great general of the Mithridatic wars. Although she has passed into history with a rather unenviable reputation, it is but fair to see in Lesbia, at this time, some innocent high-born Roman maiden worthy of those beautiful songs which Catullus has addressed to her. The poem itself seems to have been sent to Virgil for we read

"Si forsan tener ausus est Catullus
Magno mittere passerem Maroni."

The *miselle passer*, whose elegy the poet here sings, had been the theme of a companion poem, written in a bright, joyous major key : there we see his beautiful mistress with her living birdie,

"Quoi primum digitum dare adpetenti,
Et acres solet incitare morsus."

Now all is changed : poor birdie lies stark and still in death and the poet tunes his lyre to a minor key.

Have you not watched sometimes, the motion of a boat whose rowers give one hard sharp pull, and then rest on their oars, while the boat dashes on over the wavelets, until its speed is exhausted, only to be quickened into life again by the ever recurring long lusty strokes? Such a movement the Phalaecian Hendecasyllabic, with its spondee, dactyl and three trochees, recalls to my ear. It is the favorite metre of Catullus: he has brought it to perfection and made it peculiarly his own : none can use it like him. Its exhilarating motion is rendered still more buoyant, by being freed from the rigid restrictions of the stanza, and the result is a measure almost unrivalled for catching and preserving those delicate moods of the soul, grave or gay which well nigh defy expression.

We find the airiness of movement, in our poem, still more enhanced by delicacy of wording. Take, for instance, that expression in the second line, *quantum est hominum venustiorum* which I have tried to render by *all to finer feelings bred* : is it not hard to catch the precise turn of meaning, although we feel in our souls what is meant? Not *venustus*, not *polite*, *well-bred*, of *fine feeling*, but *venustior*, of a *finer feeling*, a more exquisite sensibility than that possessed even by the average man of culture. Then too, does not *mellitus* describe the sparrow in one word *charming* more than that *cunning*, every motion revealing his keen intelligence? We see him *circumsiliens* hopping lightly about on his mistress' shoulder, with saucy head cocked on one side, as he *pipilabat*, as he was *peeping* with cherry chirp to his only lady. Oh woe! So it was in the happy bygone days. Now he is winging his mournful flight down that *iter tenebricosum* that way shrouded in malignant gloom, while the *turgiduli ocelli*, those beautiful eyes, swollen with weeping, are reddened anew at the sight of the *miselle passer*, her poor dead bird.

This delicacy of movement, this daintiness of wording, are set in a background of simplicity as unstudied as it is pathetic. With how few lines the poet draws his picture, and how they bring us right into the midst of the private home life of that patrician Roman household. There lies poor sparrow, bathed in the tears of weeping Loves and Cupids mingled with the tears of that lovely young mistress, who holds him dearer than those eyes which shed such precious tears. She looks upon his form and everything by contrast calls up the past. That head that was won't to greet her so knowingly is now motionless : the cheerful chirp of welcome has fled forever from that silent beak : those little feet that used to patter over her shoulders are convulsively drawn up in the grim rigidity of death. Where is he now? In that dusky immaterial region of which we know nothing, save that out of it there is no redemption. And now the poet has entered the room and with Lesbia bends over the little corpse. His ardent nature breathes forth curses on the foul shades of Orcus, who swallow up all his things of beauty. His love and sympathy for Lesbia have made the little bird common property and he curses the power that has stolen his bird from *him*. Then he glances from the wretched dead sparrow, to his lady's face, and mournfully rests his gaze on those reddened eyes of beauty, all swollen with grief, as he dashes his lyre despairingly to the ground.

This gracefulness of measure, this daintiness of phrase, this simplicity of setting, bring the song under that class of poetry which is technically called *Vers de Société*.

Vers de Société is a humming bird in the garden of poesy. It thrusts its slender bill into the rare exotics of polite society, and draws from them the dainty honey of delicate emotion and elevated thought. Its audience is composed of the cultured few who sit, of a summer's afternoon, on the shady veranda, enjoying their *dolce far niente*. They see the dazzling shimmer of the humming bird's wings, and lo! it has sped away leaving a rare perfume on the atmosphere. Catullus is its greatest master among the Romans ; and among ourselves it has recently been brought into prominence by that rising school of English poets whom we know best by the verses of Dobson, Gosse, Locker and Calverly. They draw their inspiration from the Classic Lyric Poets and the Mediæval Trouveurs alike, although they follow almost exclusively the versification of the latter. As a sample of their work I quote a portion of a Villanelle by Gosse, who with some twenty other poets, it is said, has based his verses on the sentiment and surroundings of our little poem of Catullus.

"Little mistress mine, good bye!
I have been your sparrow true :
Dig my grave, for I must die

We have loved the quiet sky
With its tender arch of blue :
Little mistress mine, good bye!

That I still may feel you nigh,
In your virgin bosom, too,
Dig my grave, for I must die.

Let our garden friends that fly
Be the mourners, fit and few,
Little mistress mine, good bye!
Dig my grave, for I must die.

But our poem, while it must be classed, according to its nature and motive, with *Vers de Société*, is something more. It not only delights and fascinates us, it goes beyond that and touches our heart, soaring out of the domain of *Vers de Société* and rising into the rarer atmosphere of poetry

strictly so called. This seems to me to come from what I may call the poetical ἦθος of Catullus. By ἦθος I mean the poetical personality or individuality of the poet, that which distinguishes him from all other poets. To describe perfectly a man's poetical individuality is like trying to paint a rare perfume: our own æsthetic feeling may perceive it, but we have no accurate means of conveying a conception of it to the æsthetic sense of another. Still I may be able to shadow forth my conception of the ἦθος of Catullus, by comparing the effects which he and other poets produce upon me. When I take up my Horace for instance, I feel aglow with intellectual delight. I fling down the book and cry out: "Good! How magnificently this fellow says things!" And then I take up the book again and ponder over the poem, admire its artistic structure, and perchance feel myself moved to perpetrate an imitation, and lose my dinner thereby. I have been delighted intellectually, perhaps taught, but I have not been moved. Even when I find him in his happiest moods, as in the "O Fons Bandusiæ" I cannot but fancy him sitting on the veranda of his Sabine Villa, with his heels cocked higher than his head, sipping the mild Falernian and running off verses with a facility which fills me with envy. I never can forget the workman in his work, because he never does so himself. Every line recalls to me the cheery philosopher, the "Hail-fellow will met", the man about town; and I feel a sort of dim consciousness that the poet is a little coarse-grained, and I fancy that I detect a little of the bourgeoisie of the freedman's son. When I take up my Catullus, I lose sight of metre, phraseology, and art, my whole being is concentrated upon the poet's mood. I see him, as here, with lacerated heart weeping over a dead sparrow. I close my book in silence: I feel sad myself; but I also feel nobler from this contact with human suffering, and I feel a longing to impart to others what has so stirred myself. I have not been delighted, I have been moved. In Horace, I have admired and wondered at the artist; in Catullus, I love the man, who has so artlessly shown me his whole heart. Horace is the critic's, Catullus the poet's poet. The latter has a delicacy of poetical ἦθος which the former completely lacks. It is a tenderness of nature, a feminine instinct such as is so evident in Tennyson, and we can say to our poet in Tennyson's own words "a random string thy finer female sense offends". And yet he differs from Tennyson, just as he differs from Horace. Tennyson has a finer touch than Horace, but his motive is the same. Both sing because they love to sing: Catullus sings because he must. His poetry is personal, theirs is professional. Take for instance the Laureate's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere": it is an exquisite work of art, but painted from a model not from actual life. Contrast it with these verses on a similar theme which I give below. The poem is called "Florence Vane" and was written by Philip Pendleton Cooke who was born in Martinsburg, Va., in 1816, and died near Boyce, Va., in 1850.

FLORENCE VANE

I loved thee long and dearly
  Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
  Hath come again;
I renew in my fond vision
  My heart's dear pain,
My hope, and thy derision,
  Florence Vane.

The ruin lone and hoary,
  The ruin old,
Where thou didst mark my story,
  At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
  Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
  Florence Vane.

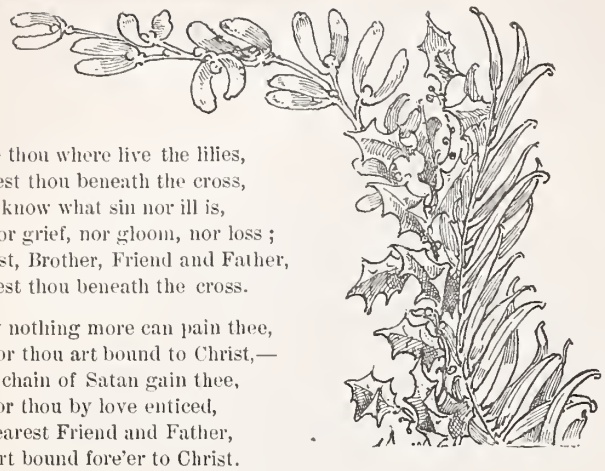
Thou wast lovelier than the roses
  In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
  Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
  Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
  Florence Vane.

But, fairest, coldest wonder!
  Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
  Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
  Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
  Florence Vane.

The lilies of the valley
  By young graves weep,
The pansies love to dally
  Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
  Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying
  Florence Vane!

Is not the distinctive ἦθος of Tennyson and Cooke clearly portrayed by this comparsion of their poems? Tennyson has written his in the quiet of his study, merely for the sake of writing. Cooke has written his in the church yard over the tomb of "Florence Vane"; he has felt in his heart every word that he has written, and he would have proved false to himself had he withheld the utterance of his emotion. His ἦθος, it seems to me, is very nearly akin to that of Catullus. Is it not true that all real, all perfect poetry must be the offspring of this personal ἦθος of the poet and must be completely permeated by it? Did not Homer, the harper bards of our ancestors, the ballad writers the world over feel the deepest personal interest in their poetry and make it a part of their being? I look in vain for this personal identity of poet and poem, in Horace and Tennyson: poetry with them is something extrinsic not intrinsic. I yield to none in admiration of them; they both instruct and delight me, and I read and re-read them with ever increasing admiration; but they do not stir my soul; they do not make me a nobler man. They are perfect artists but I can not call them perfect poets; and I would rather have written "Florence Vane" than anything of Tennyson's; I would rather have sung the Sparrow's Elegy than any song in Horace.

TIBULLUS.



Live thou where live the lilies,
  Rest thou beneath the cross,
Nor know what sin nor ill is,
  Nor grief, nor gloom, nor loss;
Priest, Brother, Friend and Father,
  Rest thou beneath the cross.

Now nothing more can pain thee,
  For thou art bound to Christ,—
Nor chain of Satan gain thee,
  For thou by love enticed,
O dearest Friend and Father,
  Art bound fore'er to Christ.

REV. PETER O. RACICOT, S. J.

THE solemn dirge of the *tenebrae* had scarcely died upon our ears, Good Friday last, when to our sorrow at the memory of Christ's death was superadded the grief which we bitterly felt at the loss of one who, during a life time of suffering and patience, had so nobly striven to imitate the Crucified. Father Racicot passed away, as he had lived, peacefully and heroically; and it was his good fortune to be summoned to his Lord and Master on the very day and at the precise hour commemorative of the death of our Saviour. He died at Boston College on Good Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Death approached his bedside as a friend for whose advent he had eagerly watched, and the priest of God gladly answered the whisper that invited him to everlasting rest.

The Rev. Peter O. Racicot was born in Montreal on December 20th, 1839. At the age of thirteen he was sent by his parents to the Sulpician Seminary in Montreal to begin his studies in preparation for the priesthood, a vocation to which even at this early age he ardently aspired. His course there, though short, was very brilliant, as he was *facile princeps* in all his classes. A retreat made by him in his sixteenth year under a father of the Society of Jesus, decided his vocation. With him to decide was to act, and so we find him a novice of the Jesuit Order in the year 1855. Immediately after his noviceship, if not, indeed, before he had completed it, he was sent to work in the colleges. The work was so abundant in those days, and the laborers so few, that his private studies had to be interrupted in order that he might toil at once in the fields already white unto harvest. In 1860–61 he first appears on the rolls of Fordham as a teacher of classics and of algebra; and there we find him as the years go by, fulfilling the duties of teacher, assistant disciplinarian, librarian, lecturer on mathematics, chaplain, professor of philosophy, vice-president and prefect of studies. Nearly twenty years of his life as a Jesuit were spent at Fordham. Here he studied his theology under the kindly and wise tutorship of the venerated Fr. Jouin, and here, too, he was ordained and made his final profession.

Father Racicot's memory was extraordinary. It was said that he not only knew Horace and Virgil by heart, but that he could read quickly a page of any unfamiliar author and at once, closing the book, repeat it word for word. As to his judgment, he had, in a wonderful degree, as Fr. Jouin informs us, the power of grasping at once the point and bearing of any question, and of seeing immediately what was the mind of the Church on that and on kindred questions. His method while studying his theology and teaching class, keeping dormitory and prefecting at the same time, was quickly to read over the authors, arrange his objections, and then going to Fr. Jouin's room, throw open the door and windows, and tease the old gentleman into taking a walk, in the course of which he would propound his difficulties, urge them well, and thus get his old friend warmed up into giving a lecture on the thesis, after which he would go to his class, study-hall, or dormitory to continue his regular work until the next convenient day, when he would, by the same tactics, deepen and broaden his knowledge of the divine science.

It was his years of hard work and over work at Fordham that sowed the seeds of that disease which eventually carried off Fr. Racicot in the prime of his useful and laborious life. For nearly twenty-five years he had been a sufferer who was obliged, by his superiors and physicians, to live on a spare diet. But who, to see him, would know from that strong face always the same, that aught ailed the man who spoke so quickly, firmly, and in lighter moments, so cheerily.

Doubtless there is not one of the present generation of Fordham boys who realizes what a friend Alma Mater loses by the death of Fr. Rocicot. His honest and unflagging work—the work of restoration and reconstruction, radical and peremptory, was accomplished at a very difficult period in the history of the College.

Fr. Racicot was one of the most self-contained and warmest-hearted men that ever breathed. He was strict, it is true, and firm when serious faults had to be corrected under his guidance and direction, but withal, he was most kindly and generous. How many there are, boys and men, students and priests, who have experienced his great kindness and even affection. To the sick or ailing who could possibly be more indulgent? Let them answer, who as boys, were ever sick in the old infirmary at Fordham while Fr. Racicot was vice-president of the College.

But it is as the close follower in the footsteps of his beloved Father, St. Ignatius of Loyola, that the virtues and manly qualities of Fr. Racicot chiefly shine forth. He was a man of unbounded confidence in God, of never-failing self-denial and of intense love for the passion of Christ. In fact we cannot say more of him in this respect than is implied in asserting that from the close of his noviceship till the day of his death he was faithful to the vows which he had made to his Divine Master, poverty, chastity and obedience.

Day of days when on the altar
  Where the Living Bread reposeth,
Opened wide is life's glad psalter
  At the page where love discloseth,
    As it may,
Hymns of sacrifice unfeigned
And of chastity unstained,
  And obedience that guideth
  To the home where Christ abideth,
    Far away.

IN MEMORY OF FR. NICHOLAS HANRAHAN, S. J.

Another gone? How often Death's relentless hand
With cruel might, has snatched from Fordham's little band
His unresisting prey! The mournful church-yard bell
E'en now is slowly tolling his sad funeral knell;—
Another Priest of God has soared to Angel land.

How well beloved he was, how good, how holy and
How sweetly touched our hearts the ever-pow'rful wand
Of his kind friendliness! But now these dirges tell
Another gone.

Beside his lowly grave the surpliced Levites stand,
And slowly chant the funeral service, solemn, grand,
While all around the dismal tomb are still, as well
They may, for 'tis a saddening sight that would dispel
All lighter thoughts. How soon will Death command
Another gone?

JOHN E. KELLY, '93.

THE MYSTERIOUS LOCKET.

BANKS MOORE, '95.

"It's an owercome sooth for age and youth,
And it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the young are just on trial."

IN the city of Calcutta there lived two young men noted alike for their unfailing and devoted friendship. One called Camden was a second lieutenant in Her Majesty's Eleventh Hussars, and had distinguished himself by many brave and heroic deeds. The other, Gilbert Mandeville, was the son of a rich banker, high in the social world, and was known far and wide for his affable manners. He was a father's only child, and, left motherless when very young, had been sent to school in England. Here he met Oliver Camden, and as a token of his friendship in later years, secured for him a second lieutenancy in the Eleventh Hussars.

The hearts of these young men seemed bound together by ties that no power on earth could sever. Lieutenant Camden had been introduced into the best society of Calcutta, and whatever could be done for him by Mandeville was accomplished with a hearty good-will. Camden too did for his new benefactor every service in his power. Their days were for the most part spent in one another's company. But alas! how often have such bands been broken? How often has love, fair as a flower, withered to deadly hate under the blighting influence of meddlesome woman? Yes, so it was with these. Both young gentlemen became suitors for the hand of one young lady, heiress to quite a fortune, of rare beauty and many accomplishments. Each noticed the other's attachment, and felt rising within himself an unquenchable jealousy. They no longer frequented old haunts together, no longer walked with one another on the street. The young lady, however, rather encouraged the visits of Camden without at all evincing displeasure at the flatteries and attention of Mandeville. The latter, with many misgivings, noticed this, and readily convinced himself that if he could only get rid of his rival, his way would be clear. He therefore determined upon a change in tactics, and one day calling on Camden at the barracks, asked to see him privately.

At this unexpected call the lieutenant seemed very much perplexed and waited for Mandeville to speak, "Now look here, old fellow," the visitor began, "I can't see why we are forever shirking one another, and why, when we do meet, we are as cold as raw cucumbers. I appreciate the fact that you are getting the better of me in the girl's case. Why not therefore come to a compromise at once, and be old friends as before? One of us will have to be miserable for a life time, and as fate has singled me out for the victim, I have resolved to bear my dismal lot with equanimity. So let us have no more bad feelings about the matter, dearest Oliver."

At this apparently frank and open declaration, Camden was overwhelmed with joy. So seizing Mandeville's two hands in his own, he gave expression to his gratitude more by signs than by words. He had been in truth completely taken aback, and at a loss for what to say, at last stammered forth:

"Oh! dear Gilbert!—how unexpected!—how—how can I thank you for this noble sacrifice?"

"Say no more about it my dear fellow, and put in a kind word for me occasionally with Miss Clarendon; as a favor, however, mention this meeting to no one, not even to Adelaide herself. Now come, we will take a walk."

The two rising up made their way to the street, and took the direction of Mandeville's house. The "elite" of Calcutta were at this hour enjoying their evening drive, and surprise was evident on every face at sight of the two widely known rivals, who had, to all appearances, patched up their differences. The lieutenant was received very warmly by the banker, who even hazarded to remark that, it was a pity for two so fine young fellows to fall out about a trifle of a girl, and ventured to hope that everything was at last fixed up. Camden spent a pleasant evening at the banker's, and as Mandeville had some business that night with his father, took an early leave.

"Now my son, come here," said the millionaire as the hussar's figure disappeared in the darkness, and leading the way to his private office, Mr. Mandeville carefully locked the door behind them.

"Well father! what is it you wish?" asked the junior.

"Not so loud. Be quiet. What I am going to tell you must be kept secret. Mention it to no one on your life."

Gilbert stood amazed at the hurried and excited manner of his father, and asked himself again and again, what it could all mean.

"First Gilbert," said his father, "you must pledge your oath never to utter a word of this night's business without my permission."

"My oath is taken father, you can depend upon me," was the determined reply.

"Well then you remember, of course, the old Brahmist priest, with whom, when here about two months ago, I had considerable intercourse. It is to see him you must go to Benares, and if you can only manage affairs with success, vast wealth awaits you and your children's children. In my business with Ali Kelat, I discovered a secret at present known only to him and myself. Moreover, there exist between us certain very mysterious ties." Here Mr. Mandeville rose

and going to the safe took from it a small ivory box, in which was enclosed a locket. Uttering over it some incoherent words, he pressed a spring and it opened. Not a word was spoken, for the son was so awed at what he beheld, that he felt the power of speech gradually slipping away. He saw a red and flaming trident aglow with an unearthly light, and danced and played upon at intervals by tongues of fire. The other side of the locket was of smooth, shining gold, and served to reflect the mysterious image.

"This locket," at length whispered Mr. Mandeville, "can do anything. And I have made contract with the Brahmist, who is fully satisfied of its worth, to let him have it for a fixed sum. This is my secret. Beneath a certain pagan temple in Benares is a large vault, in which are deposited the riches of many an ancient rajah. Ali Kelat is to have this locket for half that treasure—"

"But father," interrupted Gilbert, "how did you come by that locket? It is in my eyes a most inexplicable mystery."

"Never mind that, my son. Will you do my bidding? You cannot hesitate, for really it promotes your own interests rather than mine."

"I will, father," replied Gilbert, "but I cannot alone and unaided cart off the weighty treasure. To reach the temple I must likewise employ a faithful guide."

"Exactly so, and I think that no one can be with more safety trusted than your friend Lieutenant Camden. He will fill both positions. He knows the country well, and I am sure no more trusty fellow could be found to guard the jewels, and be your companion. As you will have to start early to-morrow morning, you had better make arrangements at once. By no means, however, let him into the whole affair until you are safe at Benares."

"Well father, you can depend upon me if ever either horses or locket can get Camden and myself to that place."

"Farewell my son, and a father's blessing upon you."

As Mandeville hastened away to the barracks in search of the hussar, he scarcely caught his parent's farewell words. Yet he walked on through the dark, narrow streets without a halt, and before he was aware of it, found himself challenged by the sentry.

"I want to see Lieutenant Oliver Camden of Her Majesty's Eleventh Hussars," replied Mandeville.

"A nice time h' of night to make a call," retorted the soldier. "What's your business with 'im?"

"That is neither here nor there. You must call the officer of the guard, for I will have nothing to do with an impudent fellow like you."

"H'as you please," replied the sentry, and he at once passed word for the officer of the guard."

Mandeville was well known to the latter, and he was at once admitted. "Why, what could have brought you here at so unreasonable an hour, Gilbert?" asked the officer, "it is now nearly one."

"I have some business of my father's to attend to out of town, and I must leave at four o'clock in the morning. I cannot venture away alone and must have a trustworthy companion. Do you think Oliver can go?"

"Well everything is very quiet now, and we have no rebellious rajahs to bring to time. I don't see why he shouldn't. How long will you be away?"

"Oh! a week at the most," replied the visitor," "but here we are at his quarters."

"Yes; I shall send the orderly to arouse him." Then raising his voice he instructed the drummer to sound the orderly's call.

"Well what does this mean?" exclaimed Camden as he appeared some minutes later upon the scene, half asleep and rather angry at being thus rudely awakened.

"Why Oliver! it *is* rather early," exclaimed Mandeville. "But you know I have to be on my way early this morning, and I have something of great importance to tell you before I go."

"Come to my room then, and we'll see about it," replied the lieutenant.

When Camden had locked the door, his friend told him as much of the story as he could in conscience, reserving the rest for their arrival at Benares.

"I must not go without permission," said the hussar, "and shant be able to see the commandant before six o'clock."

"I'll arrange that all right," replied Mandeville. Don't, however, let your superior know that we are going to Benares. We must disguise ourselves as old men, and I will await you in the thicket five miles up the Hoogly. Till then farewell."

After shaking hands with the lieutenant Mandeville hastened back to his father, and obtaining the disguises and two strong, light-footed horses, one for himself and the other to carry the baggage (for the hussar was to bring his own charger) he set out for the meeting place. It was his object to be there before dawn, for his singular equipage might perhaps cause suspicion in the city.

When the sun burst forth (as it does in the tropics hardly preceded by any dawn) shedding light and splendor over the dewy earth, Mandeville was well nigh come to the appointed meeting place. His horses were covered with white foam, and he himself seemed almost exhausted. When lo! there came a rustling through the undergrowth, as of some animal fleeing from the pursuer. Quick as a shot a zebu emerged from the thicket. Then came a whiz and the zebu fell dead with an arrow quivering in his heart. It was as much as our astonished traveller could do to manage his horses, as they snorted and pranced about. In another moment a second arrow whistled by Mandeville's head. He now began to understand that some one was aiming at his life. Whither could he flee? In front and on his left was the forest, where his unknown enemy lay hidden. He dared not retrace his steps. On the right was the river Hoogly. Again and another arrow passed him and planted itself in one of the bundles on his pack-horse. Fully awake to a sense of his danger, Mandeville, pale with fear, at length turned his horse's head toward the city. To him life was dearer than honor, and he strained all his efforts to get away from the unwelcome vicinity. Suddenly he bethought himself of the locket, which, if his father's words were to be credited, would certainly aid him. Taking it from his bosom, he swore that

he believed in its power. Then the clasp opened of its own accord, and the trident emitted such a flash that Mandeville's eyes were dazzled and blinded for some moments. When he could again see he found the locket closed, and looking around beheld the body of a man crushed to death beneath a huge limb. Mandeville, in his excitement and wonder, had failed to hear the crash, but on leading his horse to the spot he found the man quite dead. What added to his astonishment was the fact, that the death-dealing limb had been evidently torn from its parent trunk by no natural cause. He could not for the life of him surmise, what was the creature's intent in wishing to kill him. Robbery alone suggested itself. Nevertheless he at once set to work to examine the dead man. His dress and looks betrayed no distant traces of a Hindoo. He had more of an Eastern appearance about him. Neither was he a pure Chinese, but something between that and a Persian. Only a few trifles were, on first inspection, found in the fellow's pockets; but Mandeville was all eagerness and, turning up his coat, discovered a secret pocket, in which he found several documents. What was still stranger, these parchments were drawn up in Greek characters, though the language used was Hindoo. Mandeville, having taken a thorough college course, was familiar with the former, and the latter he used every day. On the right hand corner of the first sheet was "Tassa Thibet," no date. Then followed, "To my trustworthy servant and spy Sado; from the Grand Lama." "Whew!" ejaculated the reader, as he came to this line, "the Grand Lama! But Sado; who's he?"

"The high and honorable commission, entrusted this time to thy unblemished valor and painstaking diligence by a master forever indissolubly bound to thee, his faithful servant, is to wend thy way to India. Let not mortal eyes light on thy presence there while day shines, but steal thou stealthily by night. Intercept a young man, who bears a certain mysterious locket to Ali Kelat at Benares. The former will be disguised, but thou, whose eyes pierce through all counterfeits, wilt be able to detect him. He is tall, nearly six feet; and is possessed of quite a pleasant appearance. His eyes are a deep black, and dance with a devilish fire. His hair will be covered with a wig, but it is, when undisguised, a glossy black. This is enough for one so accustomed to ferret out all deceptions; and if thou canst only obtain this locket, which I most particularly desire, and hand it to me safely, I will make thee my chief counsellor and attendant until our souls are dissolved into that of the all-knowing Buddha."

"How in the deuce could he know all this?" exclaimed the mystified Mandeville. "It surely does not mean that Ali Kelat has betrayed us. No indeed! that's not it; the epistle clearly shows that the Grand Lama wants to obtain possession of the locket before the old Brahmist. But he won't—ha—ha—ha!"

Here Mandeville's musings were disturbed by the sound of horses' hoofs, and looking up he beheld his comrade coming. Hastily concealing the papers, he turned towards the hussar with a look as serene and calm as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

"Why hello!" exclaimed Camden, as he reined up beside Mandeville. "I followed your instructions, and left word that I had gone to Madras with you. And that after you should finish your business, which would keep you engaged for only a day or two, we were going tiger-hunting."

"Excellent! but I guess you had better put on your disguise now; for the sooner we are on our way the better."

"Whew! what is this?" exclaimed the lieutenant, as he turned around and saw the body of Sado. "How did this come here?"

"I really don't know," replied Mandeville, "I arrived here about three-quarters of an hour ago; I saw this fellow lying crushed under that immense limb, and also that zebu pierced with an arrow. But my mind could not fathom the mystery."

"Strange indeed! And it is my opinion we had better leave this place."

"I am ready."

So saying Camden threw himself upon his horse, and Mandeville following, they disappeared in the jungle.

"Be on your guard against snakes, Gilbert," said Camden, after they had proceeded a short distance. "They are very thick just here, and the cobra and others can, with one sting, kill a man in a few minutes."

The hussar had no more than finished these words, when they heard directly in front a strange hissing noise. Camden knew at once that they had disturbed a cobra. Looking ahead he beheld the reptile with its tail curled and body erect just in the attitude to strike. It darted forth its poisonous fangs, and its eyes glittered with an evil fire. Mandeville grew deadly white at the sight, but Camden, always cool, quickly cocked his loaded repeater and, carefully taking aim, shot the cobra through its pouch. All this was accomplished in a moment, and the hussar's actions were done with such celerity, that he prevented a spring the serpent was about to make, and which would have been fatal to one of the party. Nothing further happened that day, and building a hut of boughs towards sunset, they prepared for the night. The two travellers had encamped on the southern bank of the Ganges, for they had to follow this river to reach their destination. They divided the watches, and as soon as the sun had disappeared and tremulous stars began to glimmer fitfully upon the ripples of the river Mandeville lay down leaving Camden the first watch.

The hussar sat smoking his pipe and dreaming of his love safe and sound in her father's home. As he sat thus musing, the sound of the splash of oars and voices talking in a whisper reached his ears. In a moment he had thrown down his pipe, and with pricked ears strove to hear what was said. The noise made by the oars indicated that there must be over two dozen men in the boat, which hugged the southern shore of the Ganges. One of the speakers was an Englishman, as his conversation proved. The other who spoke only broken English was a native. As yet the boat was concealed by the labyrinth of trees and bushes, which bordered the banks of the river, but the words of the individuals, though spoken in whisper, were distinctly audible to Camden.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

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APRIL, 1891.

SANCTUM

"Let me say it though a "Hawthorn,"
That the winter's wholly gone;
That the days will henceforth brighten
As they hasten on their way;
That a game of ball at Fordham
Beats a cycle of Cathay."

The great attraction at the College now is the base ball season, which is in full swing. Hitherto we have not been disappointed with rainy days, though at times the weather has been rather bleak. Goodly and appreciative crowds have filled the new grand stand erected on the right, or gathered along the cinder path and under the still leafless elms to take in the games which beat *cycles of Cathay.* As for the Fordhams themselves, we feel justified in saying that some of their work thus far is to be accounted more as their misfortune than as their fault. The fates have been against them; or to put it less paganly, *Deo alitervisum est.* With the single exception of "Princeton," they have shown themselves superior to all their adversaries both in the field and at the bat; the victory they should have scored against "Williams" slipped through their fingers owing to want of tenacity in the second part of the game; and the triumph over Trinity which perched on their hands in the tenth inning was suddenly turned into defeat by a grievous mistake of the umpire. But in the face of the uncertainties of base ball, these palliations and excuses sound childish and unworthy of the "Fordhams." And so they are. Nor need we resort to empty and impotent paradoxes in order to better the past's bruised reputation; the Fordhams have already begun the work of reparation with a victory which is equivalent to a whole conquest, witness the game with Lehigh at Bethlehem, where the only error made is laid at the door of the vanquished by a score of *two to nothing!* Yet, O yet! we may hope for a *second spring* in our base ball season.

"When the flying flag of Fordham
Proudly waves o'er well-fought fields;
And the prowess of our rivals
To the Rose Hill mettle yields!"

THE work of plastering and embellishing is still going on in the new building; but the outside of it has been finished, and the whole shall be completed in time for the Jubilee Celebration. What with the huge and lofty dome which crowns it, surmounted by a large golden cross; what with the casements which rising in tier above tier inlay the walls of gray and white; what with the marble porch which embowers the entrance into it, and the sweep of lawn which stretches in front of it; it needs must present a magnificent appearance, and seem an eloquent exponent of all the other college piles back of it! Yet with all its grandeur it has not succeeded in driving from our fond memories the shades of those old walls which had to fall and make way for it. There linger still about their almost extinguished site, recollections which are not readily foregone. Those old walls once enclosed the MONTHLY'S sanctum, the Rose Hills' dressing-room, the College sacristy and many another apartment, haunted by associations, reminiscences, and memories of the times, which alas! are fast becoming to the rising generation of Fordham students what the forty years in the desert became to those of the chosen seed whose fortune it was to be born in the land of promise—a tradition and nothing more. But we know that this is in the order of nature and the harmony of things; at least so would imply the philosophic maxim—*corruptio unius est generatio alterius.* And if what rises be superior to what is destroyed and supplanted, the change is not to be regretted. So we lovers of the antique who mourn the sweeping away of the past's relics and landmarks, and greet half-heartedly the inauguration of that which rises in their stead, hope that the charms of time and tide

For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp and wait till ages are its dower

shall in years to come nestle in the new buildings and render them as dear to the hearts of after generations of Fordham students as the old structures with all their memories were to ours.

SING TO ME.

Sing to me a roundelay,
In accent light and measure gay,
Some romaunt of the olden time,
Or warrior tale in stirring rhyme;
Or else a song, Sir Minstrel gray,
Fit to speed the parting day,
Of valorous deed in holy fray,
Sing to me.

Such a strain O sing, I pray,
As once upon another day,
To high-born dames in Southern clime,
Sang troubadours yet in their prime.
'Tis song will chase dull hours away
And break pale melancholy's sway.
For though I would be glad for aye,
Yet sadness steals my joy away;
Then sing, Sir Minstrel, sing thy lay,
And give my heart a sweet relay,
Sing to me.

JAMES MAHER, '93.

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM.

When the poet sung:

> Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner torn but flying,
> Streams like the thunder storm against the wind,"

he struck a chord with which every nerve and fibre of our being beats in happy accord. From Maine to California that banner waves in majesty over a happy, a peaceful, a united people; and as the sun coming over the Eastern hills lights up its glorious colors against the morning sky, the warm rays of freedom shaken from its folds, flash over the land, sparkle on the waves of ocean and illumine the darkest and most distant portions of the world.

This glorious banner is a beacon, calling together the scattered sons of men. The poor tenant farmer of Ireland, driven from his little thatch-covered cot by the merciless evictor, sees in that banner a vision of heavenly hope, beckoning him with his clinging little ones to a land where justice will aid him and humanity cherish. The oppressed of Italy, inspired by the sight, turn their gaze to the West and sigh for a home in the bright land of promise, over whose broad acres that meteor banner floats. Germany, too, restless of military despotism, pours in her swelling numbers to chant aloud its praises. From the North and from the South, from the East and from the West they come in countless numbers to breathe the air of freedom beneath the "Stars and Stripes."

> And thus we keep our nation's life
> Nor fear the bolts by despots hurled,
> The blood of all the world is here,
> And they who strike us, strike the world.

And if to-day throughout the civilized world that starry banner is a sign of peace and unfettered manhood, it must be also remembered that "under its shade like a lion," is resting the will and the power to preserve us a nation. So when the first gun of civil war rent that flag in twain, the electric fires of patriotism leaped from heart to heart. Transfused with a frenzy of enthusiasm, one million men rallied round its torn folds. Their daring bravery, their indomitable skill and energy, and their deeds of valor form in good truth a bright page in their country's history.

Would you know the soldier's love for that banner of banners? Stand on the banks of the Mississippi in the damp and lurid night and watch "Old Ironsides" run the gauntlet at New Orleans. No sound breaks the dread silence as the fleet comes steadily up the river. Nearer and nearer it approaches till suddenly the dark, grim fortresses are changed into a mighty caldron of leaping flame. The terrific crashing broadsides roar back a stern reply. Down on the devoted fleet sweeps a tornado of shot and shell. Then from the hazy distance

> "Porter breaks out from his mortars in jets of fiery spray
> As if a volcano had opened where his leafclad vessel lay."

But on, on through the rage of battle, on through the iron game the fearless Farragut bears triumphant and defiant the "Star Spangled Banner." Hark again to the thunders from Shiloh, Chicamauga, Chatanooga. Watch Meagher and his wild Irish boys dash up the heights of Fredricksburg and water with their blood the soil on which they fain would plant that starry flag. Stand with Hancock on the ridge at Gettysburg, that whirlpool of death, as the flower of Southern chivalry is swept in columns from the field. Plunge with Grant into Virginia's blazing wilderness. Follow Sherman from Atlanta to the Sea. Ride with Sheridan "from Winchester fifteen miles away," and learn the love Americans bear for the Stars and Stripes.

Through the fierce and stormy battles of war these heroes bore that flag at their head, and when endangered in defeat, they snatched its tattered shreds and entwined them about their devoted breasts. But these heroes are dead; they are at rest. In the midst of the conflict they found serenity in death. Stricken down on the lonely wayside these heroes gave up their souls to God with their glassy gaze fixed on the bright folds of the dear old flag.

And it is only of late that he who led the legions of the North in triumphant march to the sea yielded his spirit to the Creator surrounded by a mournful nation. And what an imposing sight was presented to the sorrowing thousands, as with uncovered heads and moistened eyes they beheld all that was earthly of this intrepid warrior enwrapped in the folds of the flag which he loved so well. And oh! What a fitting pall! The Stars and Stripes of that dear old flag were indeed in mourning, for they had lost their champion and now nestled fondly to him in death.

To-day over the grave of Sherman, as over the sepulchres of the brave soldiers who went before him, that flag of triumph, that ensign of victory waves with a silent moan; but another generation of heroes stands ready to take up that glorious emblem if ever it should be torn from its staff, and to plant it again and again upon the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

CHARLES WATSON, '91.

TO THE CROSS ON THE NEW CUPOLA.

Watched we with hearts of love mount high
The dome upon whose summit now you rest;—
Hailed we your coming as the kingly guest
Come to us, not that you might beautify

Yon mighty pile; your carvings signify
And fill us with far nobler thoughts; the blest
Eternal thoughts of Faith—Christ's Own bequest
Which leadeth to the life beyond the sky.

O Golden Cross! The staff on which we lean,—
Our standard in fierce strife, O, be our guide
Not now alone but as the years succeed,

Till the dread conqueror, till death is seen,—
Long may you on your vaulted throne abide
Our hope in life,—the symbol of our creed.

J. Howlin Farley, '93.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

—We do not think it will be out of place to print herewith a more detailed account of the meeting held not long ago for the purpose of raising funds for the Statue of Archbishop Hughes.

The meeting was called to order by Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, who explained briefly the purpose of the meeting. Speeches were made eulogistic of the late Archbishop Hughes by General O'Beirne, Father Flood, and ex-Judge Bedford.

At the conclusion of Judge Bedford's speech the following preamble and resolutions were read by Mr. John Mullaly:—

Whereas, The Alumni of St. John's College animated by a spirit of deep affection and reverence for the memory of the illustrious and beloved founder of their *Alma Mater*, Most Rev. John Hughes, first Archbishop of New York, and earnestly desiring to perpetuate his name and fame by the erection of a suitable memorial in enduring bronze; desiring also, to keep alive the remembrance of his inestimable services to the Church of which he was a most zealous, devoted and distinguished prelate, to the republic of which he was an eminent and patriotic citizen, to the land of his birth of which he was ever a loving son, an unwavering advocate and an eloquent champion; to Catholic education which by his indomitable energy and untiring labors he established on solid and lasting foundations: and

Whereas, Their Catholic fellow-citizens, here present, fully appreciating and cordially endorsing the movement, and sincerely desiring the successful prosecution of the admirable and praiseworthy task which the Alumni of St. John's College have undertaken, are particularly gratified that an opportunity is thus presented to tender their hearty and active co-operation, and hereby pledge their prompt and substantial aid towards the completion of a work so happily conceived and so earnestly prosecuted; therefore

Resolved, That we cordially invite the participation of our co-religionists in raising the proposed statue as a tribute to the memory of a prelate who was not only one of the first ecclesiastical dignitaries of the Church in the New World, but who held a prominent position in the foremost rank of the statesmen of the Republic: whose lofty character, high intellectual endowments, magnanimous and heroic nature, fearless devotion to the duties of his sacred calling, and whose services in the interest and promotion of the welfare of his native country and the land of his adoption won for him the love and reverence of his people and the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens of all denominations

The statue will be of bronze and stand on a granite pedestal in front of the main building of St. John's College, Fordham. It is proposed that the work will be completed and ready for unveiling by June 24, when the golden jubilee of the college, which was founded by Archbishop Hughes, will be celebrated. The statue alone will cost $10,000 and the pedestal probably $7,000. From a letter received by Judge O'Brien from Hon. Orlando B. Potter, inclosing $250, it will be seen that citizens of every religious denomination are taking an interest in the movement to honor the patriotic Catholic Archbishop.

The full list of subscriptions up to date is as follows:

Eugene Kelly, $1,000; T. F. Ryan, $250; Henry McAleenan, $250; O. B. Potter, $250; Peter Doelger, $250; Wm. R. Grace, $250; Edward Cooper, $250; D. C. Connel, $200; Rev. John Hughes, $200; Rev. J. J. Flood, $150; Archbishop Corrigan, $100; Jos. P. Payten, $100; David McClure, $100; John F. Haben, $101.50; Robert McCafferty, $100; Hon. M. J. O'Brien, $100; Thomas McManus, $100; Wm. H. Hurst, $100; Rev. James J. Dougherty, $100; T. R. Crawford, $100; Ann Cronin, $100; John P. O'Brien, $100; Maj. John Byrne (Gerlach), $100; Judge Cunning S. Bedford, $100; John O'Neill. $100; R. S. Treacy, $100; C. C. Baldwin, $100; T. F. Neville, $50; L. J. Callanan, $50; L. J. Callanan, jr., $25; James J. Callanan, $25; Rev. Father Gleeson, $50; Peter McGinniss, $50; John Mullaly, $50; Patrick Kiernan, $50; John A. Sullivan, $50; James A. O'Gorman, $25; Gen. O'Beirne, $25; Rev. Dr. Woods, $25; Patrick Walsh, $25, Dennis A. Spelissy, $25; John B. Manning, $25; Edward O'Brien, $25; Young Men's Lyceum of St. John the Evangelist's $25; John O'Donohue, $50; Maurice Ahearn, $50; F. C. O'Reilly, $50; H. K. Doherty, $50; Dean McNulty, $50; St. John's College, $50; James Meehan, $25; James J. Walsh, $50; Wm. Keegan, V. G., $50; Chas. E. Miller, $25; Wm. Lummis, $25; James D. Lynch, $25; Hon. James J. Martin, $25; J. Thoron, $10; Eugene Durnin, $25; P. A. Hendrick, $25; J. Mullen, $25; Rev. John Fitzjames, $25; Judge T. R. Shield, $25; Father Fitzharris, $25; John J. Brady, $25; Rev. Father Weir, $25; Hon. Honore Mercier, $25; Rev. J. F. Flood, $25; Rev. James J. Flood, $25; C. J. Haffen, $25; Dr. T. J. Dunn, $25; Rev. J. Quinn, $25; F. P. Rafferty, $20; Paul T. Carew, $25; Joseph Leavy, $20; William Farrell, $10; James J. Larkin, $10; Francis Higgins, $10; Rev. W. A. Dunphy, $10; Rev. James E. Bobier, $10; Rev. William McEvoy, $10; Rev. Thomas Lynch, $10; George Edebohls, $10; Rev. James Hughes, V. G., $10; C. W. Fornes, $10; F. A. Smith, $10; S. A. Wall, $10; Wm. L. Penny, $10; G. W. Eggleson, $5; James M. Quigley, $5; C. H. McCusker, $5; Cash Oct. 13 (Father Scully), $5; J. N. Healy, $1; Bayley, (Mexico), $5.

In addition to the above, the following subscriptions have been received by Rev. Father Scully, Rector of the College:

Rev. Wm. Dunphy, $50; Rev. Jos. Egan, $25; Mr. L. Haffen, $25; Mr. L. M. Benzinger, $25; Mr. Thomas Dunn, $50; Mr. Henry D. Purroy, $100; Dalton Bros., $10; Mrs. R. W. Montgomery, $10; A. H. Dundon, M. A., $10; Rev. H. McSweeney, D. D., $10; Mrs. Annie E. Dyer, $20; Mr. E. P. Carroll, $25; Mr. James Olwell, $25; Mr. John Dunn, $25; Mr. John P. Dunn, $25; Mr. Dominick O'Reilly, $25.

—We have witnessed much of late to confirm what we stated in our last issue, to wit, that the work of tearing down was only in its prime. This time it is long familiar rows of shrubbery, evergreens and stately trees of countless years, which have gone down like hecatombs, never to cast a shadow again. From the spot where in olden times Second Divisioners were used riskily to inspire the tempting inhalation, up the slight incline to the road that divides the orchard from Old Third's playground, a green-colored fence now runs taking, as poorly it may, the place of the green bushes and green hedgerow and lordly trees which once shaded that

quarter. You can count at a single glance the trees that still stand there; and, I suppose, the prefect could detect in the same twinkle any lurking lad who might with more or less security have formerly furtively found his way to that out-of-bounds district under the lilacs. Let us here make another bid for a poetical effusion from some Seconder over the demolishment of the landmarks of our college history. This is the year for the glorious budding forth of Fordham poetry. Who will be the poet or the historian of these fast-fading recollections?

—The Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., formerly President of Fordham College, and now Provincial of the New York-Maryland Province of the Society of Jesus, paid us his official visit a short time ago. Tuesday, April 14th, was a holiday granted in his honor.

—Father Henry Kavanagh, S. J., has been appointed to take charge of the treasury in place of Fr. Hanrahan, deceased. Fr. Kavanagh preached before the boys in chapel assembled on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph.

—Mr. George Pettit, S. J., Professor of Classics, was lately temporarily retired from classwork and sent to Pennsylvania on account of ill-health. We are now glad to be able to say that Mr. Pettit is back again home, in good health, and able to resume his former duties.

—Father McQuillan, who taught here a few years ago, and who was ordained last summer at Woodstock College, has been appointed to teach algebra and prefect over Second Division.

—The Rev. Thomas F. McLaughlan, S.J., who spent some weeks at Fordham last year, was ordained this month at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. THE MONTHLY sends the new priest the heartiest of greetings and congratulations.

—The Rev. T. E. Sherman, S.J., paid a visit to Fordham College at the end of March.

—The Rev. Wm. Dougherty, S. J., A. M. '63, paid us a visit during the month.

—The name of Bro. B. Hamilton will shine as long as the gilded cross tops the Faculty Building.

—We miss from our midst of late the genial countenance and hearty open hand of Mr. Charles McDermott, whom we learned to love and admire during the many months in which he was engaged on our two new buildings. How he worked earnestly and unflaggingly day in, day out, and by his manly example and lusty shouts, either of encouragement or intimidation, succeeded in inspiring his workingmen with alertness and enthusiasm in all their doings! Good luck to dear old "Charlie!" May he put up many another princely pile both here and hence.

—Our worthy officer Mr. Pinckney donned his 6th five-year stripe the first day of April. That stripe means that he has been thirty years on the roll of the Municipal Police. We wish him thirty years more of baton wielding and patrolling in the grounds of St. John's.

—There is on exhibition in Father Halpin's office a gilded base ball. The record on it reads: 1856, Sept. 23, Union, Baltic, 25–11, 7 innings. The Unions won, and our gallant Mr. Pinckney pitched for the winners.

—We were invited and accepted the invitation to help celebrate on Monday April 20th, the thirty-second birth-day of Mr. Squiers, for so many years Military Professor here. The occasion was a very enjoyable one. The children of the Lieutenant ranging from 4 to 8 years treated their father to a literary entertainment in the shape of a comedy entitled Rip Van Winkly, arranged by Mrs. Squiers for the evening. They went through their parts remarkably well. We say "ad multos annos" to our Lieutenant.

—The subject of the Biographical Essay for the $50 Gold Medal is L. Windhorst. The competitors for the $50 purse will write on "The Mission of Journalism."

—The requisites for an Umpire, M. E., are a cool head and an unsympathetic heart as well as an infallible knowledge of the rules of the game.

—There has been sent us by a friend an article on the famous shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, from which we hope to make excerpts in our next.

—To have one's name on the editorial staff of the FORDHAM MONTHLY has since the founding of the paper been looked upon by Faculty and students alike as one of the greatest annual honors that could be won and held by any student of the College. But it is an honor whereof inability or inactivity will cause a premature forfeiture. And it is at the same time a post of distinction to which any one can attain who by his interest in the paper, and his diligence, perseverance, and painstaking in writing articles for the same, gives warrant that he will profit by the position, and will not by any word or act diminish the heritage of honor which the MONTHLY is faithfully handing down and guarding for Alma Mater. Many a Fordhamite now on the road to distinction in the world owes a great measure of his success to the labor entailed upon him at College as an editor or sub-editor of the MONTHLY. They had to toil—to cast and recast, to furbish and refurbish—in order to have their poems and essays up to time and up to the taste and wishes of the directors of the paper. The obvious result was a wonderful facility of thought and expression, and as a help to this a certain bookishness and scholarly habitude, which though it made them none the less gay and light-hearted in time of play, yet qualified them by ways of sober thought, of sustained concentration of mind, and strong mental self-reliance to achieve what otherwise they never could have dreamt of accomplishing. We have urgent reason therefore to exhort every boy who frequents these "College Walls" to be instant and frequent in sending to the MONTHLY whatever he finds it in his power to produce. Certainly there must be boys in the classes of the University Course who should do if not better, at least as well in the way of literature as some of the assidnous lads who are working so honestly and honorably in the lower classes.

—We sincerely congratulate our Lieutenant and the executives of his orders in the various companies of the battalion on the progressive disappearance from our midst of the hock-bottle shoulder and dredging gait. The marching, wheeling and general work on the campus is rapidly approaching that perfection which will astonish the citizens of New York on May 30th, Decoration Day. But why cannot some of the soldiers, who are so silent, so stiff, staid and gingerly in the presence of the commanding officer, bring into play, to some extent at least, these military manners at other better times and amid higher and nobler surroundings? The man that has the chivalrous heart of a true soldier will not display one character in the ranks and another every other where.

—The battalion which will form the guard of honor to the Archbishop at the ceremony of the laying of the corner stone of the New Archdiocesan Seminary at So. Yonkers, on May 17th, is getting into fine shape under the excellent management of Lieut. Edwards, who by the way is now First Lieut. U. S. A.

—The Specimens are in full swing. Accounts of all that have hitherto taken place will appear in the next number.

—The Public Play, which has always been the occasion of a gala day at Fordham, will be performed this year, as mentioned elsewhere, on May 6th. Here is a reprint of the tickets now for sale in the hands of the Students:

"St. John's Dramatic Association.
A CELEBRATED CASE.
Wednesday, May 6th, 1891, at 7 P. M.
Single admission - One Dollar.
Proceeds for the benefit of the Fordham Base Ball Club.
Train leaves Grand Central Depot at 6.12 p. m.
Returns at 10.43 p. m."

The play is to be given by the same old St. John's Dramatic Association, which in years past attained to many a high eminence of success. Judging from the presentation already given of "A Celebrated Case" by the present members of the S. J. D. A., we have every reason to hope that the friends of the College who will kindly attend this performance will go away fully gratified with their visit and convinced that the Fordham boys are still on the high-road to Thespian glory. And what a pity it would be if the lovers of Fordham should let slip this opportunity of aiding such a stay and sustainment of college life, happiness and loyalty as the Fordham Base Ball Club.

—The well-known Novelist, H. F. Keenan has dedicated his latest work, *The Iron Game*, in the following terms to the father of our Richard. "To B. J. McGrann, whose life and conduct embody and illustrate the manliness, modesty and worth that Fancy delights to embalm in fiction, this book is inscribed by one among the many witnesses of his noble career."

—In the death of P. Carney, Esq., the College loses a friend and a benefactor.

—The three hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, Patron of Youth, falls on the 21st of June of the present year. The Holy See, by a Brief dated January 1, 1891, has granted special privileges to its celebration, for the churches of the whole world. The Holy Father had already chosen devotion to this Saint as the General Intention to be especially recommended to the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer, during the first month of this year.

—A great Pilgrimage has been organized on occasion of this Centenary to the Saint's tomb in Rome. For those who are unable actually to join this Pilgrimage for the 21st of June, special spiritual favors have been granted by the Holy Father, on condition that they unite in spirit with the Pilgrims and place themselves under the patronage of St. Aloysius.

—The Fathers charged with the Celebration of the Feast at the tomb of the Saint desire to take this occasion for renovating the Altar and further beautifying the church which derives its greatest glory from his relics. This is the Church of the former Roman College, in which St. Aloysius completed his sanctification and died.

—The Tercentenary of St. Aloysius will be celebrated at Fordham, with all the eclat which such an occasion calls for.

—The First Communion and Confirmation Classes are going on; June 9th is the day appointed for the reception of the two great sacraments of Communion and Confirmation.

—We take great pleasure in recommending to our readers a pamphlet containing a thorough, scholarly and eloquent lecture on the question: Is the Present Condition of Society an Indictment against Christianity? The magnificent vindication of our Faith is by the Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., President of Detroit College.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

J. J. REILLY '92.

Since our last issue affairs have come to a standstill in the Historical Society and quiet now reigns supreme. The Philosophers have at last succeeded in obtaining the Presidency, but the Rhetoricians and Special Science men did not easily give up the contest. The evening of the 1st of April came about in due course, and the Society proceeded to the Library, both sides resolving to do or die. The meeting opened with the usual preliminaries, and immediately nominations were made. Messrs. Arellano and Dunn were put before the House as nominees. More soon followed only to be withdrawn on account of the reluctance of the gentlemen nominated to accept the distinctions offered them. Then several brief but eloquent speeches were made. Mr. Delaney at times waxed very strong and eloquent and at one time was about to question the ruling of the Chair. After several speeches on matters foreign to the subject, the elections took place. Only one-third of the House voted and out of these Mr. Arellano received all but one of the votes cast. The Chair decided that as the votes recorded did not amount to majority of those present, there was no election. Mr. Dunn appealed from the decision of the chair. But as the hour for adjournment had arrived decision on the appeal was reserved to the next meeting. At the next meeting held on 15th of April, Mr. Dunn's appeal was the first business disposed of. After due consideration the Chair declared that the election was valid, unless some members of the House who had voted for Mr. Arellano, should ask for a reconsideration. This request was not made and Mr. Arellano was declared duly elected. Mr Feeley thanked the House for their kindness during the stormy period during which he had occupied the chair. Mr. Dunn made a motion to the effect that a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Feeley for his invaluable service to the House. The motion was put and carried. The Rev. Moderator expressed his appreciation of Mr. Feeley's abilities and spoke very highly of the manner in which he upheld the dignity of the chair and he only regretted that he was not to hold it longer. Thus ended the great struggle of the Rhetoricians and Philosophers, showing that Rhetoric and Oratory may hold sway where Philosophy is of no avail, but that in time Philosophy puts itself over all.

ST. JOHN'S HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

During the past few months the members of the House who had the good fortune to be present at the meetings, have witnessed many hotly contested debates.

The bills that have been up for discussion have embraced many political questions of the day.

Bill No. 6.—A Bill for the Reduction of the Tariff on Wool, Iron, Tea, Coffee, Tin, etc., and for the Reduction of the Internal Revenue on Tobacco and Whisky.

This bill was introduced by Mr. G. Gallagher, of Texas. The bill was supported by Mr. Chas. S. Keith, Mo., and opposed by Mr. Martin of Kansas and Mr. Herbert of Mass.

The bill was before the House for several meetings, during which time the gentlemen on both sides did justice to the bill by their arguments. The arguments of the affirmatives were the oppression brought upon the poorer classes by the improperly called Protective Policy. They asserted that, whereas the products of foreign industries could be purchased cheaper than the products of domestic industries, it is to the advantage of the classes to make use of the products of foreign industries. But the high protective tariff excludes the products of other nations; therefore the tariff should be cut down. Again, by raising the tariff, foreign industries can not compete with domestic industries and the domestic industries charge high prices for poor goods.

The chief argument of the negatives was, that by high tariff we protect our domestic industries, allowing them to increase so as in time to be able to compete with foreign industries. The bill was defeated.

Bill No. 7.—A Bill for the Abolition of the society known as the Knights of Labor, and for the establishment of a Minimum Wage and a Maximum Hour.

This bill was introduced by Mr. Jordan of Pa. The bill was seconded by Maj. H. J. Gallagher of N. Y., and opposed by Mr. Chas. S. Keith of Mo. and Mr. Thos. G. Cushing of Neb.

The arguments brought forward by the affirmatives were, that through poor management this society had become a pest to society in general, that the effects of the strikes of this society ended badly for both parties, employer and employee, and conflicted with the general good of the public.

A move was made to prove the bill unconstitutional, but was not supported by the House. The arguments of the opposition were, that the abolition of this society would be an encroachment upon the rights of societies and upon the individual rights of men.

Mr. Cushing and H. Gallagher were the orators of the evening. The bill was voted upon and passed.

Bill No. 8.—A Bill for the Abolition of Prize Fighting.

This bill was introduced by Chas. A. Horn of Ga., and seconded by Mr. A. V. Callaghan of Cal. The opposition consisted of Mr. H. J. Gallagher of N. Y. and Mr. Edw. Martin of Kan. Mr. Horn opened the debate with a speech in which he discribed the brutal manner in which the contestants in the ring punished one another.

Mr. Martin distinguished himself by the eloquent manner in which he painted the dangers of the race course in opposition to those of the mill.

The speeches of Mr. H. J. Gallagher, '91, are worthy of especial mention, as his style, diction, and logic are excellent.

Bill No. 9.—A Bill to Confer the Right of Suffrage upon All Women who have reached the Age of Majority and who have paid their Poll Tax.

This bill was introduced by Mr. Edw. Kenny of Md., and was seconded by Mr. Edw. Martin of Kan. The opposition consisted of Mr. G. Gallagher of Tex. and Mr. Herbert of Mass.

The first part of the debate was a little cool, but towards the last it warmed up to a considerable degree. The bill was passed.

CHARLES S. KEITH, '91.

SPECIMEN WORK.

CLASS OF ENGLISH RHETORIC.

On the 8th of April the class of English Rhetoric gave a public specimen of class work before Rev. Fr. Rector and faculty, to which the classes of English Philosophy and Belles Lettres were invited.

It is to be regretted that the time allotted for the entertainment was not sufficient to allow each number on the programme to be completed. Nevertheless every moment of the hour devoted to the specimen was thoroughly enjoyed, and we do not hesitate to say that those who had the honor to be present fully appreciated the intellectual treat offered to them.

The class deserves great credit, not only for their own advancement in literature, in history, and in declamation, but especially for the neat manner in which the entertainment was arranged and for the excellent execution of its individual parts. The class demonstrated to a certainty that the idea prevalent among the students of the classical course that the English course is inferior to the Latin is wholly without foundation. It is to be regretted that some of our Latin brethren were not honored with an invitation to be present at this specimen, as their eyes would have been opened to a fact which those who were so honored could not help recognizing, namely, that the English course is bound to make itself felt and to become a necessity in St. John's. This must surely come to pass if the Class of '92 and classes of succeeding years continue in the good work they are now doing.

The specimen opened with Shakesperian repetitions by the members of the class, embracing scenes I. and II., act II, of Macbeth. While the lines of this famous tragedy would have made their own impression, however badly recited, yet the Rhetoricians manifested undoubted ability in handling the famous "Bard of Avon." The speech on British Aggression by E. Hugh Martin, was very well executed and marks the gentleman as one of no mean ability in that line.

The historical discourse on Luther and Cortez by the members of the class showed unusual accumulation of data, which were given with great accuracy. A poem entitled "Vernal Breezes," by Wm. B. Bush, was short and sweet and deserves more than passing praise.

The discourse by the class on Christian Doctrine proved the only vulnerable point to attack. Here it was that Rev. Fr. Rector rather puzzled the boys on the important question of indulgences.

The essay on "The Crusades Justified," by G. J. Gallagher, showed that gentleman's great amount of information on this interesting question of history.

The same is to be said of J. M. Herbert, who handled the three historians, Lingard, Hume, and Macauley, very ably and showed accurate acquaintance with each.

Next came a treatise on literature embracing Addison, Shelley, and DeQuincey, which proved extremely interesting.

An essay on Oratory and Eloquence by E. Irving Kenney won well-merited applause. "Sunset on the St. Lawrence,"

a specimen of hurried composition, by E. H. Martin, was quite a poetical treat, and we have naught but sincere praise to offer to the author.

The last, but by no means least, number on the programme was a declamation by Mr. Arthur V. Callaghan on "The Curse of Regulus." This grand subject of oratory was brought out with excellent effect.

At the close, Rev. Fr. Rector addressed the class and congratulated each member and urged them to continue in their good work and thus offer to their professors the only remuneration they can give them, namely, the consolation of knowing that their efforts had not been in vain.

W. T. Crowley, '91.

MY LITTLE LOVE.

1

My little love has light blue eyes,
Blue eyes of gentle cast,
Blue eyes in which are glass'd
The thoughts which in its mind arise.

2.

My little love has rose-red lips,
Lips fresh with childhood's dew,
Lips from God's hand so new,
No word of malice from them slips.

3.

Say, little love, will you remain
The same as now you are,
A pure and happy star
Unknown to sin, unknown to pain?

D. A. '91.

BASE BALL NOTES.

J. Howlin Farley, '93.

Were we to voice in these columns the expressions that have been wafted through the divisions during the past few weeks we would be apt to say some pretty harsh things concerning our Ball Club. The team has been criticized most severely, but we judge the unfavorable remarks tend neither to induce better play among our boys, nor to influence the spread of that true loyalty to one's own which should exist in our little college circle. Abuse will never serve to inspire activity, and hence the hard words said in our very midst against the Fordhams, were, in our opinion, very ill-timed, and showed a want of that spirit which we are told should animate us at all times. Let us consider. Fordham played Princeton on April 7th. She confronted on that occasion the strongest college team in the country and perhaps the most expert aggregation of ball players that ever represented an institution of learning. We placed in opposition to this excellent club a team in four positions of which were found men hitherto untried. Our catcher was ill and is so to-day. But why go on? We had intended to explain away a few of the charges that have been ringing in our ears since the Princeton and Trinity games, but we refrain from offering any excuses. You of the divisions understand how we were situated and you know too that none felt our defeats more than those very nine men who started in so gallantly to carry our banner to the ramparts of success. Then, boys, do not say words unkind of any member or members of our team. Be assured that they strive their utmost and will strive again to sustain a reputation bequeathed to them by their predecessors, and gained in hard battle during by-gone days. And why repine? The season has only opened and who knows but before the commencement day speeches sound through the elm trees on the lawn, Fordham will be the conqueror of a host in the peaceful conflict of the base-ball arena.

We sadly bade our brawny catcher good-bye. He has gone in search of health, which for a long period has been unknown to him. We hope soon again to hear his cheery voice upon the coaching lines, and to hear the thud of Bob's in-curve against his iron-plated gloves. What think you of Tom, whose brilliant work behind the bat in the Trinity game was so much admired? He is made of stern stuff, and the enthusiasm which he displays at all the points should be an incentive to the others to put a little ginger into the game. Not the little one on third, however.

What to say of Columbia we know not. It is very clear that she has acted in a manner not college-like. Her ways are uncommon to us and we think she has well earned the condemnation of all who love a straightforward, honest discharge of all obligations. We are sorry for Columbia.

Congratulations to the Invincibles on the extremely neat appearance they present in their "nadgy" uniform, and likewise upon their fine playing of late. The man from Brooklyn is a good one.

A notable match took place on April 16th between the "Shamrocks" and the "Comerfords," a team named from their now famous manager, captain, secretary, etc, Peter Comerford, '92. The score was 19 to 0 in favor of the "Shamrocks." Time of game three hours and fifty minutes. Mr. Murray, the scorer, after puzzling over the returns for three days found that the "Comerfordians made seventy-nine errors.

We publish herewith a record of our games up to date.

On March 29th, Fordham vs. Sylvans of New York:

Sylvans	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—4
Fordham	3	0	3	1	4	3	0	4	3	—21

Batteries, Sylvans: McElroy and Dennis; Fordham: Carmody and Reilly. Base hits, Sylvans, 5; Fordham, 15. Errors, Sylvan, 9; Fordham, 5.

On Thursday, April 2d, the team from Williams College met the boys of Fordham and a hotly contested game was the result. The batting was slightly in favor of Williams, while Fordham outfielded their opponents. Both Carmody and Mapes pitched splendidly, while Ryan's work at short and Howard's at second deserve special commendation. The score:

Fordham.	R.	1B	PO.	A.	E.	Williams.	R.	1B	PO.	A.	E.
Carmody, p	0	1	0	3	0	Mapes, p	0	1	0	3	0
Ryan, s. s	1	1	5	4	0	Arthur, l f	2	2	0	0	0
Carmody, r. f	2	2	0	1	0	Hollister, c. f	2	2	2	0	0
Reilly, 2d b	1	1	1	3	0	Richmond, 3d b	2	1	0	2	3
Sullivan, c	1	0	9	4	1	Hotchkiss, 1st b	1	1	9	1	0
Eccleston, l. f	1	1	0	0	1	Howard, 2d b	1	2	4	3	1
McCann, 3d b	2	2	1	0	0	Luce, s. s	0		1	1	1
Hanrahan, c. f	1	0	0	0	0	Hollister, c	0		6		1
Phelan, 1st b	0	0	8	0	0	Billings, r. f	1		2		0
Totals	9	8	24	15	2	Totals	9	9	24	10	6

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Fordham	0	7	1	0	0	0	0	1		—9
Williams	0	0	3	6	0	0	0	0	0	—9

Struck out: by Carmody, 10; by Mapes, 6. Base on balls: off Carmody, 6; off Mapes 3. Passed ball: Sullivan, 2; Hollister 2. Two base hits: Carmody, T., Mapes. Three base hits: Hotchkiss. Umpire. Arellano.

On April 5th the Yonkers team visited this place and were badly beaten. Our team was crippled by the absence of Sullivan, which necessitated a change in the nine. However, the boys played very well. Tom Carmody, as usual, batted with vigor and velocity. Score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yonkers	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3
Fordham	3	1	2	0	2	4	1	0	2	—15

Batteries: Carmody and Reilly for Fordham; Mulcahy and Maloney for Yonkers. Base hits: Fordham, 13; Yonkers, 7. Errors: Fordham, 2; Yonkers, 7.

Next came our Waterloo. Princeton played here on April 7th. Nothing more need be said save that the boys played very well considering circumstances.

Fordham.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Princeton.	R.	1B	PO.	A.	E
R. Carmody, p	0	2	4	3		Darell, 2d b	3	1	2	3	
Ryan, s. s	0		1	1		Payne, l. f	3	1	1	0	
T. Carmody, r. f. & 1st b.	0		3	2		Brokaw, c	2	1	8	1	
Eccleston, l f	0	2	0	0	1	Dana, 1st b	1	3	9	2	1
Cushing, r. f	0		1	0		Knickerbocker, s. s	2	4	2	3	1
Sullivan, c	0		2	0		Young, p	1	2	2	1	
Reilly, 1st b. and c	0		5	3	1	Brown, r. f	0	0	0	0	
McCann, 3d b	0	1	2	2	1	King, 3d b	1	0	2	3	
Phelan, 2d b	0		3	1	2	Wright, c f	0	0	1	2	
Burke, c. f	0		3	0	2	Bergen, p	0	0	0	1	
Totals	0	5	24	12	7		13	12	27	16	2

Score by innings:

Fordham	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Princeton	0	2	3	3	0	3	0	2	0	—13

Struck out: By Carmody, 6; by Young, 6; by Bergan, 2. Base on balls: Off Carmody, 3. Passed balls: Sullivan, 1; Reilly, 1. Two base hits: Young, Knickerbocker, Eccleston. Three base hits: Payne. Home runs: Knickerbocker. Umpire, Dr. George Leitner, '85.

On April 9th we met Trinity and nominal defeat. You know the story, boys.

Fordham,	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	Trinity.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
R. Carmody, p	0	0	0	4	0	Mallory, l. f	0		6	0	1
Ryan, s. s	1	2	4	1	0	Paine, c. f	0		3	0	
T. Carmody, 1st b	1	1	10	0	1	Dingwell, 2d b	3	2	3	1	
Eccleston, l. f	1	0	1	0	1	Graves, c	1	1	6	0	1
Garvey, c	0	1	10	5	0	Thurston, s. s	0	1	3	6	1
Reilly, 2d b	1	1	2	7	1	Hill, 3d b	0	1	0	1	1
McCann, 3d b	0	0	0	1	1	Muzzy, r. f	1	1	0	0	
Doran, c. f	0	0	0	0	2	Hubbard, 1st b	0	1	10	0	
Cushing, r. f	0	1	0	0	0	Hamlin, p	0		0	1	
Totals	4	6	27	18	6		5	7	30	9	4

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Trinity	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	—5
Fordham	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4

Struck out: By Carmody, 13; by Hamlin, 8. Base on balls: Off Hamlin, 3; off Carmody, 1. Two base hits: Muzzy; three base hits: Dingwall, 2. Stolen bases: Fordham, 8; Trinity, 3. Umpire, Mr. Arellano, '91.

To the Fordhams: Keep a Stout Heart.

MOODS.

And I wot that the gloom of this sooty old sphere
Is begotten of thought when most dulsome and thick,
That the phantoms we chase and the goblins we fear
Are the flimsiest sprites of a brain that is sick;
For, I've moved just an hour in a wonderful maze,
Where the Past and the Future were buried and sealed,
Where the Present drove skyward the morrow's hot haze,
And the pains that used pain with forgetfulness healed.

And I trow as I sit that our lives are a curse,
For that moping we bandage our eyes to the Now,
Steal a peep at the Past which we know to be worse,
Look askance at the Future for joys we allow
May to sorrow sore ripen ere harvest time's here.
I've a thought that the memory was given to forget,
That the fancy's a scourge when it kills present cheer,
And that man is a fool when he's father to fret.

'91.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION NOTES.

T. S. REILLY, '91.

—Where was the Jonah?

—"I came near catching that one, Tom."

—A mystery: The man seen meandering around the division with a new suit and the diamond of King Kalakua.

—The spring mail, which on Sunday last arrived from Nannie's Haven, Penn., brought the "Chumley's" manager some fifty congratulatory letters. He himself informs us that the paper "up to hum" had quite a "little article in about his nine."

—The delightful lectures of Professor Bardo del Bardi, of 42 Madison Ave., will soon be drawn to a close. His last one, Shunt, or the Inhabitant of the Kennel, was particularly interesting. We hear his next series will be given in Troy during September and October.

—While visiting the infirmary lately (on a friendly call) we were surprised to see Messrs. Keating and Gallagher shedding crocodile tears and seemingly suffused with grief. Now, Messrs. K. and G. are rather hilarious youths, and certainly enjoy all the advantages of 1st Division, and 2nd too—Therefore our surprise. Upon inquiry we learned that the cause of their seeming sadness was occasioned by the frightful appearance of the hair of the "Muses" after they had escaped from the hands of the tonsorial artist. The only antidote against a further continuance of their attack, the Infirmarian said, was that they should take a few more walks in the garden with the other halves of their imagination. Eheu! fugaces, Gallagher, Gallagher!

—Though the advent of Princeton was somewhat unpropitious, still the later games show that the "Fordhams" are once more on their way to their former victories in base ball. Hard practice, boys, and all will be serenity.

—It is hoped the vacant lieutenancy will be given to Mr. Watson of '91. He certainly deserves it, and moreover he himself, informs us that he can now form a parade and prepare a battalion for every manouvre of the battle field.

—The "Invincibles" are out in their new black suits, and in truth they present a very formidable appearance. Even their umpire is togged out *a la mode*, but the only thing that the management forgot was to get him a philosopher's head and a pair of blue glasses. How deftly Talbot sometimes jerks the wild ball over the plate in time to have it called a strike. The "Chumleys" think this trick one of the causes of their disastrous defeat.

—The great fight for the presidency of the Historical Society has ended. As we prophesied, the Philosophers conquered and one of that noble class now holds the seat of honor, leaving the majority to weep and wait for some other worlds to come in which to show their unoratorical abilities.

—While reading the *Army and Navy Journal* lately, we were pleasantly surprised to learn that our own representatives in that branch of martial calling had at last consented to have their "photos" appear in that paper, but only after much begging and blue tape had been brought into use.

—It is believed that E. of 2nd, and W. of Madison, intend to go to Europe next year, at least so we infer from the suppressed laughs, and now and then serious conversations which every day take place by the window.

—The public play will be presented by the Dramatic Society on May 6th, Everything so far assures us that it will be quite a success, a thing which we certainly hope for.

—The new grand stand and the catcher's backstop were, indeed, much needed improvements. It is a pleasure now for one to witness a game of ball, for, seated on the stand with the poetical zephyrs playing hide and seek with one's ambrosial locks, and with the Fordhams "playing winning ball," as the term has it, what else can be wanting, unless forsooth, the "orchestra of birds."

SECOND DIVISION.

WM. A. FERGUSON, '94.

—*Les Enfants* would like to know who penned those *Dusty Crumblings*; they threaten to worry him to death with their never-tiring tongues.

—We are all real SECONDERS except those three, and what they are who in the mischief knows?

—E— is only teaching him how to catch "grounders." Harmless tutelage.

—Who watched those nine plutonian figures steal furtively out upon the field and stood not seized with open-mouthed wonder and admiration of their neat and symmetrical appearance? The delightful weather—surely an effect of our successful debut—was just what we desired. Nor rain nor cloud marred the loveliness of the day, which ran from morning unto evening in sun-bespread magnificence.

—Our first game in the new suits was played with Ed. Reardon's *Actives*; we do them a favor by not mentioning the score.

—"Gerry," you found our team well posted We know the rules and we can play, too! If you gave your places to the FORDHAMS you might then have a chance to beat us. Call again, but this time on the *Actives*.

—What meant those resignations of last month? Dick, you weren't built that way! Ten or fifteen bats on a slender shoulder four or five times a day was enough to startle a Comstock mule. But, Charlie, we were surprised to hear of your defection! It will be rather difficult, we feel sure, to fill the place of one who executed his duty so faithfully and for such a length of time, and yet, even with the villainous pull of your successor the tintinabulation just as musically swells with the rolling and the tolling of that bell. Brazen bell!

—Gold chevrons were introduced on account of SECOND'S Corporals it seems; well, "only the brave deserve the fair."

—When you come down to stubborn reality you will find that there are many brave fellows on SECOND and outsiders are beginning to recognize the fact.

—*Third* wants to hear from SECOND! Ye gods! How often have representatives of base ball activity on this division entreated a friendly game with such as swing the defiant bat on the little field that backs the barn, and how often have they returned as if struck by the tail of a cyclone—their presumptuous ambition fading away like a tissue-paper suit in a tropical storm.

—We are now so moulded that this kind of treatment only enlivens us. Being, as we feel sure we must be. the best division in the house, we take unto ourselves such flattering unction that, come stripe, come wound, the grim horologue of college life has not made a round, before we are ourselves again, waving the unsullied banner of victory over a very much sullied world.

—When did you get that whistle, Charlie? An imported nightingale would hardly surpass its ever varying, never ending "linked sweetness!" Would that we had, at times, an accurate phonograph to catch its delicious tremulos and its high-soaring cadences, the brass band and choir would be cloying in comparison therewith.

Here are our scores thus far:		R.	B.H.	E.
Chumleys	0 2 1 0 1 0 0 0 0	—4	1	15
Invincibles	2 3 7 2 0 0 0 0 x	—14	11	5
Invincibles	7 0 2 1 14 2 8 3 9	—16	20	5
St. Lawrence	2 0 0 1 1 0 0 4 3	—11	6	19
Invincibles	1 1 0 0 3 0 4 2 0	—11	10	4
Chumleys	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 1	—4	4	5
Picked team (1st Div).	0 0 0 0 1 2 0	—3	1	2
Invincibles	4 1 2 1 0 0 0	—8	6	0
Invincibles	11 0 0 5 5 1 0 0 3	—25	10	2
Mt. Hopes	0 0 0 0 1 2 0 3 2	—8	7	12

THIRD DIVISION.

JOHN DELANEY, '97.

—April is now nearly over and the base ball season has fairly begun. For the last week or so we have had "base ball and no overcoats," and for some it was "base ball and shirt sleeves."

—The holiday given by Reverend Father Provincial was very welcome to all. Base balls seemed to be in the air the whole day long. Even the fellows who scarcely ever handle "the sphere" caught the disease; they haven't recovered yet.

—The Tyros of this division played two games on the holiday—one with the Faculty team and the other with the Philosophers. The score in the game with the Faculty was 11 to 6 against us, but we beat the Philosophers by a score of 13 to 9. A sad day for them, wasn't it?

—The three teams of this division are doing fairly well. The game which we played with the St. Francis Xavier's choir boys, was played with a score of 22 to 5 in our favor. That was even better than the last game we played with them.

—The Tyros haven't all the fun to themselves. The Minims won a game played with the day-scholars of "Second" by a score of 11 to 3. A week after they played the day-scholars of "Second" again and won with a score of 15 to 10.

—The Midgets also had a game with a team which came up from the village. The visitors were as large as the boys on the Tyros, but that did not prevent third team from winning. The score was 10 to 9.

—The Midgets played another game with the same team about a week afterwards. The visitors made so many objections that they were politely requested to leave the field. Thus, they forfeited the game.

—"Jim," our esteemed athlete, has returned to win greater glory on the horizontal bar.

—The bowling alley and billiard room are seldom patronized. Now that the base ball season has begun we doubt very much if they will be used except on rainy days.

—The following is a sequel to the poem which appeared in the last FORDHAM MONTHLY.

We have another famous cat,
And "White Paws" is his name,
You've not forgotten "Nigger?" Well,
He's brother to the same.

The both of them are peaceful Toms,
Yet now and then they fight;
And when they do they spit and hiss
And yowl and scratch and bite.

One night beside my desk they fought
And grappled with each other,
"White Paws" bit "Nigger" in the eye
And "Nigger" scratched his brother.

Now while the fight went gaily on,
"Nig's" paw caught in a string;
And when I stooped to get it out,
"White Paws" on me did spring.

He bit and clawed till I at last
Was freed from his embrace;
But not till I was badly scratched
On both my hands and face.

"I'm sorry now I interfered;"
'Tis thus I sadly moan,
So when they want to fight again,
I'll let those cats alone.

—Our great catcher of the Minims has been trying to imitate E. Reilly by catching behind the bat without a mask. He came away in a little while with a larger eye and of a darker shade than formerly. He has lately been assigned to the Tyros.

—D. Coughlin, the Tyro first-baseman, has gone up to "Second."

The following are the members of the three teams and their respective positions:

—Tyros (First team.)—Ryan, p.; Hayes, c.; Martin, 1st b.; Tomney (change pitcher), 2d b.; Hyland (captain), 3d b.; Horan, s. s.; McCarthy, l. f.; Binsse (change catcher), r. f.; Gerardi, c. f. Substitutes, Grainger. O'Neill.

—Minims (Second team).—Kane, p.; Binsse, c.; Grainger (captain), 1st b.; Finlay (change pitcher), 2d b.; Mackel, 3d b.; O'Reilly, s. s.; Jordan, l. f.; McDermott, r. f.; O'Neill, c. f. Substitutes, Scribner (change catcher), Kennedy, A.

—Midgets (Third team).—Rosado, p.; Scribner, c.; Jordan, 1st b.; Dennin, 2d b.; Givernaud (captain), 3d b.; Killearn (change catcher), s. s.; Holden, l. f.; McKeown (change pitcher), r. f.; Kennedy, A., c. f.

—The Tyros and Minims have new suits. The old Tyro uniform will be worn by the Midgets.

DAY SCHOLARS.

JOHN E KELLY, '93.

Our acute Yonkers philosopher is a victim of "La Grippe," and the small boy from Yorkville is disconsolate.

The way of the transgressor is very, very hard. For further details make inquiries at Mott Haven.

Very loud talk was heard the other day in the billiard room. Four feet no inches was proposing to eject five feet eight.

Were you present at the lecture on the evils of dime novel reading on the train the other morning? 'Tis said that it surpassed the instruction of Fr. Halpin on the same subject. The Mosquito's Revenge or Montezuma the Merciless is poor reading even for the Midgets.

Our base-ball team is now practically formed, though of course subject to changes. Frank Kelly and Fairfax McLaughlin will alternate at short and in the box. Tim McLaughlin and John Mulcahy will interchange places behind the bat and at third base. The other positions will probably be filled as follows: 1st b., O'Connor; 2d b., John Kelly; l. f., P. Shiel; c. f., Dan Kelly, r. f. Heffernan. Substitutes, D. Sheil and W. Bush. Our "James" will be manager. Will the "Chumleys" and "Invincibles" please send us dates?

—Spring is the season of effusion and nothing is sacred from its unhallowed influence. The following lines were not blown in to us from a lunette of the new dome, but were found in the lunch basket of one of our youngest. Strange to say, at latest news the author still lives, nay more, has not even deigned to apologize.

—How thankful we should be that we are not poets!

There lived a youth in days of yore,
Who stayed at home a month or more
With a dire disease, in modern lore,
Called "Measles."

At last to college back he came,
Full strong in mind, though weak in frame.
Then his companions, to their shame,
All called him "Measles."

He mused upon this long and deep.
And swore he would make some one weep,
If to themselves they did not keep
That hateful name of "Measles."

And though his efforts never slack,
And he for plans his brain does rack,
Alas! methinks he'll never lack
That fearful name of "Measles."

EXCHANGES.

This month has brought many new exchanges as well as a fair representation of the old. Among the new ventures we note the first number of the *Packard College Monthly Journal*. It is a fair initial number although too much space is taken up with "plate", which gives a "country weekly" appearance to it. The undertaking of the *Journal* is certainly great enough. College, dramatic, and sporting news being its avowed object and that not confined to one institution. Success to it and a high place in amateur journalism. We have received also the first number of *St. Joseph of the Oaks*, published in Westchester by the St. Joseph's Deaf and Dumb Institute. It is a very good number and promises much for the future. The fourth number of the *Poughkeepsie Military Academy* is distinctly martial and bids fair to be a good journal.

An imitation of Tennyson's Locksley Hall appears in the *College Student*. As an imitation, barring a few "rocky" lines it is successful, but like Hamlet's reading it can be best described as "words, words, words."

The *Trinity Tablet* is a thorough college paper and as such is one of our best exchanges. Its make-up is certainly creditable.

The *Hamilton College Monthly* has two very readable and able articles, "Classic Birds" and "Fire and Fire Worshippers."

The *Sentinel* from St. Mary's Kentucky has a rather despairing notice of *The Monthly*. Be easy, friend *Sentinel*, editors are only resting. We publish a college paper, not a would-be magazine or lecture-reporter, and we think that the day is already upon us when College journals are "correct records of college doings," not rant and effusive aspirations to literary, world-appaling fame that even though bolstered up by plagiarism and cribbing, are doomed to remain only in the realm of unfulfilled hope.

Our old friend the *Academian*, a paper of rather youthful interests but a good academy journal is again on our table whereon the editor must keep a sharp eye lest the ex-editor of the *Academian* '88 purloin the same. A welcome visitor the *Academian*. Among the many exchanges we note *The Dial*, *The Cadet*, *Brunonian*, *Young Eagle*, *L'Etudiant*, *The Mount*, *Haverfordian*, *Revisita Catholica*, *Highlander*, and *The Georgetown Journal* whose uniform literary tone cannot be too much praised.

OBITUARY.

THE obituary editor has been run off his feet. So many have died. So many priests, so many Jesuits, so many friends. This terrible "Grippe" does wonderfully well the work of wars and plagues. Old age and weak constitutions help on the havoc marvellously. But wherefore repine. "There are no fields of Amaranth this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last."

It is only a question of sooner or later.

Hodie mihi, cras tibi,
Omnes eodem cogimur.

It is not the leaving this vale of tears which terrifies; not the dying; not the severance of life-long ties between body and soul, between friend and friend; not the darkness and loneliness of tombs. It is the hereafter; the haven. What haven on the other side of the Styx? The being confronted with the Infinite, with the Master of death and life and with the Judge, with the Supreme Regulator—with God. These are the elements which render the outlook for the dying full of uncertainty and terror! Says W. D. Howells:

"Have I not loathed to live again and said
It would have been far better to be dead,
And yet somehow, I know not why,
Remained afraid to die!"

We are afraid to die, and our apprehensions can be removed only by consciousness of duty well done and trust in God.

But, God be praised! Our dead were by their manner of thinking, speaking and doing, prepared for the summons. We miss their genial presence; their helpful lives finished leave huge gaps in our working ranks, but our thoughts follow them untimidly through Light unto better, higher Life. If we open the earlier catalogues of the College we find the name of Rev. Victor Beaudevin, S. J., who died a few weeks ago, Rector of the House of the Immaculate Conception, Montreal. His was an active and eminently useful life. Born in '23 in the diocese of Versailles, he entered, when twelve years old, the Seminary of St. Nicholas, while Mgr. Dupanloup was still at its head. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1843. He came to St. John's in 1850, where he remained for four years as Professor and Prefect of Studies. He returned here in '75, and in '76 was called to Canada, where he was stationed until his death. Much might be said about the talents and virtues of the pious rector. As a preacher he was in the van, and equally distinguished as a French or an English pulpit orator. We remember him well, his princely carriage, handsome figure and striking countenance. Because his was such a beautiful life, the King of Terrors brandished no awful spear when the mandate came. His adsum was full of courage and trust and gladness.

Rev. Fr. Hanrahan is dead—died as he had lived, exercising the faith which was as much alive in his riper years as it was when he knelt for his morning or evening prayers

beside his mother. The dear old Jesuit was born in Wexford, Ireland, October 31st, 1831. He entered the Society on 12th of September, 1853, and lived faithfully and devotedly until he was called to his rest, April 9th. St. John's loses in him one of its best known landmarks. For years he was connected with this Institution as Professor and Prefect, but chiefly as Treasurer. As financial manager, while doing very laborious work he made a legion of friends for himself and his order. He spent two years in Troy, where he signalized himself by his indefatigable devotion to the poor and suffering. How many will miss his warm hand-grasp and cheery smile! He was an uncomplaining sufferer. He died peacefully and with a child's resignation to the Supreme Mandate. His career was uneventful, but full of good works and merits.

The servant has gone to the Master and the Master is paying the well-earned wages promptly, gladly and eternally.

[We intend to give a lengthner notice of Father Hanrahan in our next.]

Brother Frederick de Pooter, S. J., the old well-known gardener of the College, died on Sunday the 19th of April, in the eighty-first year of his age. His summons came on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph—the feast of a Saint to whom the venerable brother was deeply devoted. Our boys, old and young, knew him well. They looked upon him as the avenging genius of stolen grapes and filched fruit generally. He was a Belgian by birth, and after a term of service in the army of his country joined the ranks of St. Ignatius, under whose banner he fought the good fight for forty-nine years. His death was the sleep of a child on its mother's breast.

Rev. Wm. Dunphy, A. B. '75, died at St. John's Rectory, White Plains, N. Y., in the first week of April, after a short, painful, but patiently-borne illness. He was the beloved and zealous pastor of the only Catholic Church in the town. If tears and sad countenances are tokens of love and veneration, then was the demise of this faithful servant of God very deeply lamented. For in his own Church, which poor and rich thronged to do him honor and attest their great grief, tears fell and sobs were heard as the bereaved parishoners and friends filed past his coffin. Certainly the decrees of God are mysterious. It is hard to understand why this devoted priest was snatched away when he seemed so much needed. He was the noble standard-bearer of Catholicity in a locality where bigotry and ignorance smote with hard incessant blows. He fought down everything, and while victorious, converted foes into friends. In such a loss as we now chronicle, we find no consolation save remembering that God knows and does for the best. Our sympathy is extended to his mother, sisters and brothers, and to the many friends who still are conscious of, and for long years to come will feel a void in hearts where Fr. Dunphy filled so large a space.

R. I. P.

BATTALION NEWS.

GEO. H. TORNEY, '93.

S. O. No. 19. St. John's College, March 16th, 1891.

The following promotions are hereby announced:

To be Cadet Color Sergeant,
Cadet Sergt. Carmody, Co. A.

S. O. No. 23. March 28th, 1891.

I. The result of the examination held on Thursday, March 25th, 1891, is hereby announced:

Cadet Sergt. Major Farley, 87%.
Cadet 1st Sergt. McSorley, 97%.
Cadet Corpl. Gibson, 89%.
Cadet Pvt. Scott, 90%.
Cadet Pvt. Ferguson, 95%.
Cadet Pvt. Kenney, 92½%.
Cadet Pvt. Walsh, 91%.

II. The following transfers are hereby announced:

Cadet Corpl. McCafferty from Co. C. to Co. A.
Cadet Corpl. Gutierre from Co. C. to Co. B.
Cadet Corpl. Doran, Maurice, from Co. D. to Co. B.

III. The following promotions are hereby announced:

To be Cadet 1st Lieut., Cadet Sergt. Major Farley.
To be Cadet Sergt. Major, Cadet 1st Sergt. McSorley.
To be Cadet Corpl., Cadet Pvt. Scott.
To be Cadet Corpl., Cadet Pvt. Ferguson.
To be Cadet Corpl., Cadet Pvt. Kenney.
To be Cadet Corpl., Cadet Pvt. Walsh.

IV. The following assignments are hereby announced:

Cadet 1st Lieut. Farley to Co. B.
Cadet Corpl. Scott to Co. D.
Cadet Corpl. Ferguson to Co. C.
Cadet Corpl. Kenney to Co. D.
Cadet Corpl. Walsh to Co. C.

S. O. No. 24. April 3d, 1891.

I. The following named Cadets are hereby ordered up for examination for possible promotion on Thursday, April 16th, 1891:

Cadet 1st Lieut. Clogher.
Cadet 1st Lieut. McNally.
Cadet 1st Lieut. Burke.
Cadet 1st Lieut. Farley.

The examination will include School of the Soldier, School of the Company, School of the Battalion and the Ceremonies.

II. Cadet Sergt. Torney is hereby ordered up for examination for promotion on Thursday, April 9th, 1891. The examination will include the duties of guides in the School of the Company and 80% will be required,

III. The color guard will be composed of the following named Cadets:

Cadet Sergt. Carmody.
Cadet Corpl. Eccleston.
Cadet Corpl. Scott.
Cadet Corpl. Kenney.

IV. Gold chevrons according to the pattern now in possession of 1st Lieut. Edwards, will hereafter be worn by all non-commissioned officers of the Cadet Corps.

S. O. No. 27. April 12th, 1891.

I. The following transfers are hereby announced:
Cadet Capt. Ramsay from Co. B to Co. A.
Cadet Capt. Feeley from Co. D to Co. B.
Cadet Capt. Corbett from Co. C to Co. D.

II. The result of the examination for promotion held on Thursday, April 9th, 1891, is hereby announced:
Cadet Sergt. Torney, 91%.

III. The following promotion and assignment is hereby announced:
To be Cadet 1st Sergt. Co. A.,
Cadet Sergt. Torney.

IV. To guide the Commanding Officer in selecting the names of the graduating class for insertion in the *Army Register* and publication in general orders, and also in selecting Cadets to fill vacancies among the Cadet Lieutenants, the following named Cadets are hereby ordered to appear for examination Thursday, April 23d, 1891.
Cadet Sergt. Lennon.
Cadet Sergt. Reilly, T. S.
Cadet Pvt. Watson.

By order of
1st Lieut. C. R. Edwards,
1st U. S. Infantry.

A. G. Burrow,
Cadet Capt. and Adj.

Lieutenant Edwards has informed us that he has ordered marching leggings for the entire battalion. These will prove very useful on Decoration Day, and will, together with the white cross-belts, improve the appearance of the Corps to a great extent.

We tender our congratulations to Lieut. Edwards on the occasion of his promotion to the grade of 1st Lieutenant. Our earnest wishes are that he may have a short stay in that grade, quick promotion, and good stations during his whole career.

Under Mr. Horn's efficient leadership the drum corps has been favoring us with some choice selections of late as "Good bye Maggie," "Marching through Stamford," etc. But, speaking of the drum corps, too much cannot be said of the great improvement that has been and is taking place in that organization. For several years efforts have been made to establish a drum corps, but this is the first time any success has been attained, still we would like to see an increase in the members of that body. If any one fancies that he possesses sufficient talent to "beat the drum and blow the shrill fife," let him apply to Mr. Horn.

Lieutenant Edwards began instructions in the handling of the field pieces last week. At present this instruction is for the commissioned and non-commissioned officers only.

Where are the much-spoken-of dress suits?

Was any one within ear-shot of the guard house when "the Graces" were in "durance vile?"

We envy Mr. Arellano the pleasant position he occupies. If Lieut. Edwards has any more such occupations and desires to find able men who are prepared to accept them, let him apply at the office.

It has been rumored that the cadets are to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the new Seminary of the Archdiocese of New York.

We hope this rumor is true.

The time for the recitation of tactics has been changed from Thursday afternoon to Saturday evening.

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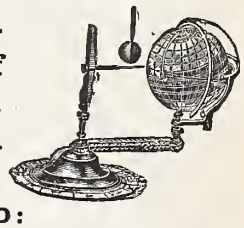

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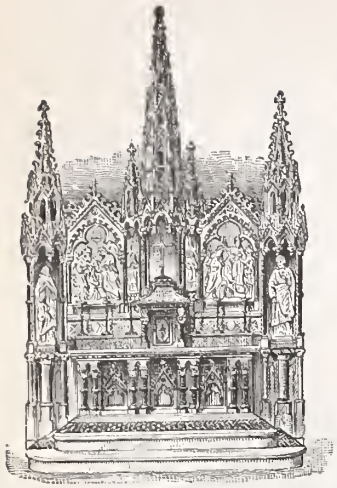

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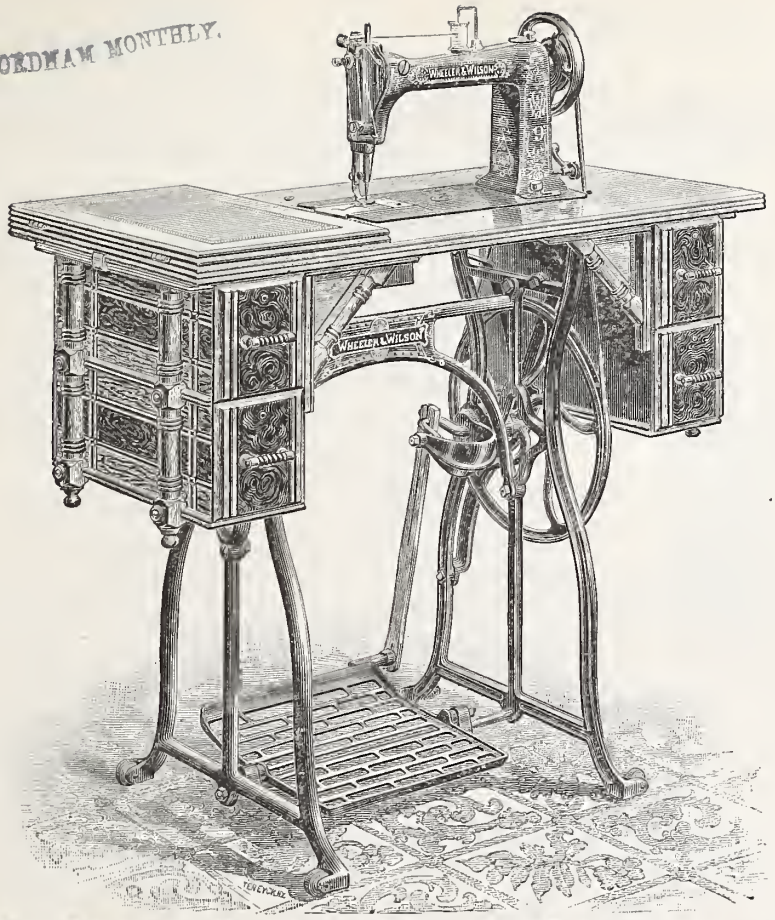

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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

Vol. IX. St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., May, 1891. No. 7.

MAY.

So! May, the morning star of summer time,
Clad in the freshness of a hundred show'rs,
Cloth'd with the beauty of a hundred flow'rs,
Shines in the fields To many a brooklet's chime,
And many a winged songster's rural rhyme
Through crocus-paved and myrtle-woven bowers
From out their glowing urns the easy hours
Glide—all too swiftly for the vernal prime!

Ah! May, that thou shouldst be too like a type
Of boyhood; that the quickening charms that strew
Our early pathway, reason waxing ripe,
Should vanish as before the sun the dew,
And faint as at war's trump the shepherd's pipe,
Ah! me, life's maying days so sweet, so few!

THE PASSION PLAY.

An extract from a letter of Mr. Cornelius J. Clifford, S. J., (A. B., Fordham '79.)—Student of Theology in the Jesuit University of Innsbruck, Austria.

I REACHED Ober-Ammergau in time for the last performance of the Passion Play, which took place on the twenty-eighth of September. The ride in the cars from Munich carries you for three hours through some of the most beautiful scenery in Southern Germany, until you come to Oberau. You are then in the heart of the Bavarian Alps, and there is still a slow, toilsome climb of two hours before you, up the steep slope into the village of the peasant-players. Reminders of the faith and piety of the people meet you at nearly every step of the way; sometimes it is a rude shrine set up under the shelter of an overhanging rock, but more frequently, a simple crucifix of peasant carving, hung in the shadow of the trees, or standing out under the glare of the sunshine at a turn in the dusty white road-side. The people are a race of religous artists. If the carven crucifixes will not convince you of the fact, as you move up the mountain-side, the play will, when you have seen it and heard it with its wonderful choric setting, and eloquent symbolism of its proemic tableaux. Cook—the ubiquitous and all-provident Cook, who will send you to Kamschatka as readily as he sent me to Innsbruck, without any of the worry of ticket buying—had his men posted in opportune places; while great white placards in English, labelled the omnigeneric collection of carriages he had gathered there for the benefit of the unnumbered host that held his coupons. These Cook's men and Cook's carriages looked strangely out of place among the more picturesque Bavarian drivers who wore feathers in their round felt hats, and were clad in grey jackets and breeches trimmed with green, and in leggings of open plaiting, that showed a stout sun-browned calf beneath the cordage. The village itself, as we rode into it on the Friday afternoon before the play, presented a very bewildering picture to the view. I thought I saw representatives from every Aryan folk under heaven, from San Francisco to St. Petersburg. Americans and Englishmen moved about in great numbers. Priests, tonsured and untonsured, laics, young men and maidens, Protestant ministers and Puseyites, and an occasional bishop resplendent in purple-corded shovel hat, and silver buckles, a gathering almost Pentecostal in its variety and fearful in its justaposition, turned the devout little village into a foretype of the Jehosaphat that is to be—a place of all sorts and conditions of men. I was quartered in a little room with Fr. O'Donnell, a secular priest from Boston, at the *Gasthof* of one of the "Money Changers of the Temple." Fr. Cleary the temperance orator of the West was next door to us at the house of "Simon Peter." Very early on the morning of the play we were aroused by the firing of cannon. It was the signal for mass at the parish church. Precisely at eight o'clock, a chorus of young men and girls entered the theatre from the sides, to the sounds of a solemn march; and the curtain rose upon the first Old Testament tableau, "The going forth from Eden." However much one disliked the thought, he could hardly avoid noting the many points of coincidence between the play as it now followed, and the presentation of a Greek drama in its best and most serious days. The chorus of the Passion Play, it is true, never danced, and had moreover only two changes of position; but it made use of copious and dignified gesture: and in its exquisite, lyrical commentary on the action, in its musical articulation of what everybody in the vast audience felt, but dared not utter, it was almost identical with what we know of its classical prototype. The play opened with Our Lord's Entrance into Jerusalem; and it moved on breathlessly and rapidly, with a rush, it seemed to me, in spite of the long hours, until it came to the crucifixion: then the action and the dialogue became quiet and more subdued, the rhythm of the piece seeming to die into silence at the Ascension. Before each of the acts there were two successive tableaux taken from the Old Testament, in which the drift and purpose of what was to follow were very distinctly foreshadowed. The scenes and incidents chosen were in all cases taken from those broader and more striking facts in the history of Israel, that generations of spiritual writers have made us all familiar with; but I never realized how awfully significant they were, until I saw them set side by side with the startling events of the Passion. It was wonderful art surely. Indeed it was more than art. It was inspiration,—the inspiration that piety gave to the peasant actors that did it all with such

terrible realism and yet so well. If the comparison may be made in reverence, it was like faith coming into a Greek theatre in its austerest and most religious days, and renewing it with transfigured life. Faith in buskins may not strike many as an edifying spectacle; but neither does the Passion Play until you have seen it. The attention of the audience was very significant. During the long eight hours—there was a break at noon—I didn't see a single impatient spectator. There were nearly six thousand people present. Hundreds of them as I judged from their behavior in the church that morning, were not Catholics. Yet I frequently saw them in tears, the men as well as the women. The strained eager look on so many thousand faces at the more critical portions of the play was almost as moving as the action itself. If the shadow can do so much, thought I, what will the substance not do, if only rightfully presented? Of individual performers I don't care to speak. It was with the play as a whole that I was most concerned. The *Christus* of Joseph Mayer, of which so much has been written, struck me as weak and ineffectual. The *Coryphaeus* with his finer voice and figure would have put more verisimilitude into it. The *Petrus* and the *Judas* were real and lifelike. The *Saint John* was painfully effeminate. *Our Lady's* part was very well done. The grouping, the statuesque posing and contrasts of color in the tableaux, in which even infants of three and four years took part, made a series of pictures that will never pass out of the memory of those that saw them. Nowhere else on earth, one would think, could such a play be possible, save in this cloistral valley of Bavaria, walled in from contact with the world by its barrier of solemn mountains—nowhere else and with no other class of actors than these simple-hearted peasants who do it so well because they believe, and know no evil. One may say of them what has been said so often of that wonderful picture of Fra Angelico's, that you can see in the National Gallery in London, that every face you meet with is the face of a soul in sanctifying face.

And yet in spite of the goodness of these artist-players, in spite of the genuine edification I received during the fifty hours I spent among them, I must confess that I would not care to see the Passion Play again. Even now there are signs that the world has laid its hands upon it; and there is danger that what was once an act of love, may become an unholy commercial transaction, if not to the mysterious syndicate about which so much has been written and denied, at any rate to the performers themselves. Besides, there are two characters in the drama which not even a saint should be allowed to impersonate and without them the Passion Play is an impossibility. The curtain fell at five o'clock.

I returned to Munich that same night and on the following day I was in Innsbruck.

CORNELIUS J. CLIFFORD, S. J.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The annual lecture of the Historical Society will be given in the Students' Library on Wednesday May 27th, at 6 P. M. by Dr. Richard H. Clarke of New York City. The subject of the lecture will be "The Religious Character of Christopher Columbus."

I LOVE THE BLUE!

In smoke of hearths that caracoles
At twilight up from roofs of straw:
On huddled tops of sylvan knolls
That from the backward look withdraw
Into far mellowness of view—
I love the blue! I love the blue!

On sunny seas whose wavelets troll
Now ducking low, now butting higher,
Like sportive lion whelps that roll
About their fondly couchant sire;
In cup-like violets brimm'd with dew—
I love the blue! I love the blue!

Upon the banner, striped and starred,
Of Freedom's standard-bearing land:
On summer skies that cloud-unmarr'd
In rapturous repose expand,
As though of storms they nothing knew—
I love the blue! I love the blue!

But most of all in youthful eyes
That under modest lids apart
Shine index-stars to the sunrise
Of love awakening in a heart
To which the angels well might sue—
I love the blue! I love the blue!

D. A., '91.

A LATTER-DAY MUSE.

In contemplating the great scene of literature the Muses are beyond doubt one of the brightest groups; and among them we look for the first time upon a strange face, a comely one, one full of sympathy and tenderness, yet a face full of magnetism and wonderful power, a face reflecting in its own all the characteristic genius and beauty of the other daughters of Parnassus.

This strange face, so full of mystery is the Muse of Journalism; and her mission to us is the promotion of virtue and happiness in society, and the diffusion of useful knowledge. She has girded the earth with her attendants and day after day, between sunrise and sunset, a legion of dainty Ariels float from antipodes to antipodes bearing to her the doings of empires, their politics, their religions, the latest creation from the pen of an Addison or Longfellow, the mysteries of the air, and the wonders of the deep, the ravages of the cholera, and the description of a Russian three-decker.

To quit allegory—Journalism more than the other arts and professions comes more quickly home to the bosoms of men; it is linked more closely to their interests and desires, detailing matters of every-day life and treating, in almost colloquial phrase, of ordinary passions. It is a double-sided mirror wherein men see themselves reflected with all their pomp and circumstances, see themselves with that rough husk of vulgarity which so often tempts them to quarrel with their likeness, in which they see the sins of their fellows stripped and made plain, and themselves portrayed with unerring and tremendous fidelity.

Conducted and systematized as Journalism now is, it has been elevated into the dignity of a profession—and a very important and influential one, too—by the efforts of able men, who were aware of the advantages and responsibilities attached to their calling, and who perceived that the public were prepared to encourage and reward them for every change for the better which their talents and anxiety enabled them to make.

Journalism now indicates the condition of the public mind, and beyond all others it may truly be said to affect its tone and influence its movement. Among specific social forces Journalism transcends all others in its reflex bearing and direct power upon the community, and for that reason a greater responsibility rests upon Journalism than upon any of its associate forces, with reference to the intellectual, moral and spiritual advancement of the human race.

Unhappily in Journalism the haughty, unsympathetic, contemptuous doctrine, "*Vulgus vult decipi; decipiatur,*" holds it malign sway over the pen of many a journalist. We hear continually of the rights of man, but seldom hear we of his duties. Reckless newspapers print whatever they please, and the honest man bemired by their abuse, who proceeds against them, is universally ridiculed as an oversensitive fool. Into the very lap of Journalism are thrust the rubbish of exotic or sentimental delirium, the loathsome feculence and hideous moral leprosy of the writings of depraved natures, men who forget that the welfare of the people in every age is committed to them as a sacred trust, men who prostitute Journalism for the applause of the befooled rabble and the gain of a few miserable ducats. They know not that the true mission of Journalism is to give the people what they want, and that it is within the power of the journalist, his knowledge of human nature and the world, his wisdom and dexterity and tact, to make them want what they ought to have; that the mission of true Journalism is to show the noble elements and grand possibilities in human nature, to lift the people to that high level

> Of the great spirits who went down like suns,
> And left upon the mountain tops of death
> A light that made them lovely,

such a light as the great spirit of John Boyle O'Reilly has left to mankind, to show that the mission of the journalist should be not so much to cast down the proud, as to raise up the lowly, not so much to extinguish our sympathy with the powerful and renowned, as to extend it to all those who in humbler conditions, have the same claims on our esteem or affections; that in judging of the characters of men we should not despise or be indifferent about them,—and though we have seen through the false glare which plays around the summit of our existence and know how little dignity, or happiness, or worth, or wisdom may sometimes belong to the possessors of fortune, and power, and learning, and renown, it does not follow by any means that we should look upon the whole of human life as a mere deceit and imposture, a fit subject only for scorn and derision.

For the journalist gifted with a thorough and penetrating knowledge of human character should not withhold his sympathy or extinguish it, but rather he should extend it so as to bring the whole human family nearer to a level by compensating for the flaws that are detected in the boasted ornaments of life by bringing to light the richness and the lustre that sleeps in the mine beneath the surface.

Let not the pen of the journalist lend itself to the corruption of the ballot-box, to the excitement of religious feuds, to the arraying of brother against brother. Let not the journalist be accused of venality, violent partizanship, or sectarian bitterness, neither of partial vindication or total disregard of injured right; let him not omit to denounce radicalism and violation of law, no matter under what circumstances they may occur.

It is not indeed surprising that the high and responsible character of the journalist should be more or less misapprehended, and that the business of publishing, writing and editing a periodical should oftentimes be conducted with little or no sense of the moral accountability attending it. This does not intimate that it is unlawful for the journalist to propose to himself as an object the pecuniary profits arising from his profession, but simply refers to the evil of making this temporal advantage the controlling element, and thus sacrificing to subordinate considerations the chief end of Journalism, which is the promotion of virtue and the diffusion of useful information.

If in private character the journalist is bound not to give scandal, how much more should he beware of the aggravated evil which may follow from his relations with the public at large. How serious a matter should he mislead them!

Let it not be said that Journalism is guilty of inculcating false principles or unsound morals. The mass of readers are incapable of discriminating in many instances between right and wrong, and they are just as likely to adopt the erroneous as the accurate teaching of the journalist. Let the main object then of the journalist be to so regulate popular opinion as to maintain among the people the ascendency of sound principles and a virtuous life.

Lastly, must the journalist himself be possessed of virtue, by which we mean the exercise of charity and justice in the discharge of his professional duties. Without virtue, learning and talent would only be additional instruments of evil in his hands, and prudence would degenerate into mere cunning for unworthy ends.

> Learn then what moral critics ought to show:
> For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
> 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join:
> In all you speak, let truth and candour shine.

Let charity and justice guide the pen of the journalist and he will exhibit the crowning excellence of his calling; he will then be fulfilling his mission, his uprightness and moderation will command respect, while his elevation above the influence of passion will win for his statements an authority *pyramidum altius.*

MICHAEL.

IDYL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

What time King Herod wore the crown
Of Judah, as a borrow'd gem
From Rome's imperial diadem :
At Nazareth, a little town
In Galilee's mid region laid,
There dwelt a matron and a maid,
Mother and daughter, flower and bud,
Hearts brimful of King David's blood.

Though their ancestral empire's wand
Had pass'd into an alien's hand,
And though a tyrant fill'd the throne
A King should fill from out their own
To whom God's chosen seed were lief ;
They lived in happiness, not grief :
Part that to them, pleas'd with God's will,
Heav'n dimm'd with clouds seemed heaven still,
Part that they had expectancy
Of the pledg'd Christ that was to be
A scion of their family—
Mayhap, a child of young Marie !
On this the Mother's thoughts all ran,
And caring for her fallen house,
She bade Marie accept a spouse ;
But maid Marie would know not man.
So oft as both together spun
Beside their door at set of sun,
After a silence with all art
Of thought but shadow'd forth, and word
Involv'd suggestive and demurr'd,
The mother would approach the theme,
By day her thought, by night her dream,
And ever closest to her heart,
Then would the maiden lift her eyes
With something of a shy surprise ;
As bending o'er a brooklet's well
In Judah's vales the wild gazelle
Fray'd suddenly, darts up her head
To hear the hunter's stealthy tread—
And meeting full her mother's gaze
Which tears, like dews, seemed then to daze,
In firm yet tender voice would say :
"Sweet Mother, put the thought away ;
My love I've pledg'd, my heart I've given
Forever to the King of Heaven.
Not to be Mother of His Son,
Whose advent now is drawing on,
Would I accept a human spouse
To greater glory of our house !"

But on a day she knelt in prayer
Veil'd closely in her flowing hair,
Still as the bee that honey sips
From out the flow'r in which it dips,
Her soul from thoughts of earth all free
To heaven rapt in ecstacy,
Like ray of light at eve withdrawn
Up to the sun from off a lawn ;
A streaming glory filled her room,
A glory of a mystic bloom
That bathed the walls in such fine dyes
As summer sunset's blazon'd skies.

And from the light a voice was borne
Sweet as the lark's from out the morn,
And rich as of a silvery horn :
"Ave Maria, full of grace !"—
And Mary lifted not her face :
But like to one who hears the choir
Singing behind, still looks before
Rapt on the altar, though the core
Of music full pants with desire
To see who rears so sweet a song:
Kept bowed her head, and on she heard
The voice from out the glory borne
Sweet as the lark's from out the morn,
And rich as of a silvery horn :
"The Lord's with thee, thrice blest among
All women ! the Incarnate Word
Shall be of thine own womb the fruit!"—
And Mary was no longer mute,
But lifting up her virgin brows
Unto the angel voice began :
"How comes it when I know not man,
And am betroth'd to God for spouse?"
"Fear not, Maria, thou hast found
Grace in God's sight : the vow which bound
Thee His, holds ! By the Spirit's wing
O'er shadow'd, thou to light shalt bring
The promised Christ, God's only Son !"
And Mary cried, "God's will be done !"

And from the walls, the glory went
E'en as it came as sunset spent ;
And like an echo in a hill
The voice within the room grew still.
But Mary knelt absorb'd in prayer,
Veil'd closely in her flowing hair ;
Still as the bee that honey sips
From out the flow'r in which it dips :
Her soul from thoughts of earth all free
To heaven rapt in ecstacy,
Like ray of light at eve withdrawn
Up to the sun from off a lawn !

D. ARELLANO, '91.

THE MYSTERIOUS LOCKET.

BANKS MOORE, '95.

"Will you do what I proposed?" said the Englishman. "Surprise Calcutta at night, and murder all white people you can find in that city."

"Hat's very good," replied the native, "but I want'ee you to come along, and if de red-coats take'e me, dey take'e you, too. I no want'e to be shot, while you, de head one, escape."

"I told you," broke in the other somewhat impatiently, "that I hate my countrymen, I hate the queen, I hate the government, and all civilized creatures. Here I have been an outcast for fifteen years, living among you people, and sometimes taking trips to the deserted cities of Afghanistan, and elsewhere, whenever I might elude the pursuit of Europeans. I *will* go with you."

Here the barge, for such it was, passed directly before the camp, and Camden, at a glance, perceived it to be one belonging to some Indian chief, and very likely bound to Benares to obtain prophesies or invoke Brahma's blessing upon some enterprise. The boat contained thirty oarsmen

besides the two persons already spoken of, who sat in the stern; and it was clear that the latter were not afraid of being understood by the crew. The barge had nearly passed out of hearing distance, when the Hindoo made reply:

"Me do what you tell. Kille de English, and—"

Then the lieutenant could hear no more, but he knew enough to satisfy himself that mischief was brewing. There was, however, plenty of time to frustrate the plans of the conspirators, and so he thought of nothing at present but of the good sweet rest he needed so much. Looking at his watch he found it time to call Mandeville, and having seen the latter thoroughly awake, stretched himself within the hut, and was soon fast asleep.

It was now Mandeville's turn to watch, and just the time to continue his examination of the papers. First lighting a candle, he held it in one hand. In the other were the mysterious documents. Two more envelopes had yet to be opened; but as they contained only certain details about the best and safest way, Mandeville folding them up replaced them in his pocket.

"Strange indeed," he mused, "that this man nearly a thousand miles from me, should know all about the business. Word certainly couldn't have been sent to him last night, and and this Sado arrive so soon. No; it must have been when Ali Kelat was visiting my father that the Grand Lama received his news. Sado was certainly sharp to see through my disguise."

If Mandeville had only known all, how the very night on which his father explained to him the mystery of the locket, the watchful Sado who had been lurking in the vicinity of Calcutta for nearly a week, and had regularly kept post near the banker's veranda, to pick up such scraps of conversation as would prove useful to his enterprise, had overheard all, he would certainly have marvelled at this fellow's patience and sagacity. When the Buddhist heard the banker tell Camden that Gilbert was going on a journey early the next morning, he at once guessed the mission; and when the former led his son into his study, he followed; and hiding behind the large velvet curtains, which hung over the door, peeped through the key-hole and watched their every movement without himself being discovered. Sado understood but very little English, but from this limited knowledge and from what he witnessed in the room, he felt no doubt that this indeed was the locket, which the Grand Lama so eagerly desired. When Mandeville went to the barracks, Sado followed keeping however close within the shadow. The zebu, Sado had killed on account of its being sacred to the Brahmans, for he himself was a jealous Buddhist and an implacable hater of every other religion.

During the entire three hours that our adventurer spent on watch, he tried as best he could to unravel the mystery of the papers. However only indifferent success attended his efforts, for much was to remain always hidden in obscurity. Then he aroused Camden and lay down himself to sleep. Nothing further happened that night. In the morning they again took up the journey, and on the ride Camden told Mandeville what he himself had seen and heard during the night. "These parties," said the lieutenant, "are evidently on their way to the holy city to ask Brahma's advice; but, depend about it, that white rogue, who is at the bottom of it all will so bribe the priests that the rajah will surely obtain a favorable answer." "Yes; and I only hope we are there to see it," replied Mandeville, "for you know we are going to be concealed in the temple."

The two then again fell into a strain of meditation, in which they continued most of the morning. At noon they halted only to eat some prepared food and again hastened on their way. All this time the journey had been through the thickest kind of jungle and because constantly impeded by the dense undergrowth and heavy overhanging vines, which had to be cleared away by a vigorous use of the axe, the reader can well imagine our travellers' joy, when in the middle of the afternoon, they emerged upon a white smooth plain stretching away to the west for nearly thirty miles.

"There must be no camping to-night Gilbert," the hussar said, as he spurred his horse to a gallop. "We must cross this plain ere another sun rises. Two dangers beset us. We may be seen and so excite suspicion; and we may succumb to the intense heat of the sun. True it is cool enough just at present, but the mid-day sun is so fierce that all animals from the elephant to the lizard must needs take shelter in the forest."

"As you say," replied Gilbert, "and besides the less time we lose, the sooner we reach our destination."

They had not proceeded far, when both horses and riders were seized with a most painful thirst, and Mandeville at once proposed going down to the river for drink. Camden shook his head in dissent and said: "No; time is too valuable to lose, and besides the more the beasts drink the more thirsty they become. Moreover if they take too much water they will be suddenly visited by cramps, and will fall dead at our very feet."

After they had traversed about fifteen miles of the prairie the sun's heat became less intense, and twilight began to shade the earth. Though the long grass stretched nearly up to the horses' necks they had nevertheless made good progress having in a little over three hours left half the treeless waste behind them. They now halted awhile to water their animals and to partake of the canned provisions, their only food on the journey. They next carefully refilled their canteens at the spring and again took the road.

Now as the cooling winds of night blew over the plain, the ride was very comfortable, and after about another three hours they reached the jungle on the opposite side of the prairie. "We had better stop here all night," said Camden, for it would not do to run risks in that forest. We might either lose our way, or become the prey of a tiger."

Then after picketing their horses, they wrapped themselves in their blankets and were very soon fast asleep. No watch had been set, for as they were now in a very unfrequented part, Camden saw no need of being careful.

Next morning they entered the jungle, but this was not so dense as that previously passed, and they proceeded quite rapidly. Towards the end of the evening they arrived opposite Benares, and again assuming the disguises with which they had dispensed during the latter part of the journey, they hid themselves in the forest and waited for night.

Ali Kelat had told the banker that the Ganges washed the very walls of his temple, and that there was a certain secret door opening upon the waters of the river. Through this last he would admit the bearer of the locket, who to establish his identity was to row across the river at night in a skiff hidden by Ali Kelat himself on the opposite shore, and besmear with blood the sill of the last window on the right. This would be the safest token, for the last window on the right was near the altar where offerings were made to the idol, and any stranger seeing the blood would think that it came from some sacrifice. He was then to return to the other side and wait there till the next night, when he would again row across, and imitate the cry of a dove, lying on his oars in the shadow of the temple until Ali Kelat opened the door and bade him enter. This Mandeville told his companion, and they at once began to search for the skiff. It was soon found in a clump of brushwood with two pairs of oars lying in it.

"Now," said Camden, "we must kill some animals with whose blood we may stain the window sill."

"I suppose judging from the cries that arose from this forest last night, that it must be full of them."

They then started off through the brushwood, but no sign of a beast could be seen.

"But the horses!" exclaimed the lieutenant after they had gone but a short distance through the undergrowth. "They are sure to neigh, and may attract some passer-by to our camp."

"Oh! never fear them," retorted Mandeville with a a silent laugh, "I tied their mouths up in sacks before we left them. Then there's very little chance of any one else's being in this jungle."

"Well, this is the first really thoughtful action, I have seen you do since we left Calcutta," answered Camden.

Suddenly there appeared an opening in the bush, and Camden who was in the lead, immediately motioned his companion to be silent. He had seen a buffalo fast asleep in the shade of a gigantic oak. Turning to Mandeville he told him to be in readiness with a bucket, which the latter carried to catch the blood; and then crept through the grass as silently and smoothly as a slippery snake. Approaching the body of the still sleeping bull, he raised the dagger in his hand and like a flash plunged its sharp point into the beast's heart. A stream of blood at once gushed forth, but Mandeville was instantly upon the spot, and received the crimson stream in the wooden vessel. Not a groan had been uttered by the buffalo, for the hussar's weapon had effectually and severely done its work. After they had procured sufficient blood, the body of the dead animal was thrown into a thick clump of thorn bushes, and as it was now quite dark they returned to the river.

There smoking their pipes they sat talking over the past journey, and conjecturing what they were about to see in the pagan temple. Towards midnight, when the city was hushed in quiet and the way seemed perfectly free, launching the boat they prepared for their nocturnal expedition. The oars were muffled, and the two took turns at rowing and watching. While one plied the propellers, the other, couched in the prow, kept a bright look-out for any craft that might happen along. The skiff had just darted into the shadow of the temple, when the sound of many oars dipping into the water broke upon their ears. Then came a hoarse whisper: "Is this the sacred edifice of the all enlightened Brahma?"

"Yes, ; dis de one, Ali Kelat de greatest priest in allee India," replied the voice of a Hindoo, which Camden immediately recognized as that of the native, whom he had heard speaking on the river the first night of their camping. Looking in that direction he besides saw the same large barge. "It will be death to us if we are caught," he whispered turning to Mandeville. "Push the boat in close beneath the wall." The strange intruder passed on without either the Englishman or Hindoo's speaking another word, but soon a slight grating sound was heard coming from the very walls of the temple, and one of the marble slabs not twenty feet from our heroes' boat, rose as if of its own accord. The barge made for this, and in another minute the rajah, his guest, and oarsman had entered, the latter drawing their boat behind them. Then the slab returned to its place, so noiselessly that neither the hussar nor Mandeville was certain that the edifice had been closed.

"We enter by that door to-morrow night," at length whispered Mandeville, "but it has closed with much less noise than it opened. I wonder if Ali Kelat was there?

"I guess he must have been," replied Camden, "but gracious! it was lucky we weren't seen."

"Well I should say so! We had better row up to that window now, and do what we intended."

Silently they paddled up to the end of the great edifice, hovering however close to the wall. When they had reached the point, Camden stood upon the gunwale, and raising the bucket dyed the sill red with its contents.

"Quick now! quick!" he exclaimed in an excited whisper, as he again took his place in the prow of the boat.

Mandeville did not need a second warning but pulled at the oars with a good steady will; and in half an hour they reached the opposite shore. Pulling the boat up after them they concealed it in the bushes, and going to their camp they first attended to the horses' wants. Then wrapping themselves in their blankets they soon fell asleep. The sun had climbed high in the heavens next morning when Camden awoke, Mandeville was still sleeping, and instinctively the hussar looked toward the temple. There he saw at the window, which they had the night before dabbled with blood, a solitary priest throwing out the body of a newly sacrificed kid. He at once shook Mandeville, but before the latter was thoroughly awake, the priest had gone. That day passed slowly enough for the two adventurers. They were all impatience to behold the inner wonders of the temple, and with a visible joy they watched the sun sink beneath the horizon, and darkness take the place of light. Then they shored off observing all the caution of the preceding night. When once under the walls of the temple, they made directly for the place where they had seen the rajah's party enter. Mandeville imitated the cry of a dove and immediately the rock rose. One man above awaited them, and he was Ali Kelat.

"Make very little noise," he said in Hindoo, as Gilbert

and the hussar stepped from the boat. "But whom have we here? I thought this was a secret," he continued addressing himself to Mandeville.

"It is," the latter replied, "but you see I had to have a companion and a guide, and were it not for this man I doubt if you would ever have come into possession of the locket." Ali Kelat grunted and then heaping a pile of stones in the boat he let it sink. "No one must know of your being here" he said to Gilbert. You see I have taken every precaution to avert the suspicion of any stranger's being in the temple. Should such a discovery be made, it would certainly result disastrously to me and to you. Only a few priests of the first rank know of that secret door and this passage, but I sank the boat that even the least clue to your being here might be destroyed. This morning I discovered the blood-stained window-sill and as sacrifices are held every morning, I claimed that the first kid offered was an enemy to Brahma. Thereupon all the worshippers fell upon their faces with their backs toward the altar. That is the custom, when such an event happens. I then took the body carried it to the window, and uttering a solemn curse threw it into the Ganges. This was sufficient to explain the cause of the blood's being there, for in that way we dispose of unclean offerings. But come, there is time enough to talk business to morrow, and I must hide you before any one discovers you." Then leading the way through a long narrow corridor, which was below the floor of the temple, Ali Kelat suddenly paused before a doorway, and pressing a certain stone with his foot, the massive piece of marble swung back, revealing a white staircase of the same material. He at once stepped in followed by his guests, and again placing the weight of his body upon a slab on the inside the ponderous door swung back into its former position.

"This is the great statue of Brahma," said Ali Kelat at length, "from which we priests are won't to speak to those wishing advice. They think that it is Brahma talking to them. Poor fools!"

"But how can you practise such treachery on these miserable people. It is shameful," responded Mandeville rather hotly. "Oh! it pays well, and we are venerated a great deal more than the richest rajah in all India. Here you can hide and see all that is going on in the temple outside."

(To be continued)

UBI VICTORIA TUA?

Ah, cruel Death! thou grim relentless King,
Thy blast I fear no more than this sweet wind
That lightly fans my brow, I leave behind
No vain regrets! Why should I fear thy sting?
For me what happiness did life e'er bring?
What solace ever to my troubled mind?
What brought it but a forehead deeply lined
With sorrow? what is't but an empty thing?
So Death whene'er it is thy pleasure, come,
To meet thy rude advance I'm ready now.
Of joy I've had enough, of sorrow more
Than most of men, yet not as much as some.
'Tis time, methinks, for me to turn my prow
With thee as pilot to the heavenly shore.

J. E. K. '93.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

Were the plaudits of the goodly audience which assembled in our Study Hall on the night of Rector's Day any criterion, the public presentation of "A Celebrated Case" was an unqualified success. And indeed what more could be desired than the favorable judgment of spectators who however kindly disposed they might be, and eager to express their gratification with the performance, would not hesitate, should occasion warrant, to signify their disapproval by an unenthusiastic silence stronger than words?

The interest exhibited in the plot from opening of Prologue to the curtain's final fall was obviously sincere. Never were found auditors more sympathetic, or who hung with more undivided attention upon every word and action of the drama's exponents. During the entire evening the audience manifested their satisfaction with a performance which many had travelled miles to witness. Therefore with reason may the Society congratulate itself upon the favorable impression which all the visitors bore away with them. But let me add another cause for congratulation fully as great as this, a bold assertion at first glance, yet which all will acknowledge to be true after a moment of consideration: the boys of St. John's are in full accord with this decision.

There is indeed no kinder audience yet none more critical than that composed of students who witness a play presented by their fellows. Every short-coming is noted and commented upon only to be palliated and excused when the strongest reasons exist for such defence. Especially critical were we who had been treated to a previous performance on the night of the feast-day of Ireland's Apostle, and who came bristling with critical acumen, ready to compare the Rector's Day Play with that presentation on the 17th of March, which those qualified to judge regarded as equal to the best efforts of former years. After such a comparison what is our verdict? Was the play up to its own high standard or did it surpass this, which it would be fair to expect as a result of the additional rehearsals? We would be pleased to say that it had eclipsed its previous glory, but this we cannot assert, for it is our humble opinion based on the comments of the majority of those present on both occasions that the first production of "A Celebrated Case" was in advance of the second, as a piece of organic and well dove-tailed work. It was not much behind the March performance, to say the truth, but the defection was subject to notice, chiefly in the first act where the voices were sometimes inaudible at a distance and vivacity was wanting from the action.

It is our good fortune to be able to make this criticism without seriously detracting from the merit of the production, for by universal assent the piece did credit to all concerned and may well be a source of congratulation to the Dramatic Society and its zealous Director.

Now for the actors who enabled us to pass so pleasant an evening after a day overflowing with festivity. How eagerly we noted every word and every movement of the honest Jean. In his joy the house rejoiced and when he mourned the sympathies of all were with him, as though he really were

undergoing the penalties so unjustly inflicted. The strongest scene of the play was probably that in which having been convicted of his father's murder through the testimony of his little son, Jean bids the child farewell in touching words and forgives him for the wrong he has innocently done his father. There Mr. Dunn rose high in pathos and manly endurance of grievous wrong.

In the opening act of the prologue one might, however, expect a warmer reunion between the soldier son, home after months of campaigning, and his aged father. John Reilly, who acted in the latter role, presented it in a very satisfactory manner. As the villain of the plot, Frank McSorley scored his second triumph. All the emotions of treacherous scheming, exulting villainy and baffled fury on the subversion of wicked designs, were admirably depicted by this rising star in the dramatic constellation. Besides, James McNally as Denis O'Rourke, the ever-faithful friend of Jean, and the comely and strapping young humorist of the evening, the two youths Valentine and Adrian had probably the greatest number of admirers; for their unswerving friendship through all vicissitudes struck a responsive chord in every heart. In the opening scene both were indistinct in enunciation and a portion of the dialogue was lost to many of the audience, but thereafter they gave complete satisfaction. Arthur Callaghan is a recent addition to the Dramatic Society, but he has already taken his place among its Barretts, Booths and Cranes. Mr. Delaney looked and acted his part to perfection. The scorn and indignation he expressed for the infamous character of the Count appeared too genuine to be simulated. His words and acts reduced the treachery of the villain to its barest elements, and held up to view the beauty and the glory of sheathed and unrequited virtue. And thus we might continue in a strain of laudation, but we must pause, for even praise, when excessive, palls upon the well-doers and makes them wish for a trace of bitter seasoning—a trenchant subaudition of blame,—which we, in this case are unable to provide.

If we were to be asked what to our mind chiefly went to put this play in any sense behind its first appearance, we should not say that it was entirely the low voices of one or two actors, nor the substitution of Mr. Gibson for Mr. Watson in the character of the *Count d'Aubeterre*, but largely to the noticeably defective memory of the substitute in two or three situations. No play has ever run smoothly on any stage where parts were poorly committed to memory. It is a great pity that his part was not given sooner to Mr. Gibson, he had but two or three days to learn it,—whereas the rest had two or three months to learn theirs.— His action and intonation were perfect. His voice was deeply pathetic at times and as far as he knew what he had to do and did it, he was as luminous a star as any in the whole cast.

Anent the musical program, we thank Professor Petersen and his orchestra for the harmony with which they flooded our ears and our souls between the acts. Master Daniel Coghlan and Master Trigant Burrow carried us captive by the dulcet strains they discoursed to us on two several occasions. Master Burrow succeeded in winning an *encore* by his cunning singing of Killarney. Mr. M. Corbett, the favorite and prepossessing captain of a very manly company of cadets, after drilling his command in the manual of arms, showed himself equally at home in the arts of peace by rendering a delicious solo. His voice was not quite as loud as that of Signor Norberti, who also favored us, but it was every bit as low when the notes were on the *minuendo*.

T. J. Murray, '92.

A HAPPY DAY.

BY J. TUFTON MASON.

On the 14th of May, which was the Octave of Ascension Thursday, one of our boys of the Third Division was allowed to celebrate the feast in a peculiar manner. When a feast of the Church comes round some of the boys celebrate it by going to Communion—and if it be a class-day the Communion is received before Mass. But the celebration on the 14th was something more than ordinary—it was the Baptism and reception into the Church of Reginald Keller, who up to that time had been a Protestant. When the Mass was finished and the prayers were recited the Chaplain changed his vestments and prepared for the Baptism. All the Students remained to see the beautiful sight, and it was a great pleasure and a great privilege that was granted to us. Most of the prayers were in Latin but some of them were repeated in English. Reginald's name as given in Baptism is Arthur Reginald Aloysius. Of course Aloysius was taken on account of the Patron Saint Aloysius in whose honor we are now performing the devotion of the Six Sundays. When the time came for the Baptism Reginald was led up to the Altar by Mr. White S. J., who stood beside him during the entire ceremony, and they were met at the foot of the Altar by the Chaplain and two Acolytes who served the Mass. Reginald looked very happy, and well he might, for this was the greatest day of his life; and we are sure that he will never forget this happy day at St. John's. On the Saturday following his Baptism Reginald made his first Confession, and on the following day which was Pentecost Sunday while we boys were preparing to march to Yonkers, Reginald was in the Sodality Chapel in the presence of God ready to receive his First Communion. The Mass was said by the Chaplain and was served by Reginald and Master John Burke, who had been especially instructed by Mr. White for this occasion. Reginald's mother who, though herself then a Protestant, came a long distance to see her son receive our Lord for the first time, was the only one present at the Mass. We should have liked very much to see the First Communion as we saw the Baptism, but perhaps it was better to keep all that joy for Reginald's mother alone. After the Mass came a little ceremony in the Infirmary called breakfast, and John Burke was there. Before we returned from Yonkers Reginald had left St. John's, for the present at least, as the family was to sail for Europe on May 19th.

Good bye Reginald—do not forget Third Division—we hope you will have a very good time—the boys will look for your coming back next Fall.

THE POET OF THE BRONX.

ANYONE who has had the good fortune to be a student of St. John's College must remember the Bronx, that sweet little stream that runs so merrily along its green banks, but a stone's throw from the building in which I am at present writing. He knows too, that those same green banks were once the property of the College—the loveliest of her lovely spots, the most beautiful of her grand surroundings. But does he know that that charming little river, whose sparkling bosom holds some of Fordham's happiest memories, does he know that it has been sung? Yes, the Bronx secluded as it is from the eyes of the world, has felt upon its mossy banks a poet's head, a poet who drank in all its beauties, to whose ears its ripple was as an enchanting melody, to whom the perfume of its flowers brought an almost divine inspiration.

A SCENE ON THE BRONX.

Joseph Rodman Drake was the poet's name. He was born in the city of New York on the seventh day of August in the year 1795. His father passed away while in the prime of life and left our poet in possession of but scanty means. The young man found no little difficulty in acquiring an education. Columbia College however, opened her portals to him at a very early period of his life and he passed through that famous institution of learning, with a reputation, as his biographers tell us, "for scholarship, taste and admirable social qualities". Soon after his graduation, he took up the study of medicine under two of the most celebrated physicians of that time. After having received his diploma he married Miss Sarah Eckford, a most estimable young lady and a daughter of a well-known and wealthy marine architect. Shortly after his marriage his health, which was never very robust, began to fail him. Finding after a short time that his disease was consumption and that it had already taken a firm hold on his constitution, a hold which death alone could relax, he withdrew from social life and sought retirement in the solitude of his literary studio, and in the companionship of a few of his most intimate friends. He lingered through the Summer of 1820, reluctant, perhaps, to leave a world in which in his short life he had found so much sunshine, and died near the close of September, being then only twenty-six years of age. Drake like Keats was a premature genius. His sisters, Caroline and Louise had both the gift of poetry and instilled in the heart of their young brother an ardent love for the beautiful which made him rise above self and the lower side of nature, and which made him a creator of the beautiful. He began to write verses when very young and before he was sixteen years of age was a regular contributor to a number of magazines. His first poems, "The Mocking Bird" and "The Past and the Present" appeared when he

was but fourteen years old. They both showed unmistakable signs of beauty and strength, not to say genius, and are verses of which any older poet might justly be proud. His fame as a poet chiefly rests, however, on his "Culprit Fay" which was composed hurriedly among the highlands of the Hudson in the summer of 1819, but was not published until some years after his death. The poet was out strolling with some friends through the woods on a sultry moonlit evening, when one of the party remarked "that it would be a difficult thing to write a fairy poem, purely imaginative, without the aid of human character." It was to disprove this assertion that the "Culprit Fay" was written. Another famous poem of his was the "American Flag," the stirring words of which strung the patriotic feelings of all America, at the time in which it was written, to the highest tension.

His ode to his own romantic Bronx, is to my ear far sweeter than any of his other songs, sweeter because I can sympathize with its every feeling, because its every note finds an echo in my breast, for I too have "— sat me down upon its green side," I too have drunk in some of the beauties of that "gentle river" and oft, as I listened to the music of its prattling waters, as I inhaled the perfume wafted as an Angel's breath by kindly zephyrs from a million breathing flowers growing around me, my heart welled up such a flood of joy and happiness that, were I a poet, I could have sung. One spot I remember above all others. On the east side of the river about a half-mile from the bridge at Pelham Avenue stands an old mill in the last stages of decay from age and want of care. Though its moss-covered sides are patched in a thousand places and it looks so old that if Eurus blew a careless breath upon it it would fall, yet it is for all its toppling timbers and long-buried grandeur most picturesque and fair to see. Immediately opposite this old relic is a small balcony built upon stones and rising about twenty feet from the water's edge. It is accessible only from the rocks on the shore and to reach it one must have no small amount of pluck and perseverance. Once reached, however, you are well repaid for your patience, for 'tis a veritable "fairie's dell". The stone floor is completely covered with a rich carpet of velvety moss and from the rocky projections overhead a thousand blushing roses form a living canopy. In that lovely nook I have dreamed my happiest dreams, lying there on the green sward I have told the fondest secrets of my heart to that beloved stream, there I have conversed with nature, sympathized with her, loved her, and in these my moments of blest enchantment, I have sometimes felt constrained to fancy Drake had special reference to this spot when he wrote:

> "Sweet sights, sweet sounds, all sights, all sounds excelling,
> Oh! twas a ravishing spot, formed for a poet's dwelling."

The poem which Drake wrote upon the Bronx is throughout a model of beauty.

It is a poem which, at first reading, if there is any poetry in your composition, will bring to your heart a delicious sense of refreshment, a feeling of peace, and tranquil satisfaction. Its every line has a sweetness peculiar to itself; there is nothing heavy about it, and it flows along just as musically as the river concerning which it was written. It is the expression of sentiments which might come to any one's mind who visited such an inspiring spot, sentiments as simple tender, and pure as the heart of the man that wrote them, sentiments which are sure to find among the slenderest heart-strings of the reader a concordant feeling.

The "green banks" of that "gentle river" laden with a fragrance as sweet as the varied perfumes of the rose-covered hills of Fordham formed the last resting place of their "own romantic" poet; the same velvety moss on which he loved to recline in life formed for him a verdant shroud when death hushed the ardent throbbings of his heart.

He was laid to sleep near the road leaving from West Farms to Hunt's Point on the Sound, and on the edge of the marshes which border on the Bronx. Over his head a plain marble slab has been raised unadorned save for an ivy-vine that clings fondly to the cold stone as if trying to infuse into it some of its warmth by the closeness of that embrace. On this simple head-stone are graven the poet's name, the dates of his birth and death, and these undying words:

> "Green be the turf above thee,
> Friend of my better days,
> None knew thee but to love thee,
> None named thee, but to praise."

Words more eloquent indeed, than the long-drawn phrases which shine in letters of gold from monuments that tower almost to the skies, words that reverberate "in the infinite distance of the human soul", words that proceeded from the pen of one who knew the poet's worth and appreciated it, and that will carry with them through future ages the eternal fame of Fitz-Green Halleck and the lasting memory of Joseph Rodman Drake.

JOHN E. KELLY, '93.

IN HONOR OF REV. FR. RECTOR.

MAY 6th, 1891.

Full half a century of suns have spent
Upon these rose-clad hills their rays of gold,
Since first a humble husbandman of old
The seed of knowledge scattered as he went;
And when death came, skilled reapers more were sent
In place of him that they might that uphold
Which he had planted, and that they might mould
The tender shoot into the tree with nourishment,
Well did they, lowly, toil the long years through,
The hand of God above their only stay
Amid the threatening evils of deceit,
And well the sower and the reapers, too,
Look down with smiles from heavenly heights to-day
Upon the fruits of labor that was sweet.

Kind Rector, you the harvester of all,
This is the season,—this the hour of gain:—
Those seeds long planted now their growth attain,
And you are hearkening to the harvest call,
And gather in the gifts about to fall
Into your hand. And may you well sustain
This burden not without its meed of pain,
And yet replete with joys that are not small.
Rich may you grow in graces and in years,
O Father bounteous of our youthful heart,
Protector of your children day and night,
O may you e'er be happy, may the spears
That oft times strew our path refuse their dart
To you, as on you travel to eternal light.

J. HOWLIN FARLEY, '93.

THE DAY AT DUNWOODIE.

We feel exceedingly proud of our manly Cadets, and we might as well begin by saying so. As a body from the smallest lad in Captain Farley's Company to the biggest in the ranks of First Division, they have, by their noble bearing and uncomplaining endurance at the laying of the corner-stone of The New Seminary, brought upon Fordham College a shower of honor and commendation of which Alma Mater shall long feel the happy results.

How fine they looked marching down the lawn in the bright noon-day sunshine of May 17th, on the way to officiate as body-guard to His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan. All the martial spirit of the healthy, robust, and good-souled Fordham boys was aroused to its utmost as they kept time by their heavy regular tread to the stirring music furnished by the David's Island Military Band. All the neighborhood seemed to have gathered at the College gate to witness the procession, and it was only the double fact that they were under arms and that the day was Sunday which kept them from leaving the station with an oft-repeated cheer. At precisely twelve o'clock they boarded a special train for King's Bridge, where another special train was expected to be in waiting in order to convey them to Dunwoodie's Station. But alas! the outpouring of Catholics on that memorable day was so great that the railroad was crippled and blocked. No special train awaited us at King's Bridge, and there was no prospect of any for some time. Telegrams were sent to Col. Hain and to the Superintendent of the Northern Railway without effect until nearly 2:30 P. M. In the meantime there stood our gallant fellows, having been under arms from 11:30 A. M. and waiting in listless dull delay on the dusty sunnylit wayside for nearly two hours. They could not have been much more fatigued had they marched from Fordham to Dunwoodie. Then there was another delay of nearly an hour at the Junction beyond which there was only a single track.

When we arrived at Dunwoodie we found that no attention had been paid to Father McMahon's orders. The line of march was blocked by vehicles. The crowds were everywhere; marshalls were as impotent as children; the police only made confusion worse confounded. It was a complete anarchy. How people managed to keep the order they did keep, what restrained them from turning back to their homes discouraged, disappointed and displeased, we have no guess, save that the spell of Catholic unity and the thrill of Catholic enthusiasm held them bound down. And mayhap, it will not be taking too much to ourselves to assert that we believe that our Cadets contributed largely to quell anything like disorder. They began their work by forcibly removing obstructing vehicles; the crowds were gently but firmly pushed back. Some tried to force their way through, but the boys succeeded in using coercion sufficiently prudently to keep them in their place. Cadet Wm. Donovan seized by the bridle and bit a horse rushing with its rider through the lines and literally dragged the animal and its helpless owner into a ditch near by. The Third Division Cadets charged bayonets, and the throng upon whom they bore smilingly but hurriedly retreated before our young heroes.

But just fancy three hours of such battling through and against 50,000 people! Fatiguing? It would have worn out regulars, as Lieut. Edwards admitted himself. Yet not a complaint was heard, although at 5:30 P. M. after six hours of hard service, three of them spent in struggling with a good-humored but leaderless multitude, when His Grace arrived, they marched splendidly through the mass of people and up hill, Rev. Father Rector in advance, the Archbishop behind the colors with the other Bishops and the clergy. The battalion proceeded in solid file to the residence of ex-Mayor Gunther, whence after the Archbishop and suite had vested the march was continued up the hill to the spot where the ceremony was to take place. After a wait here of an hour and a half, during which the Cadets disposed of the ham and bread and lemonade which had been sent from the College under the care of Sergeant Francis A. Keating and Bros. Devine and Hallahan, the battalion was called to attention and the return march begun. But how get home from Valentine Hill when it was utterly useless to think of the packed trains of the Northern? A special train had to be ordered on the Harlem from Mt. Vernon,—two miles off. Then the march began. It seemed so hard to think of asking the boys to undertake that tramp after such a wearisome day that Rev. Father Rector hired an omnibus for the use of Cadets who might be tired or ill. But not a Cadet would get into the "bus." Surely, it was thought, the contingent from St. John's Hall will leap at the idea of a ride, no matter how jog-along, in preference to a foot-sore journey on a dusty road. No! No! Such is not the stuff that these high-bred little lads are made of. They might shout for a ride at the College gate as they see the Brother going off to market, or beg to be taken by some kind Prefect to behold the wonderful things in the Central Park, or scramble for seats on the Grand Stand when the Fordhams are going to play a right-down old-time game of base-ball, they might do anything at home that would tend to their comfort or enjoyment, but here in the ranks with their helmets on and their cross-belts, and their bayonets glistening in the mellow light of the setting sun, here under the floating Stars and Stripes these youthful heroes held their ground and marched forward keeping the same long step of the taller boys undaunted and undismayed. What a glorious march that was on the turnpike that led to Mt. Vernon, five miles from Fordham. "Five miles to Fordham" is the watchword passed along to Rev. Fr. Rector. "Five miles!" Then came appeals from young and old to be allowed to march home. But that would be too much, so we awaited the special train which was delayed by the stupidity of an official at White Plains. The Cadets boarded the train at about 9 P. M., and arrived at Fordham at 9.30. At home a very welcome and generous lunch was prepared for the weary wayfarers by Father Minister and Fr. Halpin. The appearance of the Lieutenant in the refectory of the College after our return was the signal for a long continued applause from the Cadets whom he so ably managed and who were so proud of him that day. And indeed they had reason to be proud of our amiable Commandant. He did handsomely throughout the entire parade, and he looked superb in his really magnificent uniform. His coolness at Dunwoodie saved many lives. The Archbishop expressed to Rev. Fr. Rector, his deep gratitude for the services of Lieut. Edwards.

Rev. Father Rector could not let the occasion pass by without thanking the battalion in the name of the Archbishop and of the College for their very fine behavior during that very trying day. It could not have been surpassed even by regular soldiers. But what was perhaps the most admirable among the many exhibitions of manliness given by the Cadets was their conduct when, after having been told there was a lunch prepared for them at Valentine Manor, they had stacked their arms and held themselves in readiness for the good things, it was found that nothing was in store for them except a disappointment which they took without a murmur "either expressed or understood."

THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

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J. A. DUNN, Connecticut, Exchanges.

'92.—JNO. J. REILLY.
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'93.—J. HOWLIN FARLEY, New York.
JOHN E. KELLY, New York.
Business Managers, V. E. DELANY, '92.
W. CROWLEY, '91.

MAY, 1891.

SANCTUM

There has been agitated of late in one of the foremost journals of the metropolis, a question which claims the attention of College students and graduates; and which seems eminently opportune for us to consider who must sooner or later pass from among the ranks of the former into those of the latter. The question is not a novel, but a forgotten one. For a long time consigned to a back shelf, it only needed some earnest hand to brush away the dust of desuetude from it to command the observation of even those with whom serious thought is a luxury. Do College graduates still owe their Alma Mater a debt after the payment of the last term bill, or no? that is the question. We are loath to say it but—must out with the fact, that the majority of alumni have implicitly answered the question in the negative. We say implicitly, because many may never have brought the matter before the bar of their consciences; which indifferentism, however, does not exonerate them, as it is practically tantamount to positive neglect. But a reaction against this lamentable condition is now well under way. Last summer Yale struck the keynote of reform by issuing to her alumni circulars in which she set forth her claims on their moral encouragement and pecuniary aid: and the graduates have already responded to their Alma Mater's appeal not ungenerously.

Convincing as are the arguments advanced in behalf of a University such as Yale, they are more so in the case of a College such as ours. Nowhere as in a Jesuit school do the students so closely come *under the daily inspiration and guidance, mental, moral and physical of trained instructors; nowhere as in* a Jesuit school do they so thoroughly *acquire, if diligent, habits of thought and study and application which prove the groundwork of great success in life and sometimes of a great fortune; nowhere as in a Jssuit College do they* find so many opportunities for *laying up in the storehouse of memory recollections which bless every day life, and associations which are found to be the dearest and most lasting of all.* Nor could it be otherwise, seeing that education with the Jesuits is not alone a profession but a devotion. Let them speak who know from personal experience how Jesuit professors and prefects come into contact with their pupils even to taking part in their recreation and mingling in their games, to an extent which has been the admiration of strangers. Of course, no amount of money can compensate for education such as this: there is no proportion between the two; they are in different orders, one in the physical, the other in the moral; they cannot be estimated in the same scales: for as our '87 poet has it:

> Gold and pearl are common things
> Come upon at every turn,
> But pure lips where wisdom clings
> Are a rare and priceless urn.

We quote from memory and are not sure of all the words, but the thought is there in all the truthfulness and beauty with which we would have it sink like music into the hearts of our Alumni, teaching them that they can never wholly pay "The debt immense of endless gratitude" which they owe to their Alma Mater.

On the eve of going to press the following letter was forwarded to the Sanctum of the MONTHLY by the President of the College:—

460 MADISON AVE.,
NEW YORK, May 22, 1891.

Dear Sir:

His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop directs me to thank you for your answer to his invitation to you to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the New Seminary of St. Joseph on Sunday, May the 17th. The presence of your organization in such large numbers was most gratifying to his Grace and assured him of the deep interest you take in the great work he has so much at heart. He wishes me to express the pleasure afforded him by the sight of so many thousands of our people who responded to his invitation, and who made the ceremony of Pentecost Sunday, one of the notable events in the history of this Diocese.

I am,
Very sincerely yours in Christ,
JOS. H. MCMAHON.

REV. JOHN SCULLY, S. J.

THE PRAISE OF MARY.

Lo, in the vista of the Godhead's thought,
Where harsh the Future's bursting billows roar
On Time's dim shores and all the sky is fraught
With lowering clouds of sin, which hover o'er
And shroud in darkling shadows all the deep;
As cleaves the beam of sunshine, in the donjon keep,
A placid pathway through the fetid air:
Lo, on the far away horizon, wondrous fair,
Drawing a pearly sunshine in her train,
Arises, lighting up the gloom of man's despair,
My Lady's soul conceived without a stain.

And Juda's peaks that pearly light have caught,
And burnished with its gold their summits hoar;
For Hebrew maids, that soul all spotless wrought
Have mirrored in their souls: they upward soar
In prayerful hope, that in their arms may sleep
The Lamb before creation slain: they sweep
Adown the ages, till beyond compare,
A holy mother on her breast doth wear
That fragrant rose which all have sought in vain.
On Anna's bosom, sleeps, divinely rare,
My Lady's soul conceived without a stain.

About the Chair of Peter, stirred by naught,
The Twelve Apostles, grown to many a score,
Are clustered, praying for a boon long sought.
And Romeward wafted pilgrims swell to more
The anxious throng whose heaving bosoms leap
With joy so pure they may not sob or weep.
Lo, the great Pontiff on the Fisher's Chair
The dear unerring dogma doth declare,
And echoing through the earth, from fane to fane
Speeds forth amid the silver trumpet's blare,
My Lady's soul conceived without a stain!

ENVOI.

Mother, oh make thy sinlessness my share!
That fiend, nor world, nor wretched self may dare
To fetter me to earth with leaden chain.
Dawn on my soul, and find thy mirror there,
My Lady's soul conceived without a stain!

FILIUS.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE BRONZE STATUE.

The committee appointed to raise funds for the erection of a statue to Archbishop Hughes on the grounds of St. John's College, Fordham, have issued an address to the public reciting the great work done for humanity by the Archbishop, and asking any one who wished to subscribe to send his donation to either Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, 729 Park Avenue; Rev. John Scully, S. J., St. John's College, Fordham; Joseph J. O'Donohue. 101 Front Street; Henry McAleenan, 11 West 53d Street, or William H. Hurst; 51 Cedar Street.

Some of those who read this paper may think that we have unveiled more than enough already in these columns our demands for subscriptions to the Hughes Monument Fund. We should be sorry to learn that there are any who imagine that too much prominence can be given to so worthy a subject. The work which our Alumni have undertaken is a work which should have been done years ago. When a proper monument to Archbishop Hughes shall stand in New York men of his faith and race will be recognized as people capable of appreciating greatness and capable of honoring transcendent services to the cause of faith and country. To all Catholic Americans the appeal is very strong, for the great Archbishop was one of the greatest American citizens that ever lived.

To Irishmen and their descendants it will always remain as an inspiring tradition that Archbishop Hughes in old Vauxhall Garden made a speech at the war meeting in 1848 when the news of the Irish rebellion came. At that meeting he gave a contribution saying that being a churchman he could not contribute for a sword, but only for a shield for his native land. With every movement for the good of America, of Ireland, of religion, this great man was heart and soul identified. And hence the erection of a bronze statue to perpetuate the "deathless fame of great Archbishop Hughes" is a work which should bequeath in line unbroken an inspiration to all that is noble and christian and chivalrous in the hearts of American generations yet to come.

ALUMNI LOYALTY.

For the benefit of those old students who do not read *The Mail and Express*, we print herewith a very useful and timely article which appeared in that journal on the 2nd of May '91. It needs no further comment than the suggestions which we print on our sanctum page.

"The prevalent idea that a college man has settled his account with his *alma mater* when he pays his last term bill and his diploma fee is meeting a simultaneous attack all along the line, and from some of the most influential colleges of the country. Within the last six months Yale, Union and the New York University have addressed to their alumni convincing arguments which are in no sense appeals for charity, but whose object has been to show the fallacy of the complacent conclusion of the college graduate that he has paid for his education, and that the account is closed.

As a matter of fact no college man pays more than an insignificant fraction of the actual cost of his education. The balance has been made up from the income of the gifts of others, or of State bounty, and from the self-sacrifice and devotion of underpaid professors. The great educational plant, the buildings, library, museums, apparatus, gymnasium, lectureships, etc., the matriculant finds in full operation, and he at once enters upon their enjoyment. He comes under the personal influence of a well-organized body of learned and experienced instructors, whose enthusiasm and sacrifice breathe an immortal spirit into buildings and apparatus, and convert dead equipment into vital force.

The student lives for four years under the daily inspiration and guidance, mental, moral and physical, of these trained instructors; he enjoys the invaluable benefits of the facilities accumulated for perhaps a century. He acquires, if diligent, habits of thought and study and application which prove the groundwork of the golden college days which come back to cheer success in life, and sometimes of a great fortune. He lays up in the storehouse of memory recollections which

bless every day of his life, while the associations formed within college walls he finds to be the dearest and most lasting of all.

For all this he pays, unless he is granted a scholarship, perhaps $100 a year. He pays his commencement fee and walks off the campus with his diploma, in the serene conviction that the business transaction involved in his getting an education is forever closed. He has secured so much education for so much money."

KICKING.

The *Riverview Student* found its way into our hands the other day, and though it is not one of our Exchanges (may it soon be,) we are going to take the liberty to quote a very opportune and well written article which appears on the first page. "It does seem a pity that things in school cannot get along without this everlasting kicking. 'The kicker' finds fault with the table. . . . . One will find that the cadet who complains the most in that line is the cadet who has had the least at home. . . . . Especially ought 'the kicker' to be bounced [sic] from the ball grounds, yes, and from school, too, for his room is preferable to his company. It is almost sure to be the case that the cadet or cadets who do the most kicking are the ones who contribute the least to the support of the ball team, or to any other enterprise for the benefit of the school. It is all very well to try to yell yourself into popularity. The common ordinary yellow cur can bark loudest of all. But that won't pay railroad fares, now will it furnish the ball team with the necessary requisites. As the barking dog never bites, so never does the howling 'kicker' give a cent."

CLASS EXHIBITIONS.

Nearly all the classes have given specimens of their regular work, and most of the remarks that have been made concerning these public displays of class-work have been laudatory. The specimen of First Latin Grammar was a rare exhibition of familiarity with the Latin of Caesar and the Greek of Xenophon. Some of the boys who were backward in memory made ample amends for this defect by their ready answers to questions of Grammar. We were in hopes that Rev. Father Rector would call upon them to parse in Latin, a method of learning the language in which they pride themselves they are adepts; but no opportunity was given them to depart from the use of the vernacular.

The Students of Latin Rhetoric distinguished themselves and their Professor Fr. Lawrence Kavanagh, S. J., by the facility with which the rendered the Greek text of Æschylus into Latin that reached out bravely for, and succeeded in getting in touch with the elegance and fluency of Cicero. Mr. Murray's endeavors and the fine work of Messrs. Corbett, Ramsay and J. J. Reilly were particularly deserving of the kind words of praise and encouragement spoken at the close of the specimen by Rev. Fr. Rector.

The Illustrated Lectures with experiments by the class of General Chemistry, which were delivered on the evening of April 21st, on the subject of Gunpowder, were extremely interesting. The first lecture, subject: The Preparation of Saltpetre, was delivered by Master Edmund Tomney of 3rd Division. His lecture was well written and his experiments were perfectly successful. No younger lad ever displayed such a knowledge of Chemistry. The Article on Sulphur and Charcoal by A. V. Callahan was almost equally deserving of praise; while that of J. H. Farley on the Manufacture of Gunpowder was replete with scientific lore and interlarded with successful experiments.

A BID FOR POETRY.

If any of the old graduates or one-time students of St. John's College, Fordham, feel that they could induce the muse to favor them with an inspiration on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of our dear Alma Mater, we hope they will call upon her and give vent to their feelings of love and veneration for a *Mater* who has even been to all her children *Alma*, in every sense of the word: *genial, kind, propitious, indulgent, bountiful.* And when these resurrected poets will have put their poetical memories and effusions on paper, let us make bold to hope that they will send them to us for insertion in the MONTHLY. Apropos of this remark we hereby call upon the students of the University Course to furnish us with a few poems wherewith to embellish the Jubilee number of the MONTHLY. Let them write on the Students' Chapel, if they will, or the Bronx, or even on the strap in Fr. Halpin's office,—that very important factor in the building up of the College since Fr. Jouin first sewed its two strips together well nigh fifty years ago,—or on anything else of general Fordham interest.

FIRST COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION.

The 9th of June is the date set apart for the reception of First Communion and Confirmation this year. The Communion will, of course, be in the morning, but the Confirmation will be in the afternoon.

The boys in the two classes are working like beavers, and it is very pleasant to see the impatience with which the First Communion boys look forward to the coming of that blessed 9th of June.

Lately a spirit of rivalry has sprung up in all the classes not only as far as rendering the exact words of the Catechism is concerned, but also to see who can best answer the outside questions asked by the Instructor. If the rivalry and improvement continue it is not unlikely that a prize may be given to the one receiving perfect marks.

There will be a triduum for the First Communion boys on the 6th, 7th and 8th of June, given by Fr. MacGoldrick.

MAY DEVOTIONS.

The evening devotions around Our Lady's statue in the quadrangle between "First" and "Second" continue in all their first fervor and beauty. The little speeches of the panegyrists are always well prepared, and no speaker has yet failed to hold the attention of his fellow-students, or to show forth in glowing words the sweet significance of Our Mother's glorious titles. May this lovely custom never die.

"MOODY MOMENTS."

We have lately received from Mr. Edward Doyle, the editor of the Uptown Visitor a small book of poems entitled "Moody Moments". As the book came to hand too late for us to review it in time for the present number of the MONTHLY,

we make this mention of it as a prelude to the criticism thereof which we hope to have written in the near future by one of the students of the Class of Poetry. A hasty survey of the work discloses on pages read at hazard no small poetical insight. "The Secret Grave" is one of our random readings, perhaps the prettiest. "Freedom's Resting Ground" is also worthy of special commendation.

THE NEW BUILDING.

The entrance to the new building was opened for the first time on the the night of Rev. Fr. Rector's Feast. Its marble pillars presented a very brilliant appearance in the immaculate whiteness of the electric light. The plastering has been finished throughout the entire building, chapel included, and there is every reason to hope that a completed and magnificent structure will be opened for the inspection of the public on the day of Fordham's Golden Jubilee.

RECTOR'S DAY.

The feast of Rev. Fr. Rector was celebrated this year with the usual merriment that attends this festival. On the eve of the day, greetings were offered to Rev. Fr. Rector in in the College Hall by students from various classes and representing the various main studies of the College. We print elsewhere two sonnets read on that occassion, and we regret very much that we have not space to print the Latin Salutation of David Arellano '91 and the congratulations read in behalf of the Day Scholars by John E. Kelly '93.

THE CAMERA CLUB.

A Camera Club has been organized under the direction of Fr. Ziegler, S. J. The club devotes itself not only to the entertaining pastime of photographing the lovely scenes that meet the eye at every turn in the woods that border on the Bronx, but also to the study of various new developers put into their hands by Fr. Ziegler. The members of the club are Charles Scott, Robert Vincent, E. Armand, Austin C. Sherwood, Charles Kane, Charles L. Keith, and Richard McGrann.

VARIA.

Fr. Galligan, S. J., has been added to our Faculty.

Fr. H. Lory, S. J., for a long time Professor at Fordham, and lately Rector of St. Boniface College, Manitoba, died recently in France, R. I. P.

Among our visitors during the past month were Messrs. Charles Wingerter, John Haben, Edward Renaud, M. H. O'Brien, Kenyon Fortescue, Dr. John Aspell, Dr. M'Cormick, Dr. James Butler, Messrs. Chabat, Jno. Sedgwick, Bell Brennan, Charles L. Livingston, T. G. Taaffe, J. C. McNeilly, David Orpheus, Al. Cameron, J. Hamilton, Fred. Moran.

Our esteemed friend, Lieut. H. G. Squiers visited the College on Sunday, May 24th.

BASE BALL NOTES.

J. HOWLIN FARLEY, '93 SEC'Y.

The Manager in his Fordhamensia notes of our last issue questions,—Where was the Jonah? Now Tom, we failed to notice anyone at our games who was not there by right, and if this fellow you refer to was an intruder the authorities did not hear of it, else he would not have remained long. If he did venture within our domain he has by this time taken himself off and left in his stead a charming little boy in knickerbockers who calls himself Mascot. Rather curious name, but, they say, a lucky one. He is a great favorite with the team at present and has been with us on our trips to Easton, Bethlehem, Middletown, and Penn., and helped the boys on to victory with all the vigor of his strong young voice. He tells me he remained away from Princeton because he didn't like their company,—"too fast" or something of that sort. To speak plainly our College Club has improved wonderfully in its play of late, and it is a double pleasure now to see them run upon the field, to watch their agile movements at every stage of the game, the determination with which they grasp the bat and the will with which they send the sphere spinning into ground that is "safe" Let us all shake the hands of these stalwart youths who have taught us what an ideal ball club can do when it but wills it, and let us cheer them again and again that they may continue in the (to our College) well beaten path of victory "Cap", "Bob", "Tom", "Gene", "Fergy", "Jack", "Frank", "Ec", "Sween", and "Tom", and dear "Spotty" we are very, very proud of you.

We fully appreciate the good things Williams College has said about us and we feel deeply grateful. All Fordham hopes that in future years nothing will prevent these two friendliest of Colleges from meeting time and again to battle for baseball supremacy. We thank you, men of Williams.

The unjust criticism of the Divisions referred to in our notes of last month has brought about the resignation of one of the members of our team. Let these critics refrain from any more comment.

After his club's disgraceful exhibition in which they were guilty of 79 errors, Mr. Comerford, '92, has decided to abandon baseball and seek other fields, probably the foot-ball.

We had the unalloyed pleasure of acting as circuit judge of a game between the Tyros and Philosophers a few days since; judge, not that we sat on the bench, but in the sense that we rendered decisions; circuit, because in the discharge of our duty we covered almost every inch of ground that forms the field "down on the farm". The boys and young men were very kind to invite us to fill the important post of umpire, but they might have spared us, for we received more than we bargained for,—more abuse we mean. We were very soon made sensible of our unfitness for the position by the good-natured jeers of the lads from Third Division and the wise shaking of the heads of the Philosophers.

Our work on the diamond since the last issue has been as follows:

At Bethlehem: Fordham 2; Lehigh 0.

On Saturday, April 18th, the team journeyed over to Bethlehem and there defeated Lehigh University in a well played game to the score of 2–0. Lehigh could do nothing with Carmody's curves, and like the man who drives the hack they "were not in it." Fordham scored in the third inning on a two bagger by Phelan, and singles by Ryan and R. Carmody. The game was witnessed by a large crowd of people, while the fair sex were out in goodly numbers. The honors were borne off by Westfall and Lellfield for Lehigh and Ryan and Phelan for Fordham; R. Carmody pitched in great style and was well supported by Garvey, two hits being made off his delivery. The score:

		R.	B H.	A.B.	E.
Lehigh	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	2	31	1
Fordham	0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0	2	7	30	0

The Cathedrals of New York on the 19th, defeated the Reserves by the score of 4–2. The Reserves played a fair game, but were somewhat handicapped by the professional battery of the Cathedrals.

At Easton: (12 innings) Fordham 2; Lafayette 2.

This was one of the best games of ball ever witnessed at Lafayette. Both pitchers were in excellent form and were well supported. The game opened with Lafayette at the bat but neither side was able to do anything till the 7th inning when, with two men out, Coatrell of Lafayette touched one for a single, and was immediately followed by March with a double, and Fox, with a single, Baxter then knocked a fly to Reilly and one run was scored: Score Lafayette 1; Fordham 0. The ninth came and with Fordham's last man at the bat, two men out: "Tom" came up and was presented with a base on balls: Eccleston came next, he had two strikes called when suddenly the clock on the Chapel stopped, Baxter twirled his moustache and then twirled the ball: a shout and Eccleston had shovelled it to right for a three bagger, "Tom" scored; Fordham 1; Lafayette 1. 10th inning, no score: 11th inning with two men out again, Carmody seemed dazzled and Lafayette got 1 but Fordham again called on Eccleston and through his two bagger, Fordham got 1. Score: Fordham 2; Lafayette 2, 12th inning, no score: Game was then called. The score:

		R.	B.H.	A.B.	E.
Fordham	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0	2	11	49	3
Lafayette	0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0	2	11	48	4

Batteries: Fordhams: Carmody and Garvey; Lafayette: Baxter and March.

Fordham	0 0 1 2 0 6 4 0 0—13
Calumets	0 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0— 2

Batteries: Fordham: Carmody and Garvey; Calumets: Munson and O'Leary.

Princeton 12; Fordham 0.

On the 3rd, the team visited Princeton with the hope of doing something creditable for themselves, the score tells the whole story: Princeton had little trouble in hitting Carmody, and put up a splendid game, Young allowing the visitors but one hit: Fordham was out of it, not being able to touch Young and getting but two men to first base, only one of them getting as far as second: After the 3d inning a good game was put up, but by way of note, it may be said that the boys were afraid of the nine letters, P. R. I.. N. C. E. T. O. N. which only added to their luckless playing.

		R.	B. H.	A. B.	E.
Princeton	3 4 2 0 2 0 0 1 0	12	13	43	1
Fordham	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	1	29	6

Batteries: Princeton: Young and Brown; Fordham: Carmody and Garvey.

On May 7th, Stevens Institute played here and were badly beaten. They were extremely weak in the pitcher's box and the game necessarily was very one sided. The Fordhams batted well and fielded excellently. Rob. Carmody was at his best, and Garvey received him with his accustomed alertness. Garvey, T. Carmody and Ryan led in the batting. The score:

	R.	B.H.	A.B.	E.
Stevens Institute	0	2	45	9
Fordham	19	17	28	1

The Madisons of Brooklyn paid us a visit on May 14th, and defeated us. The poor base running of our team, especially of Eccleston and Reilly contributed much to this end. It was a listless game. Score:

Madison	4 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 x—5
Fordham	3 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—4

At Bethlehem. Fordham 9; Wesleyan University 1.

After giving the Stevens a severe drubbing, Wesleyan came next. The game was called at 3.30: Quite a number of people were out to see the game. Wesleyan took the bat but failed to score, likewise Fordham in its turn. In the 2nd inning with two men out and a man on 3d, Carmody struck out the batter, Garvey duffed the ball and threw it about 12 yards short of 1st base which gave Wesleyan its only run. Carmody was hit rather hard but was well supported. Fordham scored 5 runs in the 3d, on a base on balls to Ferguson, a two bagger by R. Carmody and hits by Ryan, Carmody, Sweeney, Garvey and one passed ball; Fordham then scored one in the 6th and 3 in the 7th, on hits by Sweeney, Garvey and McCann, and an error by short stop. McCann's playing at 3d base was of the brilliant order, while Gordon of Wesleyan played a like game in left field with 6 p. o.'s to his credit. The day was scorching and there was small incentive to good ball playing the score:

		R.	B.H.	A.B.	E.
Fordham	0 0 5 0 0 1 3 0 0	9	9	39	6
Wesleyan	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	1	6	32	7

Batteries: Fordham: Carmody ahd Garvey; Wesleyan: H. Gordon and Hall.

PRINCETON COULD NOT DO IT.

PENNSYLVANIA.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Wagon'st, 2b	0	0	2	1	1
Graves, 3b	2	1	3	2	1
Lansing, c	1	1	8	2	0
Darragh, 1b	0	0	8	1	1
Bo'm'n, lf, p	0	0	1	6	0
Earle, ss	0	0	0	1	0
Thom'n, rf, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Foster, cf	0	1	4	0	1
Hunter, p, rf	0	2	0	2	1
Totals	3	5	27	15	5

FORDHAM.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
R. Car'dy, p	1	0	1	10	1
Ryan, ss	2	1	1	2	1
I. Car'dy, rf	1	0	0	0	0
Eccleston, cf	2	1	1	0	0
Sweeney, lf	1	0	0	0	0
Garvey, c	1	1	12	1	1
McCann, 3b	0	1	0	1	0
Reilly, 1b	0	0	5	2	0
Ferguson, 2b	1	1	7	2	0
Totals	9	5	27	18	3

Pennsylvania	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—3
Fordham	3	3	2	0	0	0	0	1	0—9

Earned runs—Pennsylvania, Fordham. Two-base hits—Lansing, Eeeleston, McCann. Three-base hits—Garvey. Sacrifice hits—Graves, Darragh, R. Carmody, McCann. Bases stolen—Wagonhurst, Graves 2; Foster, Ryan, Ferguson, Struck out—By Hunter, 2; Bowman, 6; Carmody, 7. Double play—Ferguson, unassisted. First base on balls—Wagonhurst, Ryan, Sweeny, Garvey. Wild pitches—Hunter, 2. Passed balls—Lansing, 2; Garvey, 3. Time—2.15. Umpire—Snyder.

FORDHAMENSIA.

FIRST DIVISION.

T. S. REILLY '91.

Grandpapa! Grandpapa!

The Philosophers of the Special Science course do know whether they will receive a certificate or diploma in June —; the gentlemen from the Classical side of the House expect nothing.

$50 reward will be paid for the return of Eddie's diamond!

It is presumed our gallant Quartermaster rode 'Tenny' at the Yonker's parade, for at all the events he was out of sight. The beauty of the Adjutant was much enhanced by a red sash!

"That fills the bill and as for Calculus it's plain sailing,"—when only the Professor's in the boat.

"Fotche's" Kennel is still the mystery of Madison Avenue.

It is to be hoped that the Right Fielder will invite all the Base Ball representatives to the Strawberry Festival to be held in Towanda on July 4th.

What has become of the 'Muses'? Will they go to Pittsburg next Summer?

"Arrah! but ye are the foine sojers": a particular admirer of Sergeant Donovan's was heard to remark, after he had helped four or five people down a hill with his bayonet.

Mr. Gerard Hyacinth Romeo Gallagher, the celebrated manager of 'Chumleys' has sent in his official resignation. In him the above aggregation loses an energetic director: in token of his services the Team has presented him with a ticket to Europe, and forwarded a copy of the usual resolutions to the paper "up to hum."

Mr. James McNally has been appointed official Umpire for the 'Fordhams.'

About this time the Base Ball Crank may be seen meandering around with the "I-know-it-all" air; he finds fault with every player, and is quite confident the Team does not know how to play ball. If a few of them would please call at this office, they would be agreeably received and probably their services would be immediately accepted: 'they know how to play ball in words.'

Through the Athletic Association we learn that as usual this College will be represented at the Inter-Collegiate meeting on Decoration Day: Good luck to the starters! *Arma virumque cano.*

The Cadets have covered themselves with glory: from all sides praises come in in regard to the very soldierly way they carried themselves at the Yonkers parade. Being the only Military organization on the field their services were indispensable in keeping the crowds back. The Archbishop cordially thanked them, while our Lieutenant Commanding was overjoyed at their fine appearance. A full holiday was granted by Father Rector upon their return from the celebration! Hurrah for the Cadets!

"Can I get through this line?" "No sir!" "Why?" "Because we are Cadets not Militia."

Before the addresses had been delivered at the Yonkers celebration, a clergyman announced that a collection would be at once taken up among the Crowd. The Crowd with one of them as their spokesman shouted: "Faith and there will not: we are packed so tight we can't get our hands in our pockets." All laugh please.

Mr. Treacy, our organist, has at last solved the mystery of the Sodality organ. He says its screws are loose and that there is no homogeneity of tone color. Ye gods! Can't we wear talking blazers in Chapel?

C— has our sympathy for not having been there when the poor lad's foot-steps began to falter. Poor little chap!

The Seniors' Examination will take place on the 13th of June. The prayers of the faithful will be thankfully received.

The Cadets will parade on Decoration Day. By way of justice the Adjutant and Authorities in Command should see that those vacant Lieutenancies go to the members of the Graduating Class. It is nothing but uncalled-for prejudice which has so far prevented those members from getting the same. Rank and service should certainly be a true factor for promotion.

Poets spring up everywhere these days. Here is one of their productions, it was found on the Sanctum table, and presumably was written by a Senior.

Quae is the mors of '91.
Calculus—
Pessimum study sub the sun
Calculus—
The studium quod the teacher scit
Dum class non knows a parvum bit,
And Hades circum all does fit.
Calculus—

SECOND DIVISION.

WILLIAM A. FERGUSON '94.

The man who was most interested in the "Dusty Crumblings", having received no answer to his query as to their authorship, has presumed that the author has gone to dust [his overcoat].

What a pity that our promising chorister, for gallantry noted, had no chance, on the night of the last play, to *dis*play his patiently polished shoes and his checker-board suit. It would have been so nice to stand upon the stage in such pink and prim attire, and learn the A. B. C. But alas! he could only flit about on the common floor, and mingle with the tribal multitude,—a spectacle to be gazed upon with compassion.

The bicycle was too small in all likelihood. Certainly he was not too Livingstonian.

We have a little Jack Horner, who sits in the corner, and sometimes sticks his hand in his pocket, and pulls out a locket, or a ring, or a kerchief, to remember *him* by.

The shout went on, but the man from Porkopolis never minded it a bit. And he don't mind it yet. Why should he?—fearless, and peerless, and cheerless young man.

Why did he stop winking that night? Listen my children and you shall hear:—

Behold my eye,—(I'm glad its there!)
All ye who practise blind man's buff,
'Tis red and black and blue enough,
And all because I moved that chair:—
Would you avoid a like affair?
Be careful not to "work the bluff"
On any one whose hand is rough,
For, oft' you may descend the stair,
And sometimes may be hurled in air,
Or may be quickly made to suf—
Fer direst feelings of despair
For fear your eye might not be there.

Each nadjy suit is a mascot to its wearer. Is this true of the maroon jersey?

There were a great many willing to bid high to be mascots when the cart came round, but the unconquerable wheels of fate rolled off without any of them save the new suit of clothes.

The pinions of the Bostons have been rudely clipped and are sore, but they will soar yet.

It is amusing how Calliope will ring a fellow's ears between whiles, and make him give of his emptiness to the gaping many. See this:—

Tears, idle tears, we knew well what they meant,
Tears from the depth of disappointed hope
Rose in his heart and gathered to his eyes,
In looking at the happy base ball team
And thinking of the game he might have seen.

Fine as the best game played on Rose Hill fields
That ring with joyous shouts when Fordham wins
Good as the game which reddened Lehigh's cheek
When Bobby pitched the goose eggs right and left;
So good, so fine, the game he might have seen.

Ah, good and sure as when in Middletown,
Far from the daisied diamond of their home,
'Mid faces new and lips with other cheers,
The Fordhams gave one run and carried nine;
So good, so sure, the game he might have seen.

Proud as remembered bases nobly run
And bright as those by hopeless fancy feigned
When things are twelve to nothing; bright as this
Proud as could be, and wild with loud hurrahs;
O game of games! the game he might have seen.

And what game was it anyhow—"the game he might have seen?" Why, the game with the Oaklands, to be sure, on the briny borders of the Long Island Sound. It was played on Thursday May 7th under a clear, colorless sky. The ride to St. Joseph's Institute was enlivened by the peculiar blunt wit of the scorer and the caustic scintillations of the cream-colored umpire. The man from Salem didn't say much, feeling, possibly, out of water in that gathering of base ballists; while the bat-carrier had as much as he could do to concentrate his head upon his new hat. We were all deeply touched by the voiceless but expressive greeting we received on the roadside as we turned towards the gate of the Institute; and we have not yet ceased thinking with grateful heart of the royal reception given us by the kind ladies who met us on the steps and welcomed us to a delicious repast in their tidy parlors. These are memories that will never be lost out of the thankful heart of an Invincible.

After a brief practice on a field larger than our own but not as level, we took our place at the bat, and were ere long filled with chagrin at finding that we opened with a zero. The "Oaklands" battled our crack pitcher in wofully swift style for fully three innings, and it was only when they were something like six ahead of us that our S. S. made up his mind to give over error-making and to play winning ball. The "Invicibles" now began to run up a score, and with comparative ease were soon in the ascendency. At the close of the game the "Invincibles" stood some twenty runs above the "Oaklands". The features of the game were the speedy running of the "Oaklands", their good batting, and their submissiveness to the umpire's occasional out landish decisions. Willie Boyle secured five magnificent hits in the five times he was at the bat. Jack played first base like Roger Connor, and dislocated no less than three base ball covers. Clogher made a phenomenal catch while tumbling head over heels on the ground. Kenny pitched splendidly after the fourth inning, and Walsh was equal to every emergency save a well-sighted command of second. The trip home was a cheery and vociferous one resounding with many a lusty Hoo! Rah! Ray! Rah! Rah! Fordham!

The famous man whose eye has been truculently sung in these columns will probably send us for review in our next, his new book entitled "Bluffing Made Easy, or The Wily Winker Wrestling with a Bat."

There are rumors afloat that the possessor of a name familiar in connection with tureens (which name, by the way, we here take occasion to denounce as unkind, and unworthy, and far removed from the noble-hearted spirit of Second) will publish two volumes on the subject of "How to get a Sore Eye and How to Keep It, or Three Months of Vagrancy." As the author of this work is well beknown to the public, both for his literary abilities and tactical basemanship, we have no hesitation to say that the book will meet with a large sale. A gentleman from Brooklyn, a friend of the author has assumed the responsibility of publishing the book, and with the aid of his agent from Salem, the latest accession to the Sore Eye Club it is expected that the profits will be far before all anticipation. Paper cover, ten cents. Morocco,

gilt edge, with picture of author's left eye and notes by an aspirant, ten dollars. Only edition. Limited.

Several frequenters of the St. Elmo called at Fordham lately and asked for one of the patrons of their hotel, but he could not be found till some keen-sighted detective discovered him sitting on a derrick in the midst of the triumpucrate. Oh, Grandpapa!

By special request we omit from this issue all mention of parted hair and improved beauty.

Ed. K— is one of the best-hearted boys on our division, and we think that a serious wrong has been done to his generous qualities by the dubbing him with that awful name of se—. Now, boys, let us be men, and let us be kind to one another, and let us not call Ed— by a name which we should loathe were it applied to ourselves. Henceforth, then, let us call him Prince K., or Baron K., or O. K., or Blavats K, but not Se— K. Now mind this, "Comrades ever since we were boys".

The "Brother" is a first baseman of the first water, and he plays like clock-work with the dear old Baron.

Says Dan the warbler: "Do you think we'll take the cream?" Answers the stony-named boy: "Ah, I feel it melting on my tongue, yum, yum!"

A cheer published by request: E! I! K!! E! I! K!! Rah! Rah! Grand-pa-pa!

He rolls him about in a wheel-barrow,
And down to first base in a line narrow,
And when he plays ball
He sees him so small
On a seat in the shade
Till the game is all played,
Then he puts him again in the wheel-barrow
His sparrow—his beautiful sparrow.

Please, gentlemen, obfuscate and blot out the idea that his real name is "Sam". Call him Willie, if you will, or Fergy which is all the same, and a great deal samer.

Of course no words of ours can tell with what regret we witnessed the departure from our Division of our esteemed, energetic, and enthusiastic prefect Mr. O'Connell, S. J. May his presence ever cheer us in all our games, and his genius ever inspire us in all our undertakings.

The one thing we missed on Rector's Day this year was the Spring Games. Is there no one here to take the athletic post vacated by Livy? *Exoriare aliquis nostris ex classibus Livy!*

It seems queer that the Invincibles can't get a team up here to beat them or even to put up a fair game with them. The scores so far this year have been so one-sided that we are tempted to challenge semi-professionals. The Augustinians, however, put up an excellant game, the score being 15 to 13 in favor of the Invincibles. They had a very quiet little coacher, didn't they? He never opened his mouth all through the game!

The Oaklands played us here on May 21st, and beat us to the tune of 6 to 4.

Jack, it now remains for you to get square with the Army and Navy.

During the month of April, when the Invincibles occupied the field almost every day for practice, the rest of the Division seemed to be in very dull humor and some began to relax into that dozy spirit which is wont to accompany the early days of Spring. As a stimulant for life Father McQuillan formed a League embellished with the well-sustained heading, "The Fordham College League." The success of the League is very evident.

The teams which compose it are Boston, Pittsburg, New York, Chicago and Detroit. The Pitts have a marvellous twirler. With him it is no circumstance to strike out three men successively. The Bostons are all intent upon the study of little penny rule books. But Jack's fingers have often circumnavigated the kid-covered globe, and he may get around again. Chicago has been modest so far, but her lower extremities will yet cover many a bag. New York is flourishing giant-like; and the Detroits are trying to keep together as best they can.

All hail to the Fordham League!

THIRD DIVISION NOTES.

J. DELANEY, '97.

The spring season is now nearly over, and the great cry is "Base-ball." Third Division is prospering in this line of sport, and its "Gingers," "Brotherhoods," "Hoodoos" and other teams are practising hard for the "Fordhams."

The "Gingers" played the "Sasses" on Rector's Day and were beaten by a score of 8 to 4.

Were you mad, Harry, over that remark in the last Monthly? Never mind. Accidents will happen, no matter how careful one may be.

The great "brother-battery" has been doing well lately, especially the "twirler" who thinks he has all the curves, the ziz-zag included.

The "Tyros" played another game with the "Philosophers" and were beaten this time. That wouldn't have happened if a certain member of the Faculty who, rumor says, was once a member of a Yale team, hadn't helped them out.

Have you seen our May altar? We won't say it is the finest May altar in the house, because it may be unparliamentary to do so, but we have our own private opinion about the matter. Many thanks are due to the boys for their liberal contributions.

FREAKS OF THIRD.

As next month our full names surely
Will be all set down in print,
To the Faculty we therefore
Offer gratis this small hint

As to how each boy would like his
Self-same "nomen" to appear
In the catalogue they get out
At the end of each school year.

First in order comes our "Monkey,"
Then we have our "Crowley" too
"Sitting Bull," and "Bob," and "Ginger,"
"Legs" and "Dead Man" stalk in view.

To our "Polly" we give "Hoecake;"
"Nigger's" not "Mahogany:"
Add to these "Dutch" "Face" and "Broomstick,"
"Greenie," "Josh" and "Misery."

Do you know the "Freak" and "Sleepers"
"Jam" and "Tim Keefe?" All are trumps.
Here's the "Ossified Man" waiting
To strike out our "Billy Bumps."

The Tennis Association has been re-organized with S. McKeown as President. Do you know where the old hand-ball-alley used to be? Well, it has been cut down to the level of the terrace and a tennis court made out of it. Instead of marking the lines with whitewash, marble dust or tape, "John" laid down narrow strips of wood, which we think is an improvement on older methods.

The horizontal bar is still in its place; ditto the parallel bars. But alas and alack! "Legs" and "Freddie" no longer tie themselves up in knots upon them. Their dizzy feats of old are seen no more.

Third Division has ceased to patronize the infirmary since the base-ball season has begun. Can anyone explain this?

There was something in the Second Division Notes of the last Monthly that we have not been able to understand. After one of our "pussy" poems we asked Second to let us hear from them in that line; whereupon, lo and behold! we read in the last issue a mixtum gatherum about base-ball, tissue-paper suits, and tropical storms, which quite puzzled us. Again we say let us hear from second.

What did you think of our bayonet-charge at Yonkers? They say there is a warrant out for "Ginger's" arrest, but Mr. Pinckney won't allow any stranger near Third, so he's safe. We have a little question to ask: Why was only Third Division ordered to charge bayonets? Was it because——— but we don't wish to wound the feelings of First and Second.

Arthur Keller, one of the Third Division boys, was baptized lately. A more extended account will be found elsewhere.

A league has been formed on this Division, consisting of four teams—New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Brooklyn. In the Boston-New York game, the Bostons won with a score of 9 to 8. In the latter game New Yorks won by a score of 12 to 6.

EXCHANGES.

The number of Exchanges this month does not reach that of former months, yet the general standing as literary efforts is much higher. We see that even the small *Academy* paper and the *High-school* effort are improving and if we could venture to give expression to a feeling prophetic that prompts us to tell what seems to us, we might predict much for college-journalism in the future. Yet we are not prophets, nor sons of prophets, and the feeling prophetic is hereby stifled and we can assure our friends that no other out-break is to be feared.

The *Young Eagle* of St. Clara's Grant Co. Wis., contains in the last number much that is worthy of praise. A collection of papers, a symposium, entitled "Seekers after God" treats of the philosophy of Seneca and is a very just estimate of the man and his belief. Of this article the *Young Eagle* can be justly proud.

The *Mount* from West Virginia is as usual one of our best exchanges. The article "Napoleon and Washington" is certainly excellent both in style and substance. The editorial on Art Education is a very able and practical article, and notwithstanding the fact that some things in it do not coincide with our views on the matter, we do not hesitate to give it due credit.

The second number of the *College Advocate* makes its way to our sanctum, and it is one of those new comers that inspired us with the prophetic feeling referred to above. It is very promising. The translation of Horace's Ode XIII is very accurate, and while being a presentable English poem loses none of the beauty of the original.

Stonyhurst Magazine has two excellent features in its last number. One, the foot-ball news which is extensive and well written, the other an article on "Our Birds" which strikes our editorial fancy as being worthy of Jeffries himself, for whom we have unbounded admiration. Nature though less sublime in the lower creatures than in man, is not less wonderful and in the consideration of one of her winged creatures the *Stonyhurst Magazine* has an excellent study.

The Dial comes to us revealing behind its many-pictured cover a whole tribe of poems and essays, beautiful, vigorous, and touching. There is beauty chiefly in the poem which ends with "the mystic name, Woodar'". There is vigor in the leaders; and we find in the "In Memoriam" of the Rev. Edmund J. O'Sullivan, S. J., a very touching eulogy of a saintly priest, a kindly and attractive friend, and a true-hearted Jesuit who has died before old age compelled him to lay aside the armor of Ignatius, and put off the vestments of God's altar.

The Maroon and White is a jolly, hopeful, venturesome, energetic little creature that comes to us from Georgetown. We are glad they had the exquisite taste to choose the Fordham color for the first half of their name. We wish them all the success that has attended the efforts of their big brother, whom by the way, we find as agreeable and literary, and as correct this month as ever heretofore.

St. Joseph of the Oaks still sparkles like a floweret of the rural shade.

BATTALION NEWS.

S. O. No. 35. May 12th, 1891.

I. The following promotions are hereby announced :

To be Cadet Sergts,

Cadet Corpl. Doran.
Cadet Corpl. Phelan.
Cadet Corpl. Eceleston.
Cadet Corpl. Donovan.

To be Cadet Corpls,

Cadet Pvt. Lyons.
Cadet Pvt. Bermingham.
Cadet Pvt. McCafferty.
Cadet Pvt. Kane.
Cadet Pvt. Roquemore.
Cadet Pvt. Phelan.
Cadet Pvt. Smith.
Cadet Pvt. Horn.

II. The following transfer is hereby announced :

Cadet Corpl. McMahon from Co. D. to C.

III. The following assignments are hereby announced :

Cadet Sergt. Doran to Co. D.
Cadet Sergt. Phelan to Co. B.
Cadet Sergt. Eecleston to Co. A.
Cadet Sergt. Donovan to Co. C.
Cadet Corpl. Lyons to Co. A.
Cadet Corpl. Birmingham to Co. B.
Cadet Corpl. McCafferty to Co. B.
Cadet Corpl. Kane to Co. B.
Cadet Corpl. Roquemore to Co. C.
Cadet Corpl. Phelan to Co. A.
Cadet Corpl. Smith to Co. A.
Cadet Corpl. Horn to Co. D.

S. O. No. 36. May 9th, 1891.

The following transfers are hereby announced :

Cadet Capt. Feeley from Co. B. to Co. A.
Cadet Capt. Corbett from Co. D. to Co. B.

II. The following promotions are hereby announced :

To be Cadet Capt. Co. D.,

Cadet 1st Lieut. Clogher.

To be Cadet Capt. Co. D.,

Cadet 1st Lieut. McNally.

By order of C. R. Edwards, 1st Lieut., 1st. U. S. Inf.

Alan G. Burrow, Cadet Capt. and Adj.

We regret to say that our popular friend, "Anson," has left us. He has our best of wishes. He was a good cadet. It is rumored that the drum corps plays "Marching through Georgia" so frequently as a compliment to the patriotism of a certain commander from that state. We neglected to mention that Mr. Farley's examination was far more difficult than that of the gentlemen with whom he was classed in our last issue.

We offer the newly appointed commissioned and non-comissioned officers our congratulations.

The marker who serves in the right rear of Co. A. deserves praise for the efficient manner in which he performs his duty.

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THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

VOL. IX. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y., JUNE, 1891. NO. 8.

THE FOUNDER OF FORDHAM COLLEGE.

LO! once again he stands before us, seeming
As in the very flesh he stood and spoke;
Again with light and life his glance is beaming,
And on his lips the old-time tones awake.

The high, proud head that turned with noble scorning,
From all the ways where supple baseness trailed—
The high, proud front that brooked not craven warning,
And, tide what might, had never blanched or quailed.—

The genial presence: easy poise and gesture:
The trait, turn, look that he alone could wear:
The majesty and power that churchman's vesture
Might robe but not conceal—all, all are there.

No sword is his, no martial pomp proud swelling
With presage: but of peace his hands are fraught.
A simple book, his own apt emblem, telling
His wonted sway was o'er the field of thought.

Yet was he all a soldier, watchful, peerless,
As need was in his day, when wars were rife;
And oft his words out-flashed, keen, swift, and fearless
As sword of warrior in grim battle strife.

The prelate's dignity, the priest's compassion,
The spell of orator, the poet's charm,
And scholar's lore transcending modern fashion,
And patriot impulse throbbing high and warm.

These were his weapons: all of proof and ready,
And put to test that might make heroes pause,
Their flawless temper still rung true and steady
For God, his country and his people's cause.

With keen, stern joy, the rapture of the battle,
His warrior soul stormed on through wild alarms,
Exulted in the mustering din and brattle,
And braved an army—aye, a world in arms.

Yet anger swayed him not; revenge he scouted,
And malice, hatred, and their kindred throng;
With jocund smiles alone he charged and routed
The lines of error and embattled wrong.

He fought not men, but systems, doctrines, measures,
That forge a fetter for the limb or mind;
He fought the failings, vices, passions, pleasures,
That stain, belittle, or degrade mankind.

And oft the dread renown his prowess kindled,
Made foes resign the field ere blow was sped;
At his mere presence bigot faction dwindled,
Religious hatred quenched her torch and fled.

Nor ever, in all knighthood's golden ages,
Had gentler courtesy wreathed sturdier lance,
Nor loftier chivalry illumed the pages
Where story weaves the dreams of old romance.

Faults? Yes,—his heart throbbed warm with pulses human;
But carping envy's self might scarce deplore
The faults that doubly vouched him staunch and true man
And only made men love him all the more.

Motes in the sunshine, foam-bells on the ocean,
Cloud-shadows flitting o'er the mountain's breast—
His faults but marked the mighty play, the motion
Of a grand nature in its grand unrest.

Ambition? Yes—so great, so pure and holy,
Earth's grandeur as but dross it seemed to chide;
He lived and strove for God's high glory solely;
Man's bauble honors he laughed all aside.

A nature sternly earnest, kindly tender,
Where thoughts all gentle blent with thoughts all bold;
As cool, gray clouds, just caught by sunrise splendor,
Flush through with tints of mingled rose and gold.

Too great his greatness for mere condescending,
It lured you up to his own lofty height;
As with a "Sursum Corda" never ending,
Still on and up, the mountain-tops invite.

With him you ranged the heights of thought and feeling,
Gained summit-founts whence mighty streams have birth,
Saw skyward vistas gloriously revealing,
And, nearer Heaven, won broader views of earth.

His country sent him—her apostle—teaching,
To hostile kings and courts across the sea,
Columbia's patriot evangel preaching,
"The Union must and shall forever be!"

His voice was heeded; in its calm tones slumbered
Unwakened echoes of new battle roar,
Of hot tides yet to ebb from hearts unnumbered,
Ere foreign foeman might insult our shore.

His firm, brave wisdom of that hour requiting,
Long as our laurels bloom or roses blow,
From all our land shall grateful hands uniting,
Twine brightest chaplets to adorn his brow.

Long as upsoaring cross or chiming steeple
Shall summon willing hearts to shrines of prayer,
His name as friend, guide, champion of his people,
With hallowed mention shall be cherished there.

Long as deeds nobly done, words nobly spoken,
Can manhood's cheek with manly pride suffuse,
Shall age to age bequeath in link unbroken
The deathless fame of great Archbishop Hughes.

MICHAEL J. A. MCCAFFERY, '61.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

THE fall of 1882 witnessed an event memorable in the history of St. John's. In November of that year appeared the first number of the FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY. A thin, fragile, coverless, six-paged little creature it was, breathing hope and fear in every line, but having about it an unobtrusive yet unmistakable air of, "Please, good people, I have come to stay. I do not amount to much now; but wait a while. Give me a chance to grow." Who that is familiar with the neat, sturdy, praiseworthy MONTHLY of to-day will not say that the infant was putting on perfectly justifiable airs?

How well I remember the morning of October 9, 1882! It was a holiday, for some reason or other; and about ten o'clock those who were to form the first board of editors were summoned to the Vice-President's office. We knew not what the summons meant. Ours not to reason why, ours not to make reply, ours but to get up into the office right away; and so we started.

Many and vain were our surmises as to why we were wanted. We knew that there had been some goings on in the Division, but we did not connect them with our order to appear in court. "Never mind, boys, we are all right, whatever it is; for 'we are seven.'" This from O'Malley; and before the consequent explosion of laughter had died away, we were in the presence.

The meeting was called to order and the plot unfolded by Father Halpin, somewhat after this fashion: "Boys, we must have a paper. Every college of any consequence has one. A paper has never succeeded here. We must make a new trial. You are the board of editors. It is now in order to elect officers." We were dumfounded. Everybody looked surprised and alarmed: and I, for one, would have given a great deal not to have been honored by a call to that meeting.

A paper? And edited by us? With all our other work? And so many good and long-established college papers to compete with—to be put in contrast with? A thing that never yet succeeded in the history of the college to be attempted by us? The idea was appalling to me. We could not do it; that was all about it. However, the personality of the Rev. Vice-President soon swung us into marching order. Our mutterings, excuses, and expressions of fear ceased; and the first editorial staff was incorporated. We then discussed and finally settled on the child's name. After this, Father Halpin outlined the style of the paper, selected the subject-matter, and assigned each one his share of it. All this was over and done in little more than an hour.

Silently we returned to the Division, and there gave vent to our pent-up feelings. The whole thing was so new, so uncertain, and so much of an experiment, that we did little else all day save canvass the chances of failure or success—principally, I think, of failure.

The news soon spread all over the house; and from Preparatory to Philosophy the all-absorbing topic of conversation for the following week was the new paper. The subject then ceased to boil for a time, and everybody waited for the first number. The editors were encouraged by the Faculty, and by most of the students; but as is always the case on such occasions, the favored (?) seven were spoken of sarcastically by a little clique of soreheads, who predicted ignominious failure. Looking at it now, nine years after, I feel that the above-named bit of jealous opposition did us good. It acted as a governor to our pride and as an incentive to extra effort.

To work we went with a will. In due time the first paper appeared, and copies were distributed for the economical sum of ten cents apiece. How we waited for the verdict! with what anxiety! What would people think of us? Or, of more importance, what would they say of us? How would we be received and commented on by our Exchanges? These and a thousand such interrogations shot rapidly through each editorial mind, as its owner grabbed a paper and hurried away to a quiet corner to see how he looked in print.

Then came congratulations, and afterward criticisms. The home critics were hardest on us. We were told that the paper was mostly old President, new President, pleas for forbearance, and prayers for assistance. But, on the whole, the youngster was pronounced promising, and an evident interest in its future was established. This was soothing indeed; since a man's own country is the last to acknowledge the prophet in him.

Finally came the Exchanges—the last pang of the ordeal. Without an exception, that I can now recall, all the col-

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY,
First President.

leges received us kindly, and welcomed us to the ranks of college journalism. Here was triumph, surely! All our brothers (and sisters too, as well as the co-educationals—the *soror-fraterques*), they all extended us the friendly hand, and said: "Come in. We like your beginning, and will always be glad to see you." Of course this is what folks always say when they are introduced. But it looked honest and tasted good to us then, and determined us to send them a better sample next issue.

What pleased us most, however, was the very flattering notice and genuinely warm reception we received from probably the oldest, or one of the oldest, college papers in the country—the *Notre Dame Scholastic.* It was a beauty, that notice! It occupied more than half a column. It started in by saying: "The new paper impresses one favorably"; and then gave us a rousing welcome, brimful of encouragement. Our success in the college world was assured by that article in the *Scholastic;* and we made up our minds that no effort would be wanting on our part toward the fulfilment of the prophecy of success made for us by our Indiana friends. In saying all this about the *Scholastic*, I have had to exercise considerable Christian mortification of spirit; for that was the paper which afterward slaughtered my "American Journalism," when it appeared in the MONTHLY. However, I can forgive everything when I think of that notice of our first number.

Once under way, our paper sailed along smoothly enough, but not without periodical difficulties and disappointments. There were times when it seemed almost impossible to get out our monthly number and attend to our daily college duties beside. Many a fine recreation day was spent in the Study Hall by members of the old board, and many a good game of ball missed in order that the paper might appear in time, or—terrible thought!—that we might not have to bear the shameful imputation of having failed in our undertaking.

We worked very hard in those days, and at times felt weary enough; and if it had not been for the wise and firm but kind generalship of our well-beloved Vice-President, for whom we would have done more than for any other man, I fear the journal would have failed to appear once a month, and then ceased to exist entirely, at least as far as the old staff was concerned.

Why, I can recall more than one occasion when our able and hard-working chief, Dowley, had a prize essay to write, a debate to prepare, a part in a play to learn, and the editorial page of the paper to get out, all in addition to his regular every-day work in the class of Rhetoric. A poem, or a leader, was often demanded of us on distressingly short notice; and each member of the staff, in turn, had to be funny man, and write up home items. Sometimes all this seemed to be the veriest drudgery; but I, for one, am not sorry for the part of it that fell to my share. There is nothing in all my college course that I look back upon with greater pleasure or satisfaction than my connection with the MONTHLY; nothing that touches more responsive chords, or awakens sweeter memories.

But it was not all hard work; we got a deal of fun, also, out of our paper experience. The articles of "Rubrum" were always legal tender for a good laugh; and many a ripple of quiet mirth went around the editorial board, while the object of some particularly pungent personal went about the division on a still hunt for the author of his woe. Our exchange column, while it existed, was often crisp, racy, and enjoyable. This was always the case when the reviewing was done by the MONTHLY'S first editor-in-chief. I call to mind one very sad incident in this connection:

Amongst our many Exchanges was one edited by the young ladies of a prominent Western College. When we first appeared, this paper gave us a "love" of a reception that set us a-blushing to the callow roots of our editorial hair. In an unguarded moment this journalistic prairie flower brought to our sanctum (the old board will remember that *sanctum* is good) the first chapter of a continued story, which was referred to by my friend Frank, in our January number for 1883, as follows:

"The author of the continued story should attend to the structure of her sentences. There is, at present, a peppery briefness about her remarks which smacks strongly of the dime novel." Peppery briefness! Oh, Francis, how could you? The second chapter of that story never appeared. But the next issue of the "Prairie Flower" contained such a tearful rebuke, and such a touching homily on the unholy vandalism of the ordinary male editor, that went sharply to the repentant hearts of us all.

Another source of amusement, albeit an anxious one, was the continuous low tide in our treasury. Nearly every month the receipts and expenses ran a dead heat for first place. But when, at the end of the first scholastic year, a balance-sheet was struck, the credits had it by fifteen dollars. There was much rejoicing thereat; and ye board thought somewhat of being allowed a day in the city, with that fifteen in its inside pocket. But it was finally decided to carry the amount over as a nucleus for the next year's finances.

After this first season of trial our list of subscribers grew gradually larger, and our exchequer took on a healthier aspect. This last agreeable feature was very largely due to the untiring efforts of Tom Halpin, the genial "Coriolanus" of that time. "Cori" never returned from a visit to the city without bringing us an "ad" or two. The number of his friends was legion; and whenever he visited any of them, he never failed to say a good word for the MONTHLY.

In September, '83, the *personnel* of the staff underwent considerable alteration. The loss of our chief, who graduated in June of that year, was a serious one, and we

missed him sadly. But his spirit of earnestness remained with us, and helped us over many a rough spot.

In June, '84, the two last remaining members of the old board bade good-bye to St. John's; and the paper passed into new hands well calculated to take care of its destinies.

What has become of the old board of editors? Of Hoban and Murphy, I know nothing. McManus is dead. Poor Barney! great-hearted, bright-minded! We might have better spared a better man! Yours was a light that flashed, and then went out, alas! too soon! Peace be to you, old schoolmate! Dowley, and I believe Thoron, are battling in the ranks of the Solons. O'Malley I hear of as manager-in-chief of the town of Geneva; while the writer is a humble private in the large army of bacteria-hunters.

But I must stop here. This sketch is, I fear, already too long; and I feel it to be very imperfect. But want of use has caused rust to accumulate on a pen that was more facile in the days of which I am speaking.

It may be considered presumption for an alumnus, on whose diploma the ink is scarcely yet dry, to give advice to "the boys." But to all students of St. John's, present or to be, I say: Support the College paper with all your might and main. Let it be the ambition of each and every one of you to be connected with the MONTHLY in some way—either as member of the staff, or as a correspondent.

Don't feel snubbed if you are not made an editor while yet in Third Grammar, or although you are in Rhetoric; but begin from the bottom and write till you write yourself, first, into recognition, and, then, into an editorship. No; I did not get to be an editor in that way; but that is the way to become a good one.

The first houses were built of logs through lack of tools. Nowadays we demand hewn timber. The first board of editors had to experiment. You have the result of that experiment, coming down through nine years of good work, to guide you. Go ahead and improve it. Be it yours to continue that good work which has done much for the College and the students of St. John's. It will help very materially to educate you. It will bring you and the College in touch with other schools, as well as with the outside world; and it will add fresh laurels to the well-merited crown that fifty years of success have just placed on the brows of our Alma Mater.

JAMES N. BUTLER, '84.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

JUNE 24TH, 1891.

UNTO the beat of shower-drums
  Blithe April marches past; sweet May,
  Like winged odor, fades away,
And June before we know it comes.

And with it comes my school-day's goal,
  Which I would clear with glowing wheel;
  And yet I cannot help but feel
A fond regret in heart and soul.

For as I come to say farewell,
  A thousand clinging memories
  Of olden days within me rise,
As at the sound of the Angelus bell.

Are startled in the belfry tower
  The myriad birds that nestle there!
  I thought it not so hard to tear
Myself from boyhood's vernal bow'r.

To pass from out its smiling lake
  Into the outer world's uproar,
  There to oppose with lab'ring oar
Those waves which here do harmless break.

The love of thee which I have hived,
  My Alma Mater, thro' the years
  Spent 'neath thy wing, finds vent in tears
Now that our parting has arrived

Upon thy fiftieth birthday's feast,
  For me with light and shadow pied;
  But solemnized with fitting pride
Of martial pomp and stoled priest;

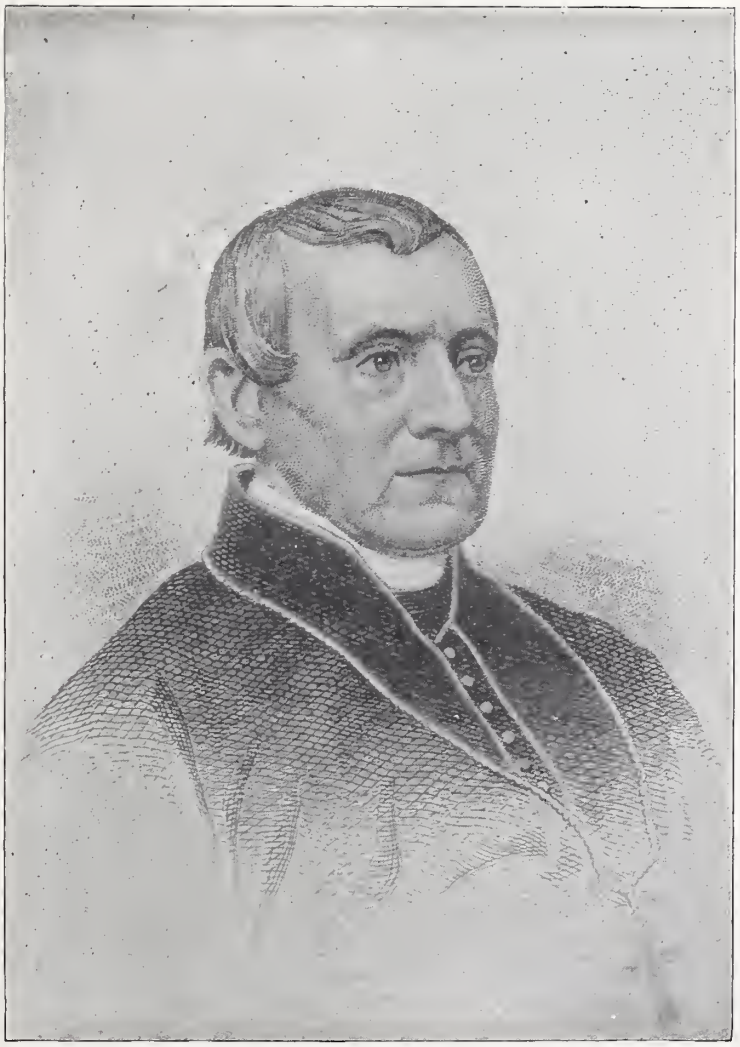
And monument unveil'd to him
  Who at thy christening sponsor stood,
  Thy Founder holy, great and good,
Whose fame thou lettest not grow dim.

To-day thou hearest blowing brass,
  Words of triumphal eloquence,
  And jubilant hum from gath'rings dense
Of all thy sons and friends *en masse*.

And what of them, thy honor'd dead?
  Partake they not thy Jubilee?
  Can they have lost all sympathy
For whom they wrought with heart and head?

They share thy triumph and thy pride
  In the rich harvest of the past,
  Which is but spring, however vast,
Of fruit which coming cycles hide.

Thou standest now but at the base
  Of heights of glory more sublime
  Than we shall live to see thee climb
Ere thou hast tow'r'd in pride of place.



ARCHBISHOP HUGHES,
FOUNDER OF THE COLLEGE.

Mine but the invocation strain
  Of thy great epic to be sung
  By an unborn and mightier tongue
Far on in thy Saturnian reign.

Yea, for the future have no dread;
  But like the Saint, whose name is thine,
  Upon the loving Heart Divine
In perfect trust repose thy head.

And after His that of the boy
  Continue modelling as of yore;
  And teach him His eternal lore,
And in thy mission'd task employ
Muses of Calvary the peers—
  The crowns of the Parnassian nine;
  Till thou among thy rivals shine,
As shines the moon among the spheres.

But, now, farewell! Farewell the hill
  Of roses which amid thy scene
  Has unto me a Tabor been
Where I have felt a joy's pure thrill;

Which I will own waked in my breast,
  As down the vale of years I wend,
  E'en as we own an old-time friend
Whose hand is on our shoulder press'd.

Farewell, O boyish Paradise
  Guarded by serried angel wings!
  On thee may thousand after springs,
Handsels of fruitful autumns rise.

DAVID ARELLANO, '91.

RECTOR, * SODALES, * ALUMNI

Universitatis Sancti Joannis Apud Fordham,

EXIMIIS SODALIBUS.

Universitatis, N. N.

S.DD.

Quinquaginta abhinc annis Archiepiscopus Neo-Eboracensis Joannes Hughes vir religionis et reipublicae studiosissimus, fundamenta jecit hujus Universitatis, cui Deus, principium omnium et finis, omnes conatus tam secundo exitu fortunavit ut, difficultatibus non parvis superatis, seipsam gestiendo nunc exhibeat numero satis magno discipulorum frequentatam et amplioribus splendidisque aedificiis nuper absolutis adornatam.

Quapropter ad memoriam divinæ benignitatis rite colendam, quinquagesimum diem anniversarium statuimus sollenniter celebrare.

Recordantes autem quam stricto pietatis vinculo inter se conjungi debeant Universitates Christianæ, quibus omnibus communis sit praestitutus finis, mentes juvenum formare ad illam veritatem, qua penitus imbuti adolescant religionis et patriæ decus atque præsidium, vos, præclari sodales, peramanter invitamus ut conspectu vestro jucundissimo atque ornatissimo gaudium nostrum augeatis et huic celebrationi pro vestra humanitate intersitis hora prima post meridiem incepturæ ante diem octavum Kalendas Julias anni decurrentis MDCCCLXXXXI.

Interea vobis omnibus optima faustaque precamur.

Vester addictissimus Servus,

JOANNES SCULLY, S.J.,

[L. S.] RECTOR.

Some Poems and Pictures

FROM

OLD, ODD PAGES

OF

The Fordham Monthly.

THE MONTHLY'S FIRST EDITORIAL.

AT a meeting held October 9th, Rev. P. A. Halpin presiding, with Messrs. Dowley, Hoban, O'Malley, Thoron, Butler, and Murphy present, action was taken on a former suggestion of the Rev. Vice-President in regard to the establishment of a College journal. The Rev. Father informed the above-mentioned gentlemen that they, together with Mr. B. F. McManus, who was unavoidably absent from the meeting, were to constitute the Board of Editors for the ensuing year. Mr. F. D. Dowley was appointed business manager, with Mr. J. N. Butler as assistant. The office of secretary was assigned to Mr. W. P. O'Malley. Although entailing upon the editors considerable labor, in addition to the routine of class duty, the project met with the hearty approval of all, and THE FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY became a thing of the near future. With the present issue we begin our journalistic career. In the short time allotted for preparation we have endeavored to give our readers a fair idea of what THE FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY promises to be: a journal devoted to College interests and events, with just enough of the conventional essay and erudite editorial as will free us from the imputation of levity.

AT LAST.

AT last St. John's College is making an effort to have its journal. We are late—very late in the field—and our competitors are so far ahead of us that we have little hope of overtaking them. We will do our best. We cannot agree entirely with the gentleman who wrote the first paper. We heard, it is true, much whispering of failure; but we received, also, much encouragement. We think, however, it is better to try, though we fail, than never to try at all. Alone, we will not accomplish much, but we are justified in asking assistance in so many quarters that we trust we will achieve at least partial success. We need money; we need contributors for our columns. We ask so little, and the number of old students is so large, and the College has so many friends, that to doubt them would be to do them injustice. But who are going to help us to fill our columns? Aye, there's the rub. There are eight students in Philosophy, twelve in Rhetoric, eighteen in Belles-lettres, twenty-four in Classics, fourteen in Commercial Belles-lettres,—seventy-six in all. Have we not every right to expect from so many students, who every day ply their pen and exercise their brain, a very shower of contributions? Besides, in the lower classes there are those whom Nature or hard work has gifted with some facility in putting down thoughts on paper; these we cordially invite to bring us "copy." To work, then, boys—one and all—and we will not fall behind in our tasks.

TO OUR READERS.

WITH this number of our paper we make our *début* in the newspaper world. The first hint of our appearance stirred some very common but resonant chords. We were met by the cheerful assurance that our intrusion would be swiftly revenged by the rapidity of our disappearance. Our friends did not spare us. "They had seen," to use their own language, "this thing tried before." Others bade us take courage; but—in spite of a treacherous inclination which the young possess to take the sunny view of life—we could scarce help perceiving that friendly phrases were but a mask of uncertainty and fear. We were puzzled by one stubborn feature: all the world and his wife knew more about our affairs than we did ourselves. These little marks of attention, while annoying, did not discourage us. We began our journal. The age in which we live is distinctively a newspaper age, and at last we are borne along in the current. Whither we are drifting we leave to the future to show. The influence of the press has not been overestimated by being termed the lever which

THE BRONZE STATUE OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

moves the modern world. The power which ancient orators possessed and wielded with such immortal mastery has passed into the keeping of the newspaper. We own but a paltry share of this power, but it is our ambition to use it after a fashion which, while it amuses and interests our subscribers, will reflect credit on old St. John's. It is to be as far as in us lies a genuine *College* paper. The articles, furnished chiefly by College boys, will be sent out with many of the imperfections of immaturity. Subjects of College interest are to be treated, and items of College life judiciously selected.

THE number of our friends is large. St. John's College is known throughout the length and breadth of the land. Her sons may be recognized in all the walks of life. Her graduates are rising into prominence in every profession. These gentlemen will undoubtedly take a lively interest in a journal in whose columns they are once more brought within the walls of their Alma Mater. That they will aid us, goes without saying.

The assistance of the Alumni may also be relied on. The contributions of this body of gentlemen will always be gladly received. *Indeed, all contributions from outside sources will be welcome.* We expect that our friends, scattered as they are far and wide, will assist us in this enterprise, and enable us to reach and maintain a position not in the lowest rank of College journals.

To older heads than ours the enterprise which we have undertaken may appear full of difficulty. We are not inclined to dispute this, but energy linked with strength of will and courage can accomplish wonders. While we know how high our ambition aspires, we do not conceal from ourselves that we will not at once reach that height. We hope to follow the ordinary law of progress—mediocre at first, then better, then highest at the last. The step from pupilage to mastery is a giant stride. We are in our pupilage.

A VISION.

[*These lines, addressed to Very Rev. Robert Fulton, S.J., Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, were read Thanksgiving Night, '82, by B. J. McManus, '85.*]

'TWAS e'en, the hour when reigns the gentle spell
That nightly soothes our weary limbs; when sleep
Her balmy wings doth fold, and smilingly
A'through our college halls doth glide, until,
By magic wand and potent word subdued,
We yield unto her sway and dream.

Musing I lay
And watched the light of twinkling stars, when, lo!
Beside me stood a shape so wondrous fair;
I straightway knew the Angel of the Lord.
A wand he bore, and open in his hand
A tome, wherein were writ the deeds of men.
Wond'ring I gazed upon the Angel's face,
When thus he spake: "To thee, my child, 'tis given
To read the Mystic Book of Life, to read
Of one, who, for that he hath to many taught
The way of righteousness, shall, like a star,
Shine for endless years in heaven's bright dome.
Ay, brighter than the moon when in the east,
In full and dazzling splendor it appears,
Or than the star of day at noon, or all
The myriad spheres that circle round the throne."

He spoke, and 'fore mine eyes, e'en as he waved
His wand, there rose a spacious church; above,
With hands outstretched, the effigy of Her,
Fair wisdom's seat, our hope, our love, our joy.
Hard by, within the shadow of the church,
A college stood, and from its windows wide,
Borne by the breeze, like music, came the hum
Of many voices. There methought I saw
The youth of a great city gathered in,
And 'midst them, like a shepherd 'midst his flock,
All eyes intent on him, all hearts his own,
There stood that man of whom the Angel said:
"Lo! he shall shine for ages, like a star!"
And, turning to the book, methought I read,
Written in gold: "Well done, my servant leal."

And now there rose before mine eyes a church,
Lowly and poor, unmeet to be God's house;
And there again I saw this man of God.
Musing he sat and planned, and, as he mused,
Before my mind there rose a vision bright—
A beauteous fane; and in its sheltering shade
A school, and in that school the joyous youth
Of this great city thronged, and learned to love
One in whose heart abide the Master's words:
"Suffer the little ones to come to me";
But in the book I read: "The fruitful seeds
Of glory great to me, here shall he sow.
Others, the ripened harvest reap; for, him
Do I reserve for greater things."

Again
There rose upon my view a church, a school;
And here once more he stood; and as erewhile
Sarepta's widow saw within the [illegible]
The oil increased, and multi[illegible] the corn;
So he, while God looked down and smiled on him,
With glad heart saw the affluent increase
That blessed his work, and cried: Thine be the praise!—

And in the book I read once more the words:
"Well done, my servant leal and true, well done.

Because my name thou'st glorified 'fore men,
Because thou'st loved my little ones and me,
Behold, 'fore men shall I in turn raise thee,
That all may know how dear to me, the Lord,
Thou art."

Again the scene is changed; but now
Before mine eyes, not shrouded in the veil
Of vision or of dream, his form I see,
The friend of God the Angel showed to me—
We bid thee welcome, Father, to our midst,
We welcome thee to St. John's cherished walls.
Though all unknown to thee, thy spreading fame
Has reached us here. To know thee is to love.

THE SODALITY CHAPEL.

SUNDAY, the twenty-seventh of April, '84, was a memorable day in the annals of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, at St. John's. For three weeks past there had been no regular meeting of the Sodalists, and rumors were rife that extensive improvements were being made in the chapel. We were little prepared, however, for the complete transformation which had taken place, and which met our eyes as we filed slowly into the chapel on that Sunday morning. In honor of the occasion solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Fr. Dealy, S.J.; Fr. O'Reilly, S.J., acting as deacon, and Mr. Quirk, S.J., as sub-deacon. Bordese's *Messe Solennelle* was sung by the Sodality choir, and after the mass Rev. Fr. Rector gave a few reminiscences of the past history of the chapel. He began his remarks by saying that the occasion recalled many thoughts of the past to his mind and awakened many feelings in his heart. In this chapel, he said, Cardinal McCloskey, the first President of the College, had directed the first Sodality. After him Archbishop Bayley was director for some years, and into his hands Fr. Dealy himself had made his act of consecration to the Blessed Virgin. In this same chapel Bishop McFarland, the first Bishop of Hartford, Bishop Conroy, and many others,—priests, lawyers, doctors, and merchants,—had prayed and made their meek appeals to God. By means of this Sodality they were enabled to look future days in the face and to determine what walks of life to choose; and, after they had determined their vocations, it was here that they prayed for strength to follow them; here, more than elsewhere, they laid the foundation of that piety and sanctity that stood them in such good stead in all their after life. In conclusion, Fr. Rector said that he hoped all would unite their prayers with his for the intention of him whose kindness and zeal permitted us to glory in the possession of so beautiful a place of devotion. It may here be remarked that it is to Mr. Van Rensselaer, S.J., our Reverend Director, that we are indebted, and we hope that the Sodalists, one and all, will show in deed that appreciation of his latest act of kindness which they certainly must feel at heart.

The chapel is in very truth a work of art, great taste having been displayed in the selection of both color and design. The floor is of oiled Georgia pine; the seats are made of ash, perforated and shellacked; the ceilings and walls are tastefully hung in rich gold paper; the dado is about three feet high, and is much darker than the main body of paper; the frieze is also rather dark, and is set off by a narrow strip of gold moulding running immediately beneath it; the whole is softened by the mellow and various-hued light diffused through the beautiful stained-glass windows. These windows are Gothic in design, and their coloring accords admirably with the other decorations. Their beauty is greatly enhanced by numerous roundels which are set in the margin and thus form a brilliant border. The window in the sanctuary is particularly striking and impressive. Upon it there is a representation of the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord, whose features beam forth most sweet and pathetic. The windows add a special beauty to the general appearance of the chapel and help not a little to devotion of spirit, the sombre reflections leaving a solemn quiet well suited to a place of meditation and prayer.

Perhaps, upon entering the chapel, our notice is first attracted to the holy-water-font. It is a statue of a little angel, who stands upon a bronze pedestal and supports a scallop shell containing the holy-water above his head. The brass chandelier is an object at once delicate and costly, while the crystal sanctuary lamp is something unique of its kind. Of the altar we have as yet said nothing, and we still feel some hesitation in attempting a description of it. It is made of butternut wood shellacked, and is of Gothic design. It is elaborately carved and chased and highly decorated with gold and bronze. Moreover, it is, here and there, set off by a touch of delicate blue. In front and in the centre, a little above the predella, is an Agnus Dei resting upon the book with the Seven Seals. It is carved from wood and painted in natural colors. The reredos of the altar is very noticeable for its majestic appearance, which is due to its graceful, tapering pinnacles. There is a richly carved canopy over the tabernacle, beneath which is a statue of Our Blessed Lady with the Infant Jesus in her arms. It is from the atelier of Froc-Robert, of Paris. The face of the little Infant is the very type of innocence and purity, and that of Our Lady looks down full of gentle sweetness. The coloring is soft and harmonizes well with the wood color of the altar. The tall, brass candlesticks are of neat design, as are also a pair of costly brass vases, which are the gift of a friend. The tabernacle is lined with white silk and satin wrought with gold. A handsomely-worked cover for the altar cloth is the gift of another kind friend. A heavy velvet carpet covers the predella and floor about the altar.

ARCHBISHOP BAYLEY,
THIRD PRESIDENT.

REV. AUGUSTUS THÉBAUD, S.J.,
FOURTH PRESIDENT.

REV. JOHN LARKIN, S.J.,
FIFTH PRESIDENT.

REV. REMIGIUS TELLIER, S.J.,
SIXTH PRESIDENT.

Surrounded as we thus are with everything that is beautiful, that is inspiring,—everything, in fact, that is naturally suggestive of a spirit of devotion,—may we not hope that all the Sodalists of St. John's may imbibe new ardor of spirit in their devotions to Our Lady, whose clients they propose themselves to be, and, by their good example, spur on others to consecrate their lives to the Blessed Mother of God. SODALIST.

UNFORGIVEN.

WHAT is that you tell me? Is he dead?
Why, only yester night I sat alone
By my own shadowy hearth. The ashes red
Set me thinking of him. We had sown
The spring-time of our friendship with hopes bright,
In prospect of a golden fruitage grown
From love's fair seed. In innocent delight
I plucked and found them ashes all within.
And now you tell me that he died last night?
Why, I sat dreaming, and like they who sin
To shine star-like, and shine, and fall, and die,
My taper died in socket; nor could I win
Me from my fancies. Like a mystery
Forever silent, o'er me hung a dream.
The night winds mocked the silence with their cry;
And in my vision was one only theme;
And all was shapeless as the rushing wind.
All black! all hate! all shallow, and did seem,
I slept with hate,—and hatred was the dream.

As softly grows into the night each star,
That crowns the east, while yet the west is red,
So ever brightening, sought me from afar
An Angel, softest radiance round her spread;
And on her countenance, calm; nor frown, nor smile—
The lips can smile ev'n when the heart is dead.
I gazed upon the Angel's face, and while
I gazed, I felt the Angel read my heart,
And turned my eyes back to my hate, whose guile
Was blackened in that light. There was no part
Of me free from that blackness, o'er and o'er,
And intertangled were we, heart and heart,
Like two worms hidden in the inmost core
Of some fair fruit of Autumn, were we there,
Two blots upon the day the Angel bore
Upon her wings, and forehead, and fair hair.
And thus she spoke: "Pluck out the hate you bear,
Forgive him all!" (Forget, O heaven above,
The answer in my boldness I did dare):
"He cannot give me back my broken love,
And I will not forgive, will not forgive."
Than when in love unto its mate the dove
Flieth swiftest, swifter far the Angel fled.
And so you tell me now that he is dead? J. L.

INFIRMARY THEATRICALS.

IF Shakespeare had been a St. John's student, he would have said, "All the world's a stage, and Fordham invalids are practised players." That snowy temple which tradition has dedicated to Washington frequently witnesses some very finished acting. To an intelligent observer the grace and vigor with which the various parts are sustained are truly surprising. We have seen very clever acting on our college stage, but never, no, never, have we seen the sick man so well personated as in the seclusion of the infirmary.

Two performances are given daily. One at eight-thirty in the morning, the other at three in the afternoon. Some gentlemen of a statistical turn of mind have noticed that these hours coincide with those prescribed for the morning and afternoon recitations, but this is apart from our subject. The scene is usually laid in a cozy sitting-room, and on the entrance of the Brother the curtain rises. Smith, Brown, and Robinson, whose rosy cheeks and laughing eyes betoken the wasting nature of their maladies, are discovered in different corners of the apartment. In reply to the questions of the Brother, Smith and Brown declare that they are suffering from a complication of internal diseases, which they cannot describe, but are quite certain can only be alleviated by liberal doses of milk and an unlimited supply of licorice. The contortions of these gentlemen are frightful, and the audience is nearly moved to tears.

Robinson, however, is the star of the company. While the others are being examined he trolls out in a deep voice an air from "Patience," beginning "If in case unprecedented, I should from the infirmary fly," and smiles at the Brother. In answer to the questions of that good Samaritan, he affirms that his disease is general debility. He has eaten nothing since dinner. There is a certain heaviness about his eyes which he is quite sure did not originate in Study Hall, and he has noticed symptoms of nervous prostration, which imperatively demand a prolonged nap.

Light plays of this kind are seldom of long duration; the faculty, strange to say, being prone to discourage these exhibitions of dramatic talent. Sometimes the higher drama is attempted. The patient continues to grow worse. Soothing remedies are applied, but all is of no avail. The grand finale in these cases is usually the administering of a large dose of some bitter medicine, after which the rapid recovery of the patient borders on the miraculous.

On two or three occasions, during each term, grand transformation scenes take place. Careful observation has revealed the fact that Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays are the only days on which performances of this kind are possible. At these times the stage is usually occupied by a number of gentlemen, the variety and peculiar nature of whose diseases would defy the skill of a whole college of surgeons. Suddenly, on the mere utterance of

the word "holiday," the entire company recover perfect health, and betake themselves, without delay, to the enjoyment of athletic sports.

Shade of Washington! if it be true that you hover nightly around those venerable walls with which you were once so familiar, do you not marvel at the dramatic talent latent in Fordham, and the untiring patience of the Faculty!

OUR SPORTS.

THE above heading does not refer to any of our fellow students, but to the healthful occupation to which they devote their leisure time. "Healthy body, healthy mind." Acting upon this truism, and believing exercise conducive to health, our boys keep the college campus lively with exhibitions of athletic prowess. Base-ball, the delight of the average American youth, has its quota of admirers. Hand-ball is the favorite occupation of many. Now that the air is becoming chilly, foot-ball answers as a substitute for overcoats. Nothing but sawing wood in summer vacation will warm a person so quickly as a game of foot-ball. Running, walking, and jumping all receive due attention, and the records made by many of our athletes would put to shame some of our sister colleges. Application was made last year for admission into the Intercollegiate Athletic Association. The number of entries being limited, we were "laid on the shelf" till a vacancy should occur. Great credit is due the Faculty for the interest manifested in our sports and pastimes. Every possible encouragement is offered to participate in our games. Our grounds are beautifully laid out, and an efficient corps of domestics employed to oversee them. Our ball field rivals the lawn of many a stately mansion, surrounded as it is by gigantic maples, affording to spectators a delightful shelter from the rays of the sun. The approach of winter brings with it memories of pleasant hours spent in gliding o'er the glassy surface of the "fair-flowing" Bronx, and warns us to prepare our skates for the rich treat always afforded by the advent of Jack Frost. A spacious rink provided for our use is a guarantee of excellent skating, should the chilling powers of the aforesaid gentleman be insufficient to cope with the turbulence of the "fair-flowing." Why should the Fordham student repine? Contentment should be his! Let us, then, show our appreciation of the many advantages offered us by St. John's.

"For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours."

W. P. O'M.

THE PASSION OF ST. CATHERINE.

I TELL of days when Truth and Pureness stood
With veiled faces in the land, and men who lived,
For that they knew them not, were filled with sin;
Ah! those were darkful days and groping hearts
Sought food in dust, and thus they died the death.
And yet of things that were and are, none go
With death but on their grave some blossom blows.
Now knowing this I sought and found a bloom,
And lo! its petals in this evening sun—

It was when ripened olives hang against
The hazy sky, and gathered grapes are pressed;
And Maximin held empery o'er those
Of Roman fiefs which lay below and east
Of the Midland Sea. Alexandria twilight lit
In fullest fairness gleamed like a pearl of price
Upon the trend of ring-like Mareotis.
—And now the night is falling: the scarlet light
Of Pharos trembles in an amber farness,
And stars burn faintly in the misty Nile.
Without yon broad low bar the silent sea—
A silvern belt with a moon-path diamond-clasp'd—
Heaves restfully along the dun sand-dunes.
Across the city's width, beneath the palms
And pines and orange-garths, the fountains plash
With changeless chimings since the wind is still,
And above the marble towers the Moon holds high
Her pure white orb in figure of the Host.

While dures this night a Lady very fair
Who keeps her soul for only Christ is held
Within the palace prison, aloof, alone,
Until she die. She comes anear the casement,
Now look! for this is she whom those crown Queen
That tend with many strivings toward the True.
Awhile she gazes beyond the sky, then speaks:—
"Jesus, in Thy name I suffer'd, and for this give thanks,
O thorn-crowned love! I clothe me now in robes
Of joyance, for soon I'll see Thy perfect face.
But ah! the hours of late ran slowly out.
I thought of a wintry time in Thrace when snow
Falls all the narrow day upon the pines,
And bows their stately tops till very weight
Makes the heap'd flakes fall swirling down to Earth,
And so each drooping tree lifts up its head.
Then I prayed that thus the growing weight of yearning
For Thy face might slip from off my weary heart.
And lo! 'tis fallen, for Thou heardst me cry in anguish.
With the morrow all my days have end; and mine
Hath been a brimming life since the hour I found
Thee as Thou art,—Oh! how I strove before
That time for light. A wisdom wove of man
Was 'twixt me and the sun, still I felt Thee near,

Rev. EDWARD DOUCET, S.J.,
Seventh President.

Rev. WILLIAM MOYLAN, S.J.,
Eighth President.

Rev. JOSEPH SHEA, S.J.,
Ninth President.

Rev. F. W. GOCKELN, S.J.,
Tenth President.

As buried corn feels rustling of the rain,
And knew Thee not, for yet my May was distant;
But when Thou listed, I bourgeoned into life
Of love. I thank Thee for those gladsome days;
I thank Thee too for strength then given, as now
Thy tenderness inflow'd, and anon aback
It ebbed that I might stand alone. This last
As first it happed for test how fear'd I was!
Till wandering down the fallow fields at Eve
I saw a placid pool, that held atween
The crocus-gilded mosses of its marge
A mirrored moon: and the pool was sweetly fair:
But drifting rack dimmed all the sky, and so
Its fairness faded. Then winds brought back the moon,
And with it this precious thought too sadden'd me—
My hidden love shall quickly come again.
Thus life lapsed out, now light, now shade, until
Two sennights since when all the land was filled
With voice of heralds gathering in the people,
For that the Emperor would sacrifice,
In gratefulness for plenteous yield of corn
And wine, six score white bulls to Jove of Ammon.
Thy blood-bought children, O my God, must come
As prey of hell, and no one heard Thy moan
Save only me, and oh! the pain for those
Who love when Jesus moans above His dead.
My woman's fear was thrust aside, I pressed
Within the temple; the place was dark with smoke
From blazing altars, and the multitude stood close
As reeds along the Nile, and o'er their heads
Swept blare of trumpets, and bellowing of frighted bulls,
And shouts of priests: my freedmen made me way
To where the line of levelled spears kept back
From Maximin the circling throng, and then
I cried across the steel: 'Emperor, that slays
The children's souls, there is no God but Christ!
And Jove is the strength of death that Christ the King
Hath crushed, as Christ the God shall crush thee too,
And blot thy life from out the day, except
Thou let His children rise from deeps of sin!
For His they are, and thou, who thinkest to rule,
Art His whose slave is Victory, art His
Before whose face all else is dust that whirls
Along a wintry wind!' But the Emperor
Was white in rage, and hissed, 'Bind the girl! I'll prove
If Christ be King!'—and the sheen of spears closed round
And for Thy name was I chained, O good my God!

Soon his rage burned low before my weakness: he strove
By blandishments to lure me from my love,
And failed. Then spake the Emperor, 'Men say,
O Maiden, thou'rt skilled in learning of the schools;
I'd know if thy philosophy can show
This Christ as king!'

Thus was I brought in here
Until what time the learned men of all
The realm should come to prove Thee false, my God.
I feared for that Thy cause was laid upon
My little mind; but, as the gloaming waned,
A strange light greatened thro' my cell, and in midst
Thereof shone out an awful form. I bowed
Me down, but heard a sweet low voice that said,—
'Fear not. I am Mark, who first was Bishop here.
I tell thee Jesus loves thy faithfulness,
And He shall be thy strength unto the end.'
And the voice and the light were gone, but strength was with me.

Then fifty wise men came, and Thy wisdom flow'd
Across my lips, and when I ceased they all
Were still until their chief arose, and said
Before the people, 'Christ is my only God!'—
The rest in echo, 'Yea, Christ is our only God!'—
A dumb wrath held the Emperor, and when
He could, he muttered, 'Burn them! burn them all!
But take the girl and scourge her till she die!'

And oh! my shame, and oh! my agony.
The soldiers bound me in the palace court,
And pleaching sinews of an ox they lashed
Me till the stones ran blood. I fought against
Each moan of pain remembering Pilot's court,
Until I cried out, 'Christ my love is God!'
And bowing my head, the darkness filled my soul.
Thinking me dead, they brought me here, and then,
As Thou my Jesus willed, I woke to life;
And lo! my wounds were healed.

Since then the time
Hath flown on heavy wings, yet Thy Will is best;
And this morn they said that Maximin now knows
I live, and so the end is come. My day
Hath broken on the strand of that which is,
And lapseth backward to the Sea Eterne,
And I'll fold my hands to sleep, and with the ebb
Drift out to a shoreless life!"

She starts, and stills
Her words to Christ, for hark! the heavy tread
Of soldiery without the cell. The bolts
Fly back, a close-veiled lady glides within
The doors. Beside her is Porphyrio,
The leader trusted most by Maximin,
As victor in full fifty wars. Without
Are ten-score chosen spears of those who guard
The throne.

"Art come, Porphyrio, to lead
Me to my marriage-feast?" the maiden asks.

"Not yet, my Lady,—my men outside and I
Heard all thy words before the learned men,
And we believe, and come to ask thee here
If Christ the King will take us in His service."
"Ah! yes," thro' starting tears she answers him,
"And He shall pay ye well, to each a throne,
And love and endless rest,"—"and love and rest?"
Makes echo she who came with hidden face,
"Will He give me love and rest?" she asks, and lifts
Her veil, and lo! it is Augusta, wife
Of Maximin. "I too believe in Christ,
And I would be a Christian, did I dread
The certain torture less, and thus I come
To ask thee plead for fearful me with Christ—
We must not stay, for soon the guards shall change,
But come with us and we shall set thee free."
"Nay, Lady," said the maid, "I've listened thro' years
For the nuptial-chant, and now I hear it, and wouldst
Thou ask me leave my coming love? I'll wait,
And waiting pray that strength be sent to thee."—
And thus lapses on the night with its darkest hour.

Then an orange light outflushes in the East,
And stars float inward: the sea begins to moan,
And above the world's low rim the slow sun lifts
His blood-bright targe, and he hurls his javelins adown
The gloom, and the dark flees into the misty West.

Thro' the prison casement burns a crimson glow,
And a blithe blush mantles in the Maid's white cheek at sight
Of her bridal-day. Is she not passing pure?
Is she not passing fair? Ay, fairer Lady ne'er
Loved Christ since Mary lived! Queenly she stands,
And tall, gently lissome as a lily-stalk.
Her hands, more softly white than sea mist, are upheld
To the coming Spouse, and a single surge of all
Her deep brown hair sweeps down from ruby crowned
To the jeweled purfling of her purple shoon, and her robe
Is white as an April snow of apple-blooms,
And at sight of her bridal-day she crieth lowly,
"The end begins, Beloved! Thou'rt nearer now.
Ah, haste!—to wait is worse than scourge and sword,
And I have waited for Thy face thro' years."

At Evening she stands before the Emperor,
Who says, "Maiden, we thought thee dead, but the gods
Forgave and saved thee for thy beauty's sake:
And now but bend to Jove and we shall put
Away our wife, and make thee Empress here."
"I can love no spouse but Christ," she answers him.
The writhing pride of Maximin cries out,
"Lictors, bind her on the wheels, crush out her life!"—
They tie her—but hark! the rush of Angel wings
And the bonds are snapped, and the wheels are dashed to dust.
Now the throne-guards clash their brazen shields and shout,
"Live Jesus Christ the King! We serve but Him!"
In fear the Emperor speaks quickly,—"Take all
Without the Eastern gate, and kill with the sword
Both her and them!" And as he said 'tis done.

They keep her for the last. She kneels—the steel
Whirls thro' the closing dusk—the lily droops—
She is dead. But lo! an awful light,—the ranks
Of a million star-white spirits stand along
The Eastern sky: the battle-angel Michael
Stoops down to the sand and lays the fair dead girl
In the hollow of his mighty shield, and rising thro'
The silent twilight, shouts, "Live Christ, the King!"
And his army's echoing roar, "Live Christ, the King!"
Sweeps over the crouching sea, and they wheel, and fade
Into the Eastern dark, and they lay the Maiden
To rest over against Horeb, where God
Hath said from the cloud to men, "Ye shall not kill!"—
And there the Lady sleeps unto this day,
Above the desert of Zin, near the fair Red Sea,
And her soul is near the heart of her love the King.

—'78.

THE PIE-SHOP.

(Dec. 1882.)

THE many improvements being made at St. John's render it too probable that the present pie-shop will, before many years, be a thing of the past. Though greatly needed, any innovations which affect this venerable institution will be a source of regret to us. What memories are associated with that ancient balcony. How often have victorious Rose-Hill nines, standing upon those time-worn steps, clanked their bottles of inebriating sarsaparilla and given a lusty three times three for the dear old Alma Mater. What merry parties beneath the shadow of that sombre roof have roused the echoes with light laughter and gay college songs. But we forbear. The march of improvement is resistless, and novelty is the watchword of the day. When the history of old St. John's is written, a lengthy chapter will certainly be devoted to the pie-shop; and for the guidance of the future historian, we will now essay a brief description of this famous building.

Architecture is not our forte. We have never penetrated the mazes of that intricate science; but, from the stern aspect of the pie-shop, we think it safe to assert that this edifice is built in the Gothic style. A stately colonnade, whose tessellated roof is supported by seven lofty pillars, extends across the entire front of the building. It is hardly necessary to state that in this portion of the pie-shop the ventilation is entirely satisfactory, and

Rev. P. F. DEALY, S.J.,
Eleventh President.

even the most cold-blooded gentlemen seldom complain of the heat. At one end of the colonnade a balcony projects from the building which the devotees of Bacchus may reach by means of two graceful stairways. From this balcony, through two apertures in the wall, the bibulous youth of Fordham may obtain, in exchange for their filthy lucre, nectar fit for the gods, in the shape of sarsaparilla, ginger-pop, and soda-water. Through the aforesaid apertures also, a view may be had of the pie-shop proper, and what a glorious sight meets our gaze! We behold a land prolific in delectable cakes and toothsome candy; a land containing boundless soda and limitless "sass"; but we regret to say, a land which has never, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, produced a single pie. Why, then, is the building called a pie-shop? Gentle reader, with bowed head and folded arms we confess our ignorance. Certainly the exterior of the building does not suggest the name to the passer-by; nor does the interior offer such facilities for eating pie as to warrant the adoption of this strange cognomen. It may be, that certain individuals gifted with vivid imaginations regard the pastry at present retailed to the students of St. John's in the light of pie. If such persons exist, we are quite sure that they are in a minority, and we would respectfully ask them to define pie. We have pondered long upon this subject. We have consulted authorities, and made lengthy investigations; but we regret to say that our researches have been almost wholly in vain. True, we have discovered a vague rumor which says that in days gone by Fordham boys were fond of pie. We think this highly improbable. Evil-minded persons may attempt to impose upon our credulity in this manner, but we unequivocally reject all such assertions. And granting, for the sake of argument, that this absurd statement is true, what possible connection could there be between this fact and the naming of the pie-shop? No! the whole affair is wrapt in mystery. We entreat correspondence upon this subject.

The pie-shop offers grand opportunities for the study of human nature. Nowhere else are so many and such various characters seen grouped together in picturesque confusion. Let us secrete ourselves in a secluded nook and observe a few of the individuals who pass our way. Down the path with abstracted gaze and thoughtful mien, comes a learned philosopher. It is not for us to read the interior workings of that mighty mind; but from the manner in which he counts his small change, we presume that he is meditating on that famous chapter in philosophy which treats De Possibilibus. Next comes the persuasive Rhetorician; notice the way in which he demands sarsaparilla of the Brother: "Although it is hardly necessary for me to remark that many beverages exist upon this mundane sphere, nevertheless, no one doubts that among them all sarsaparilla stands unrivalled and unexcelled; therefore, a bottle." Closely following the Rhetorician comes the poetic, soul-moving Belletrician. A strange light gleams in his eyes, and his face is lit up by a joyous expression.

Unimaginative people might say that these appearances are due to the fact that the Belletrician is about to treat, but in our opinion they are plainly the effect of inspiration. The untutored Freshmen proceed to the pie-shop in a manner peculiar to themselves. Not content with path and stairways, these ambitious youths wade through deep snow, clamber up the railings of the balcony, and ruthlessly plant themselves upon the shoulders of meditative Philosophers and pensive Belletricians to the intense disgust of these last-named worthies. These are a few of the leading characters of the pie-shop. There are many others. The peculiar youth who nightly invests all his spare cash in ginger-snaps is well known. Likewise the individual possessed of an insatiable longing for "paregorics." To describe them all, however, would be a lengthy task, and would require space beyond the limits of the present article.

The pie-shop boasts several drinking clubs. There is the "Mutual Treaters," a society composed entirely of treasurers. The constitution of this convivial body provides that at least one member shall treat every night, This provision gives rise to endless debates in which the modesty and self-denial of every member in setting aside his own undoubted right to treat the society is truly surprising. That large body of gentlemen who expect to be treated every night is also well known. These Merry-Andrews, though not formally banded together, possess so much in common, that they may be classed under the head of "Expectant Drinkers." It is a curious fact that this fraternity has more members than any other society in the college.

The effect of such intoxicating liquors as soda-water and ginger-pop upon the average Fordham youth is peculiar. If, in the words of the poetic Belletrician, "Snow has dropped her snowy mantle o'er the earth," one and all, after drinking deeply, engage in a snow-ball battle. Again, if the moon is visible, the old colonnade re-echoes back roistering college songs. At other times, certain generous youths present the presiding deity of the pie-shop with a large number of corks. It has been remarked that after this latter proceeding the doors of the temple suddenly close, the crowd disperse with great rapidity, and the donors of the corks are invisible for several hours.

Our space will not permit us to continue our description of this venerable building. We have spoken of it in a spirit of affectionate regard. It will long be remembered by us as the abode of wit, mirth, and joviality. Many of its peculiarities have been left unnoticed, but we trust that sufficient has been said to convey to the minds of our readers a faint idea of this the most famous of Fordham institutions.

IN MEMORIAM.

JULES PICOLET, '85, DIED FEB. 10, '83.

WHAT might have been—Oh! who can tell,
Snatched from our midst, the hurrying years,
To thee nor care shall bring, nor tears,
The tolling bells ring out thy knell.

Let fools still say—"He sleepeth well"—
Thy grave hath yielded up its dead,
Thy purged soul hath heavenward sped,
The tolling bells ring out thy knell.

First to cast off life's weary spell,
The things of sense to thee are naught,
Thine are heaven's joys transcending thought,
The tolling bells ring out thy knell.

Classmate, we will not say farewell,
Thou hast gone before, we follow thee.
Still struggling, hapless exiles we
Till tolling bells ring out our knell.

At a special meeting of the class of "'85," the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom, to call to Himself our friend and classmate, Jules Picolet, and

"WHEREAS, In losing him we feel that we have lost a friend in every respect worthy of our love and esteem, therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That in the death of Jules Picolet, our fellow student and companion, we mourn one who, by his modesty and uprightness, had endeared himself to all, and who, during the years he has spent with us, had united himself by ties of the closest intimacy and friendship to all with whom he came in contact, and

"*Resolved*, That we extend our deepest sympathy to the sorrowing family of the deceased in their great affliction, and

"*Resolved*, That this heartfelt testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the parents of our departed classmate.

"COMMITTEE.

"M. P. ENRIGHT, B. F. MCMANUS,
J. M. QUIN, W. N. KERNAN.
JOS. L. MCGLYNN, Secretary."

OFF FOR HOME.

THE 8.15 train on Thursday morning carried a crowd than which it would be hard to find a jollier one. After giving three rousing cheers for "Old St. John's," the students took their way down to the station, each one caring little for the threatening aspect of the weather, provided he secured a good seat in the "smoking car." What a pleasing sight it was to watch that long line wind down the lawn, a Merry Christmas smiling from every face. But alas! for the lovers of dignity as he looked in vain for the beavers of '83. Where were those dignified Seniors? Was there nothing to distinguish them from the common herd? Was there not even a pocket edition of a beaver? Ah! yes; as we glanced toward the gate we beheld one—one solitary Philosopher strutting majestically under a shining "plug"; Jersey! thou hast saved the honor of '83! But for thee the dignity of the class had been irrevocably lost!

"Good-byes!" "Jolly vacations and Merry Christmases!" were the order of the day until the arrival of the train, when a rush was made for seats. Shortly after the train moved out, all hands assembled in the smoking car, whence the strains of "Home Again," "Home, Sweet Home," "Ella Ree," "Perhaps She's on the Railroad," etc., mingled with the shouts of Eighty-three! four! five! and six! might have been heard for miles around. The Grand Central reached, the College cheer went lustily ringing through the depot, while crowds of wondering spectators looked on with eyes that said, "Would I were a college boy!" The echoing cheer died out, good-byes and hand-shaking were once more in order, satchels were seen to disappear on all sides, and, scattered in the jostling crowd, upwards of one hundred and fifty happy souls went bounding "off for home."

* * *

'Tis the dread hour of midnight; silence holds undisputed sway o'er the empty chairs in study hall, and the silvery beams of fair Luna pour like streams of molten silver through the partly closed shutters. Bear witness, ye gods, to the desecration about to take place! Slowly the study hall door opens, and through it glides a figure all clad in sombre garb. Silently and stealthily, as if fearful of the consequences of its rash act, it approaches the desk of some poor victim e'en now reposing in the arms of Morpheus. See! with divining finger it dives deep into the mass of classical literature, and with exultant look extracts from the heterogeneous pile—*a horse*. Blush, ye votaries of the black art! Hang low thy head, thou Samson, destroyer of temples! Lo, on high the midnight marauder holds between its thumb and fore-finger a horse. "Whence and what art thou, O execrable shape?" Silently the spectre glides from desk to desk, leading from the many fated habitations a similar equine. Unrelenting in its search, no nook or corner escapes its notice. With consummate skill it disposes of each new capture, driving before it the motley herd of coursers with the tact of Mercury. From the study hall it vanishes as it came, leaving silence to hold undisturbed sway, and the silvery moonbeams to struggle through the half-opened blinds.

"RUBRUM."

Very Rev. THOMAS J. CAMPBELL, S.J.,
Twelfth President.

FORGET ME NOT.

FOND memory's flower of azure dye,
  Permit thy bard one boon to crave;
When in Death's narrow cell I lie;
  Oh! bloom around my lonely grave.
And if some kind and faithful friend
  Should, led by love, approach the spot,
And o'er thy flowers admiring bend,
  Then say for me: "Forget me not."

OVDEIS.

ON THE CORRIDOR.

T was a half-holiday, and, in search of a quiet place to read, it occurred to me to ascend to the class-room corridor, and there, in the stillness of that deserted place, to enjoy to the full that masterpiece of Dickens, "David Copperfield."

Ascending the stairs—those stairs on which so many agile youths daily accomplish the agile feat of jumping four, and even six, steps at a time, I soon arrived at my destination. Opening the hall door, I glanced around. The third floor of the main building at St. John's is entirely devoted to recitation rooms. The corridor extends the entire length of this floor, and all of the rooms have doors which open directly upon it. During recitation, however, this long, wainscotted hall, is resonant with the hum of reciting students and all the busy life of the various classes; but when, as on a half-holiday, there are no recitations going on, the place is deserted by every one, and the corridor seems a mere path through a lonely wilderness of chairs and desks.

After some hesitation I chose a small class-room, and, shutting the door, was soon lost in that delightful chapter where the brilliant Steerforth and young David entertain the family of the old boatman. I had read for some time, and was thoroughly enjoying the profound silence, when suddenly the echoes were awakened by a harsh voice raging in stentorian tones, "Mr. President and gentlemen, if we look over the pages of history we cannot but notice the striking similarity between Cataline and the first gentleman of the affirmative." Now, this was, to say the least, annoying. Here was a fiery debater about to rehearse, at the top of his voice, a long speech; but I determined, if possible, to weather the storm, and resumed my reading. The debater continued manfully, and had just announced, for the third time, his unalterable determination not to call a certain individual a liar, when, to my horror, a second voice began to speak. The new-comer introduced himself by saying, tragically, "Hang out our banners on the outward walls; the cry is, still they come!" I soon discovered that this was an actor, and was rehearsing a lengthy part, which he repeated again and again, with every possible change of intonation.

Affairs had now grown serious. These gentlemen had unfortunately chosen class-rooms near by, and evidently intended to remain during the entire afternoon. But who could enjoy Dickens' delineation of character while one fiend was proclaiming the right of every freeman to vote, and another yelled vociferously to Macduff to "lay on!" I had decided upon flight, but, as I was about to close my book, a third voice became audible through the roar of the others. I listened, and the voice said: "My essay, this evening, treats of the inconvertibility of species." Ah, yes! this was an essayist, about to read a learned dissertation. Dickens was outdone. I leaned back in my armchair and prepared to enjoy the entertainment which chance had prepared for me.

All of the speakers spoke distinctly. The long, rolling sentences of the debater could be plainly heard, while the blood-curdling utterances of the shrieking actor and the immense words of the essayist were no less intelligible. The way in which the ideas of the three speakers became confused was perfectly astonishing. The debater would say, "Shall we or shall we not turn to the Republicans for support?" and instantly the personator of Macbeth would seem to reply, "Turn, hell-hound, turn!" while the third speaker, not to be left behind, would remark that "the turnings and mutations of Darwin could never elucidate the question!" Occasionally a sentence would sound like the following: "I repeat, sir, that the franchise kissed the ground before young Malcolm's feet, which neither Mr. Huxley nor Mr. Tyndall are able to prove. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant!" Sometimes, on the other hand, the essayist would seem to say, "Let me now return to our examination of the human species, where it is easy to show that though Birnam wood be come to Dunisnane, the independent voter has incontestable, God-given rights!"

All this was soon supplemented by a young gentleman in the hall outside musically declaring that "he was a jolly good fellow, which nobody could deny." The confident and assured manner with which he would call upon somebody to refute this proposition, surpassed anything that I have ever listened to. He would repeat it again and again, with the greatest care, and always in the same self-satisfied way. Sometimes not content with challenging his audience in a body to deny what he had said, he would grow quite personal and vociferate loudly, "Can you? Can you?" When this gentleman's voice blended with those of the debater, the essayist, and the actor, the latter having begun all over again and once more hung out his banners on the outward walls, the jargon of sounds was something terrible.

While the uproar was at its height, prolonged groans began to issue from the room next to that in which I was seated. Such long-drawn sobs and heart-rending sighs it

has seldom been my lot to hear outside of a theatre. Thinking that some one must be in great pain near by, I hastily entered the next room. There, seated in a chair before a blackboard, was a youth engaged in writing Latin verse. Three lines, written in chalk, the fruit of his afternoon's work, appeared just above his head. In the first there were nine feet and five cæsuras; the second consisted of a verb and a noun set round with five adjectives; and when I asked why the third line was incomplete, the youth told me gloomily, that it was hexameter verse and he was unable to insert a spondee in the fifth foot.

At this moment the lunch-bell rang, and the roar of voices immediately ceased. The whistling gentleman instantly changed his musical selection to the popular air of "I'm coming," and sauntered out of the corridor. Soon the actor and the essayist emerged from their respective dens and walked off, arm-in-arm with the debater and the Latin poet. I was alone. But nothing could have induced me to remain in the silent place. After that Babel of sound, the deep stillness seemed oppressive, and the voices of the speakers appeared to haunt me. I soon left the corridor, but even as I descended the stairs the voice of the actor seemed to call weirdly after me, "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!"

IN MEMORIAM.

GEORGE S. KENNEDY.

"PURE spirit, leave thy house of clay;
The destined hour has come,
To cast thy earthly chains away
And seek thy Father's home."

"Fear not the path that leads to rest,
For o'er it Faith shall twine
Her mystic chain, forever blest,
Her links of love divine."

"Fair form of dust, dissolve in death!
And, in the dark cold tomb,
Await the dawn whose rosy breath
Will bring immortal bloom."

"Thy dear young friends must part with thee;
Thy absence they will mourn,
And long thy name by them shall be
In sweet remembrance borne."

Thus spoke, in whispers soft and low,
The angels 'round his bed,
When, pure as winter's virgin snow,
His gentle spirit fled.

D. M.

THE REFERENCE DESK.

IF the Infirmary is set apart for those of our students who wish to display their dramatic abilities, the reference-desk has been no less reserved for that other enthusiastic band whose theatrical genius turns toward pantomime. The desk is a long, firmly-built structure, about breast-high, on whose sloping top such light reading matter reposes as may be found in Latin dictionaries, encyclopedias, Latin Graduses, and Greek dictionaries. Situated in a remote corner of a large study-hall, afar from the gaze of many of the students, it is the haunt of a number of eccentric characters. To appreciate the piquant features of the little comedies which these gentlemen are continually enacting, one thing must be clearly understood. While every student in the main study hall at St. John's, during the regular preparation of class matter, is allowed to approach the reference desk at pleasure, the presiding master demands on all occasions perfect silence, and, in consequence, a profound stillness is supposed to brood over the "aula studiorum."

The first comedy, and the one most frequently performed, consists of two scenes. In the first scene a number of affable and dignified gentlemen are discovered expressing, by means of various pantomimic gestures, the great satisfaction they take in completely covering the reference desk with overcoats, hats, and walking-canes, thereby rendering it absolutely necessary for the curious to dig their way down to the reference books beneath. The second scene represents a hard-working gentleman, with a worried look, approaching the desk in search of that ignis fatuus, a Greek root. He gazes for a moment on the bristling hat-rack before him, and then, with great calmness, removes the entire stock of overcoats, canes, hats, rulers, and bats to a place in which they are in no danger of falling, namely—the floor. He now consults with great eagerness those learned individuals, Liddell and Scott, of dictionary fame, and is soon lost in the mysteries of Greek. The affable and dignified gentlemen, having by this time become aware of the peculiar location of their raiment, approach the reference desk in a solid, silent, but excited body. The hard-working individual, being necessarily a determined man, meets them without flinching, and a perfect war, in pantomime, ensues. Fists are shaken, threatening attitudes are assumed, and it grows more probable every moment that, if not the hard-working gentleman, at least the god of silence, will be put to flight. Just at this moment the head master appears. The Greek root zealot immediately refers to his dictionary, and all is well with him, but the attacking party find themselves in a most awkward and embarrassing situation. They have now the pleasant task of explaining how their clothing happens to be on the floor. Here we draw the veil. Nothing could induce us to reveal what happens after this. It has been said that comedy borders on tragedy, and—well, we can certify that it does.

THE FOUNDERS OF THE FORDHAM MONTHLY.

Rev. P. A. Halpin, S. J.

Dr. James N. Butler, A.B., '84.

Francis Dwight Dowley, '83.

Another light farce, which has been aptly termed "The Council," is also given. The beginning of this piece is somewhat curious. Four gentlemen of the English Course, who have never in all their lives studied the Greek alphabet, are beheld taking lengthy notes from several Greek dictionaries. The manner in which they pore over these abstruse tomes is quite edifying, though we confess it is a little strange that the ancient volumes should be turned upside down, and that the pencils in the hands of the gentlemen should be innocent of point. When these individuals have pursued their labors for some time, a fifth person approaches, who is evidently a quasi-leader. His appearance is greeted by a unanimous closing of dictionaries, and a private council immediately begins. The conversation, of course, relates to literary subjects, and is carried on in a tone of voice just loud enough to be pleasant to those who may be studying near by. At the incidental approach of the master, the entire party either grow deeply interested in Latin synonyms, or gaze meditatively at the lofty ceiling of the Study Hall. We have said the entire conversation usually turns on literary topics, and yet it is remarkable that the right hands of the gentlemen should be so frequently extended, and that the word "curve" should be so often overheard. It may be that scientific questions are sometimes discussed. This seems the more plausible, inasmuch as we have ourselves overheard the phrase, "pitcher's sign." We are unable to remember now what part of trigonometry treats of "curves" and "pitcher's signs," but our readers are probably better informed. The council has usually an abrupt termination. The master approaches with a determined mien, and the intense rapidity with which the councillors disappear is somewhat startling.

Occasionally a diversion is effected by means of tableaux vivants. A number of æsthetic gentlemen repair to the reference desk, and there assume early English attitudes, which are deservedly the admiration of all beholders. The favorite position is to support the head on the right hand, rest the right knee on a kneeling-bench, which is near the desk, and then gaze longingly into space, in the most effeminate manner possible. For the conduct of these gentlemen two explanations have been offered. It was first suggested that they pose as professional beauties; but, on second thoughts, we incline to the opinion that since mental labor causes the hair to fall out, these gentlemen wish to rest their weary brains, and thereby preserve their hair.

Of the many other noteworthy persons who frequent the reference desk, space forbids us to speak. We can only refer, in passing, to the enthusiast who studies high art in the wood-cuts of encyclopedias, to the imaginative gentleman who travels toward Parnassus by means of long lists of octosyllabic words, culled from Latin Graduses, and to the entertaining gentleman who, regardless of personal danger, continually amuses himself by falling down and upseting benches. It will thus be seen that, as a place of amusement, the reference-desk is no mean rival of the Infirmary. True, it has never yet produced buttered buns and sticks of licorice, but there are other and deeper joys connected with this piece of furniture which have for years rendered it very dear to the students of St. John's.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

I STOOD beside the river's brink to-day;
Hot was the air, and calm, and redolent
Of trade, that all about me and around
Sent forth a million-voiced perplexing din.
Of masts a forest filled the busy docks,
And listless hung from top-mast, peak, and shroud,
Scarce lifted from their folds, a world of flags.
Crowded the stream with loads of living freight,
That constant came or went from shore to shore
In throngs so endless, and so vast, it seemed
As if a thousand churches oped at once;
And what a school that surging sea of life!
What lore, to mark the face, the look, the eye,
The gait, the diff'rent semblance of each one!
Musing, I reached to where the work of years,
Complete at length, now spans the current's breadth.
Massive it looked with tower, brace and stay,
And all the findings of its monster frame;
A giant's arm it seemed, o'er whose huge length
Incessant troops of pigmies came and went;
The child of science and of patient toil,
Stretching a hand to meet each city's grasp,
To draw them close, and unify their strength
With strongest ties of friendship and accord,
As when two kindred spirits meet and love.
And would, I thought, would thus its mission be,
To bond, for mutual good, the two as one,
That each might e'er from great to greater grow,
And, by reflection in its other self,
With high intent, see where and what it wants?
Or would the sordid love of grasping gain,
Would selfish views, and craft, and civil feud,
Annul those ends so worthy the grand work,
And make it but a vantage ground of strife?
Thus full of thought I turned me whence I came,
The sinking day-star cooler left the sky,
A longed-for zephyr fanned the languid air,
The city's hum grew faint, and fainter still,
And reaching home I blest the scents of Spring.

JAMES N. BUTLER, '84.

JUNE, '83.

HERE we are at the threshold of vacation; and we cannot take leave of the year that has given birth to our MONTHLY without a glance at the short but successful

career of the yearling. Dull and uncertain were the days that intervened between the first meeting of "the board" and the first issue. Would a paper succeed? The local dirge seemed to be, "I doubt it." With fear and trembling we awaited our reception in the editorial field, and anxiously scanned the "exchanges" which began to pour in. Encouraged by a nod here, a rough but cordial shake there, we determined not to die without a struggle. The second number was pronounced an improvement; the third, if possible, was not to be outdone by the second, nor each succeeding number by its predecessor. Thus has our venture reached the end of the year, holding its head well above water. In the face of what our contemporaries are pleased to call our flourishing condition, complaints may be deemed out of place. Well, we do not wish to complain, but only to remark that, considering the support the editors received from the rest of the students, our failure would have been a matter of no great surprise. We will not add anything to the many wholesome suggestions and exhortations already given to those outside "the board"; but sincerely hope that the contemplated stock company for next year will wake them up. After all, the editors are but human; strange as it may seem, they have to follow class and prepare their examinations like common people; and, consequently, ought not to be expected to do all the work unaided. Every one will concede that the paper has been an excellent institution, and that it has tended immensely to enliven the whole college. Let us hope, then, that the beginning of a new year will discover numerous and persistent contributors. In conclusion, we have to thank our brothers and sisters, one and all, for the kindly recognition they have given us. Our manner of treating "exchanges" has been the best that our limited experience warranted us in employing; where praise was not possible, we did not elect to blame. "Exchange" notices have been, at times, unavoidably absent from our columns, a defect which the future shall remedy. On the whole, we have every reason to be satisfied, and shall always endeavor to merit the esteem of our friends and co-journalists.

EHEU! FUGACES!

O, WITCHING was the melody
A bird sang on the fruit-crowned tree!

So blinding sweet its every note,
All heaven seemed quivering in its throat.

So clear and strong its music fell,
The soul vibrated like a bell.

So piercing keen the exultant strain,
The earth was tranced with joy and pain.

Its pulses shook with love and scorn
And fear was slain and hope was born.

Its plumage flamed, as it had won
Its glowing crimson from the sun.

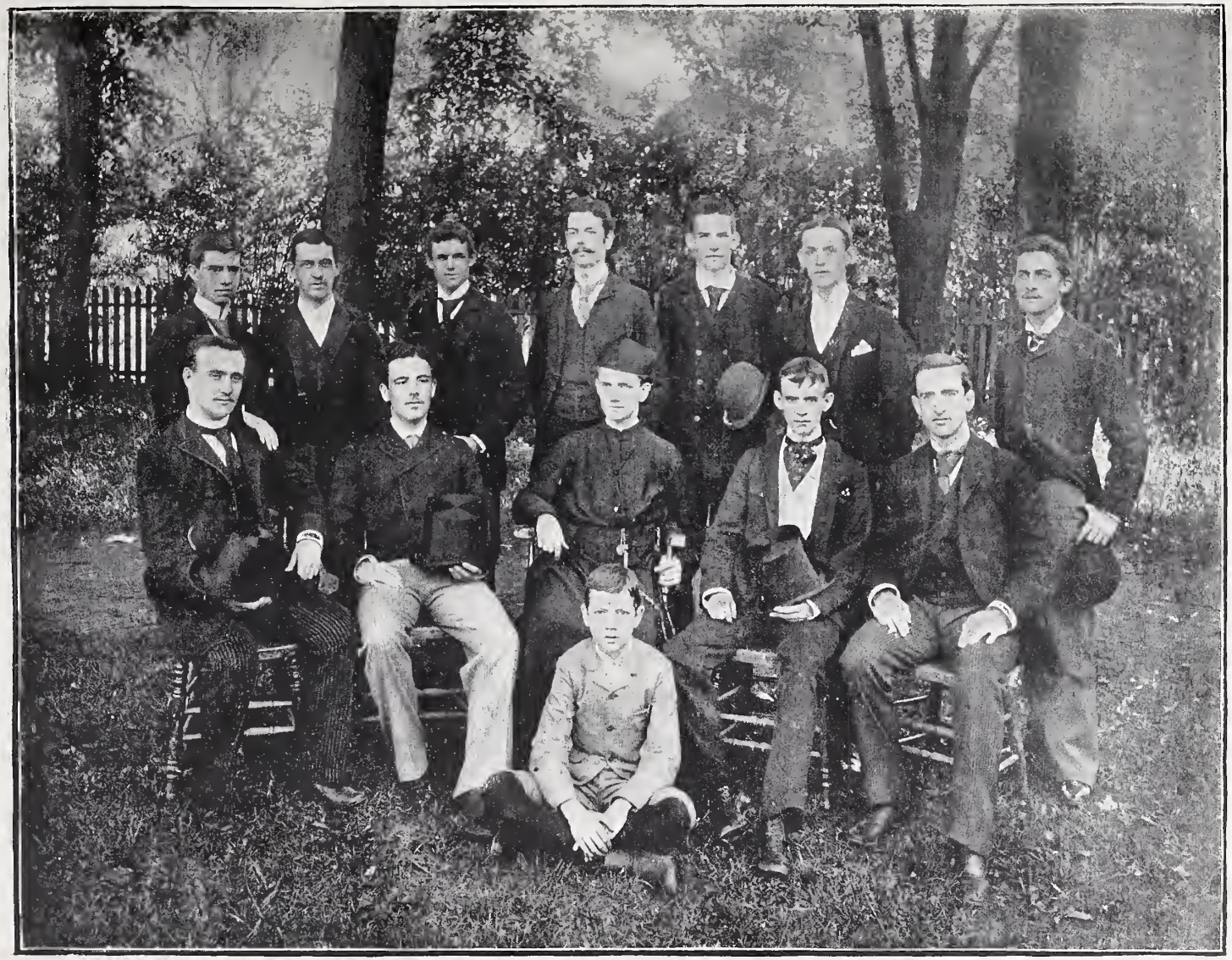
It died, and left the world forlorn—
O, golden bird of youth, return!

ON THE REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

'TIS done! silent the great cathedral stands,
No echoing foot-fall breaks the incensed air,
The mellow sun resigns his captaincy,
The stained beams in hues harmonious slant
Across the fretted dome adown the aisles,
And o'er the solemn chancel's sacred steps,—
A sombre joy pervades the house of God.

For he, in whose deep grasp of time first rose
Its matchless grandeur, and its stateliness,
Lies tombed beneath the labor of his love;
Oh! fitting act! that brings the shepherd home
To rest within the shelter of his fold,—
That fold, the reflex of a master mind.

Aye, he was great! in thought as well as deed
That gives thought life, and shapes its wanderings;
Great as the good are great, but meek of heart,
And like to Him who said, "Go forth and teach."
The star whose shining gained a nation's trust,
While haloed with a sweet humility,
And dazed admiring courts on foreign shores;
  The prince who raised his spouse to honor's post,
Who gave her strength, and made her wond'rous fair,
And led her up a new land's rugged steeps,
And placed her on the level of success,
Where all bedight with youth she stands to-day.
  His was the voice that championed learning's cause,
When pseudo-progress fain would pinion her,
Nor give her how, 'mid gath'ring mists, to show
The beacon-truths of Christianity.
Then from the depths of dim uncertainty,
Where all uneasy roamed his mitred zeal,
The odorous scent of roses drew him forth;
And coming forth he followed where it led—
Where blushing bloomed his silent monitors.
  Then modest o'er the hill a sapling rose,
Which, tended by a fond solicitude,
Waxed strong, and threw its lusty limbs abroad,
And all approached to view the sturdy tree
That augured fair the fame it boasts to-day,—
When every clime sends children to its shade.



THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF THE FORDHAM MONTHLY, 1891.

But not alone in deeds where men may praise
Are we to seek the measure of his worth;
In his great heart where pity loved to dwell,
Where warm with life his native nature throbbed,
Unkenned of man, beheld by One alone,
Bright burned the incensed flame of charity;
And when Death's Angel stilled his sinking pulse,
A city's poor wept pearls around his grave;
Spotless of life, *he* blessed the final scene,
That closed the drama of his pilgrimage.
Rest, sacred dust of God's anointed chief,
Rest 'neath the altar of eternal love;
Receive this humble bud from off the hill
Where ever green thy honored mem'ry lives,
And, from the silence of thy new-made home,
Shed benedictions on its destinies.

JAMES N. BUTLER, '84.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES,

FOUNDER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y.

ACTUATED by feelings which have been awakened by the late removal of the remains of Archbishop Hughes from the old to the new cathedral I shall attempt to present a summary of the life of that distinguished clergyman to the eyes of our readers. John Hughes was born at Annaloghan, Ireland, on the feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1797. From his earliest childhood he is said to have evinced the most marked inclination towards the Church. He was sent to a day school at Augher, and some time later was transferred to a grammar school at Auchnacloy. A hard student and agreeable companion, he won the hearts of all he met, and was a favorite with both his masters and playfellows. But misfortune overtaking Mr. Hughes, John was called home from school, to follow the plow, and assist his father and brothers in the care of the farm. This was a heavy blow to the boy, but, too generous and self-sacrificing to cause his father sorrow, he assumed cheerfulness at his tasks, that would have completely deceived a casual observer; but the loving eyes of his father discovered the feelings which lay smothered beneath his affected contentment, and sent him to a friend, who was a gardener, and who promised to instruct John in horticulture. "Little," says Hassard, "did John think that the knowledge he was about to receive was to open the door of that ecclesiastical career upon which he had set his heart." In 1816, Mr. Hughes, accompanied by his second son, left for America, and John, having learned in one year all the gardener was able to teach him, returned home and divided the work of the farm with his brother. In 1817, John followed his father, and concerning this event nothing can be more appropriate than his own words: "I was on the ocean looking for a home and a country in which no stigma of inferiority would be impressed on my brow simply because I professed one creed or another." Arriving at Baltimore, he entered the service of a gardener, and at the close of the winter went to Chambersburg; and here we find him working in stone quarries, repairing roads, and in fact shirking no kind of labor however humble as long as it remained honest. At the age of twenty-one, John is described as a sedate young man, self-possessed, and of remarkable conversational powers. After many attempts he at last was successful, and in November, 1819, we see him fully installed as head gardener of Mount St. Mary's College. Here he found time, after the day's work was completed, to continue his studies, and often went without a meal in order to give the time to his books. This latter proved a lucky custom, for Dr. Dubois meeting him one day poring over his Latin grammar, when he should have been eating his dinner, asked him a few questions, and was astonished to find the progress he had made. The kind-hearted Doctor was so greatly touched by the perseverance and zeal of the young fellow, that he encouraged him in his literary work, and even assisted him from time to time. John, therefore, progressed rapidly, and at the commencement of the fall term of 1820, was admitted into St. Mary's College as a regular student. In 1826, seeking rest from his studies, he turned his attention to the cultivation of his "knack" of verse-making. In speaking of his poems Hassard says, "It must be admitted that Mr. Hughes never showed the true poetic fire, though his verses had a melodious flow and a pleasant flavor." In 1825, he was created deacon; and on October 15th, of the following year, the feast of St. Theresa, was ordained priest by Bishop Conwell, in St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. In 1837, death robbed him of his aged father, and not many months afterwards he received his appointment as coadjutor to Bishop Dubois, of New York. Jan. 7, 1838, he was consecrated Bishop, by Bishop Dubois, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City. "I remember," says Archbishop McCloskey, "how all eyes were fixed, how all eyes were strained, to get a glimpse of their newly consecrated bishop; and as they saw that dignified and manly countenance, as they beheld those features beaming with the light of intellect, bearing already upon them the impress of that force of character which peculiarly marked him throughout his life, that firmness of resolution, that unalterable and unbending will, and yet blending at the same time that great benignity and suavity of expression—when they marked the quiet composure and self-possession of every look and every gesture of his whole gait and demeanor—all hearts were drawn and warmed towards him." In 1839, through the inability of Bishop Dubois, on account of his great age, to administer the affairs of the Church in New York, Bishop Hughes was made administrator. His first labor, and that by which he shall be ever

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

remembered by the boys of St. John's, was the establishment of St. John's College, which was opened in Jan., 1841. One of his acts, by no means his greatest service to the Church, yet the one by which he will be most often recalled by future generations, was his contest with the Public School Society. Possessed of an indomitable will, a courage that nothing could shake, and a zeal that never tired, he was largely instrumental in raising the Diocese of New York to the position it now enjoys. In 1850, Bishop Hughes was advanced to the dignity of Archbishop. Successful in all he undertook, he was of incalculable value to the Church and to the world; and when, on the 3d of June, 1864, he calmly expired, the world, while she bowed her head in humble submission to the will of the Almighty, bewailed the loss of so beloved and noble a son. Q.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN is dying,
The song birds are flying
Away.
The leaves they are falling;
The winds they are calling
Loudly on Winter fair Earth to array
In vestments bright,
In cerements white,
That she may sleep through the wintry day,
While they in their wrath,
Or their boisterous play,
Whirl the leaves o'er the forest path.

The murmurous pine chants funeral hymns,
While the giant elm its mighty limbs
In anguish tosses,
As it mourns earth's losses,
And vainly contends
With the rain and the winds,
And with piteous groan,
Unceasingly moan
The maple and beech, the while their leaves
So slowly drop on the cottage eaves.

Alas! alas! for the fading year,
The rustling leaves seem to whisper near.
Alas! alas! for the dying year,
The forest sighs o'er her funeral bier.
And the sun looks down and so softly smiles,
And at night the moon so coldly shines,
And the loitering hare in the forest aisles
For sunny days and their joyance pines
And I in sorrow
Await the morrow
Of the year.
And into the future I peer,
And fresh hope borrow,
That stays the falling tear.
For well I know, that under the snow,
The year will but sleep,
Though the forest trees weep. L. D.

ROSE HILL.

A FEW rods north of Fordham station, on the Harlem Railroad, a conspicuous granite gateway and lodge seem to offer a generous welcome to visitors, inviting them to enter the domain whose broad acres are spread within, diversified with vale and upland, and russeted with the autumn foliage of their forest boles. Winding roads and quiet paths, studded with gnarled old willows and graceful elms, lead up the graceful slopes to the central summit. There the wide plateau is crowned with lofty elevations of scholastic architecture. A Gothic chapel with its belfried tower, long granite piles of many-windowed fronts and ample portals, clusters of out-buildings, and all the accessories of a busy human hive fill up the foreground with distant rearward glimpses of surrounding barns and gardens. These favored precincts, retired from the noisy crowd and rich with invigorating air, these spacious piles of collegiate granite, are all embraced within the bounds of that distinguished Catholic institution of learning known as St. John's College.

In marked contrast to the solidity and height of the main college edifice, and not far from its front, stands a modest frame structure, whose quaint architecture identifies it with the days when New York was a province of the Crown. Part farmhouse, part mansion of the olden time, as its appearance plainly indicates it was, so venerable and fragile does it now present itself that the eye is arrested with wonder at its freedom from outward decay or alteration. Even the slight wooden tracery of its exterior balustrade is intact; even the narrow panes of its windows and the old-fashioned doors hold their places. It is a veritable monument of old New York, cherished and preserved with that admirable veneration for old, whether of tradition or memorial, which has ever distinguished the Catholic faith, and around this old mansion and the site it occupies clusters much of the history of the surrounding region which is here narrated.

It was as early as 1639 that three Indian sachems of most barbarous names sold to the Dutch West India Company the lands between the North River and the Bronx, extending from Spuyten Duyvil up to Yonkers. Within eight years afterward the territory around Yonkers, and also that now known as Fordham, were in the possession of Adriaen Van Der Donck, the Yung Herr, or young lord, who made himself a name as a historian and statesman of the early New Netherlands. Upon Van Der

Hon. MORGAN J. O'BRIEN,

President of the Fordham College Alumni.

Donck's death, his widow conveyed these lands to her brother, Elias Doughty; and then came John Archer, who, from Doughty and others, at length became the owner of 1,253 acres of the wild land of the region. From the English Governor of New York, Francis Lovelace, Archer obtained letters patent under the great seal of the province in 1671, granting him the Manor then first called Fordham.

A little dorp, or village, soon began to spread its scattered cottages along the heights and valley bordering on the Mill Brook, and a sturdy population settled on the Manor. In 1673 these people, already then more jealous of their rights than some of to-day, complained to the Dutch authorities of Colve's temporary interregnum about "the bad management" of Archer, their Landherr, or lord of the Manor. They insisted upon the privilege of making nominations of their own magistrates, as was granted to all the other inhabitants under that government. Alarmed at these popular demonstrations, Archer voluntarily abdicated all the authority and patronage he possessed over the territory; and becoming embarrassed, three years afterward he mortgaged his Manor of Fordham to Cornelius Steenwyck, a leading merchant of New York.

Mynheer Steenwyck came from Holland in 1652, and having acquired wealth in the tobacco trade, he became a burgomaster of New Amsterdam, and was subsequently Mayor of the city under English rule, at intervals between 1668 and 1683. His Dutch lineage also gave him influence with Colve, who chose him as his sole councillor. A wiry, busy, bustling little man was Steenwyck, lean-faced and sallow; pugnacious, too, and "a train-band captain eke was he." He always minded his own business, and yet was not exempt from the attacks of slanderers and blackmailers; as in the case of his rencontre with the base tapster, John Adamson. In 1658 he married Margaretta de Riemer, and their dwelling was in a double stone mansion at the southeast corner of Whitehall and Bridge Streets. After securing the title to the Fordham Manor, to which he added several thousand acres, Steenwyck died in 1684, and by his last will and testament he devised the whole Manor to the Nether Dutch Congregation in New York for the maintenance of their clergy, with a provision that it should never be alienated from that purpose. His widow Margaretta then married Dominie Henricus Selyns, the Dutch pastor, and in 1694 she renewed the conveyance to the elders of the Dutch Church, with a like condition. This was the foundation of that liberal endowment which has long been enjoyed by the Dutch collegiate churches of the city. In 1753 an appeal was made to the Governor and Council for power to sell the Fordham Manor, and an act was passed for that purpose. Soon afterward the property passed into the hands of various purchasers.

Just previous to the Revolution that portion of it now occupied by St. John's College was in the possession of Hon. John Watts, eldest son of Robert Watts, of Edinburgh, Scotland, whose family seat near that city was called Rose Hill. John Watts was a merchant of New York, born here in 1715, and in 1752 he was married to Ann, youngest daughter of Stephen De Lancey. In 1747 he acquired a large farm about Twenty-fourth Street, between Second and Third Avenues, and also what is now the college property at Fordham, both of which were known by the name of Rose Hill. Being one of His Majesty's Council for the Province, and thus on the side of the Crown, the Revolution compelled him to retire to England. He was attainted, his property was confiscated, and he died abroad in 1789. In 1784 the Commissioners of this State restored the lands to his sons, Robert and John, who had remained here, and the latter endowed the Leake and Watts Orphan Home, on One Hundred and Tenth Street, with part of the estate.

As connected with this history, it must be mentioned that of the children of Hon. John Watts, Robert married Lady Mary Alexander; Anne was the wife of Captain Archibald Kennedy, R.N.; Susanna was the wife of Colonel Philip Kearny; Mary, the wife of Sir John Johnson; Stephen, who married Mary Nugent, was an officer of Johnson's Royal Greens, and lost a leg at the battle of Oriskany; and Mary married Colonel Robert Leake.

The old frame mansion still remaining on the college grounds was probably erected by Hon. John Watts. At the opening of the Revolution it was occupied by his son Robert, whose wife was Lady Mary, daughter of William Alexander, Lord Stirling. Robert remained neutral in the city during the British occupation. Lord Stirling was a Major-General of the Continental army, and his wife was a sister of the patriotic Governor of New Jersey, William Livingston. After the battle of Monmouth, Lady Stirling desired to visit her daughter, Mrs. Watts, at New York. For this purpose she obtained a pass from the British commander for herself and her youngest daughter, Lady Kitty, who afterward married Colonel William Duer. They came from Elizabeth, New Jersey, passed safely through the British lines, and spent a week at the home of Robert Watts, who had then removed to the city. At the same time Lord Stirling was in camp at White Plains with Washington's army. Supposing that his united family might be at their country home, in the mansion at Fordham, he planned a hasty visit there. There was risk for him in the attempt. Simcoe, with the Queen's Rangers, was encamped just north of Kingsbridge, and on the alert for expeditions from the American lines. Therefore, Colonel Armand—otherwise the Marquis de la Rouerie, and once a monk of La Trappe—who then commanded a corps of Continental dragoons, was first dispatched with his men to reconnoitre. He rode by night to Fordham, and made his camp near the old mansion. It was unoccupied by the family. Next morning Simcoe was threatening his retreat, and he made good his way back to White

Plains, with the information which prevented further attempt by Lord Stirling.

After the Revolution the College estate passed through a long succession of owners. Robert Watts conveyed it to Henry Barclay—he to Warren Delancey—and at length it came into the hands of Captain Henry Packard, a shipmaster of New York. The captain desired to make everything ship-shape in the old building, as to its interior at least, and therefore began to remove the various coats of paper-hangings which years had accumulated on the walls. Six coverings had been stripped away, and the removal of the last revealed a cupboard, which had long been concealed. On opening it two dozen bottles of wine, the choicest of the last century, were brought to light. They had been placed there by the Watts family. The troubled times of the Revolution had prompted their concealment, and their intended use may be traced to that old custom of Dutch times in New York of putting aside in some secure place a bottle of choice wine for the coming of age of every child. After Captain Packard, the property again passed through various owners till it came to Mr. Andrew Carrigan, of this city. He conveyed the old mansion, with 120 acres around it, to Archbishop Hughes, for educational purposes, about 1840.

St. John's College was opened for students on June 24, 1841, and was incorporated by the Legislature in April, 1846. Its second rector was the late Archbishop Bayley. Being himself a descendant of old New York stock, his relationship with the old families already mentioned gave him an ancestral interest in the grounds and the venerable Colonial mansion. Among the subsequent rectors may be mentioned Rev. Dr. Thebaud, author of several learned works, and Rev. Fathers Moylan, Shea, Gockeln, and others.

Among the manifold art treasures which meet the eye on every hand at St. John's are copies of Raphael's frescoes of the Vatican, presented by His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI.; and an antique Madonna, from the collection of Joseph Bonaparte. Besides these, the long and spacious hall devoted to the library is filled with rare literary and historical volumes, to which a pleasant introduction, together with many interesting comments, was given by Rev. Father Costin, himself an enthusiast in antiquarian and historical research.—*From the Evening Express.*

A WELL-WISHING TO OUR FATHER THE CARDINAL.

A LOW, dark, rocky coast in the Western Isles;
And there, an arrow-flight from off the shingle,
Was the Scarlet Mount; the great, gray sea between
Drave up the Straits of the King, and evermore
The Norway winds were chanting weird sea songs
Above the gorses on the mountain-top.

In that olden time a queen of Norseland dwelt
In exile on those coasts, and alway when
The evening sun fell back with golden buckler
Afront the dusk, she clomb the mount and stood
Within the pathway of the Norway winds.
"For that," she said, "they bring me many thoughts,
And, oh! the heart's-ease in their melodies!"

Father, now is thy eventide; thou standest
Far up anear our God, and many winds
Blow down the sea of rounded years that ebbs,
Chiming changefully, across thy priestly life,
And, oh! the heart's-ease in their melodies!
Save God and thou, none know the sweetest tones
That drift along those winds; yet some are heard
By us, and they are all assoiled of ruth,
And so our gladsomeness goes out with thine.

We hear in part a hymn that throbbed adown
The dawning year, when thy new-anointed hand
First held the Mass-grail up to God, and thoughts
Like these thy Angel breathed athwart the chords:
"The water mingleth with the wine, in Blood
Of God the drops are lost,—thus may his heart
Be lost in Thine, O fair my King, my God!"
And, Father, now we touch again these chords,
And pray, as did the Angel in the dawn,
That through this eve until the dark, through night
Unto the day which hath no night, thy heart
Blend wholly with the Sacred Heart of Christ,
As the water and wine slipt each in each when first
With tremblement you offered sacrifice.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE PRIESTHOOD OF HIS EMINENCE JOHN, CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

IT falls to the lot of but few priests to celebrate the golden jubilee of their priesthood; so that we, of St. John's College, may well congratulate its first President on his fiftieth anniversary. The wear and tear of a priestly life too often cuts short the life-threads of God's zealous servants. But a bright exception offers itself in the life of John, Cardinal McCloskey—a life full of activity and devotion to the care of souls; a life peaceful and unmoved amid the attacks of the enemies of the Church; a life passed, like the Divine Model's, in doing good; a life which can await tranquilly and confidently its close, leaving behind it no enemies within or without the fold; a rare life of two score years and ten of priestly labor, crowned in due time with the Episcopal mitre, and later on with that of an Archbishop, till finally the Cardinal's hat showed Rome's ap-

Lieut. CLARENCE R. EDWARDS,
First Lieut. First U. S. Infantry, Commandant of the Fordham Battalion.

preciation of his signal services to the Church in wisely guiding the flock committed to his pastoral care.

"Thou hast given him his heart's desire, and hast not withholden the will of his lips." Not unfitting words, for assuredly his heart's desire was the priesthood, and the will or request of his lips was that this holy function might be so exercised as to redound to the glory of God and the welfare of souls. "Thou hast presented him with the blessings of sweetness"; for can aught be so sweet as to be able to look upon the flourishing condition of the Church, not only in his archdiocese, but in those sees formerly under his charge? "Thou hast set on his head a crown of precious stones"; the jewelled mitre, forerunner of that crown of justice laid up for him in heaven. "He asked life of Thee, and Thou hast given him length of days for ever and ever." Yes, length of days here, for we are celebrating his golden jubilee—length of days for ever and ever hereafter, for that priesthood is unending. The immortal soul has been stamped with a character which shall endure as long as the soul shall last—even for ever and ever.

Fifty years have gone since, on the day of his ordination, he stood at the foot of the altar and repeated after the Bishop the awful words of Holy Mass. And when, in a ripe old age, he shall be gathered to his fathers, forever a priest, in the Heavenly Temple, he shall stand once more at the altar's foot, clad in the robe of justice, to repeat after Jesus Christ Himself, and to offer in union with Him, who is both Priest and Victim, the sacrifice of the spotless Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

It is the heartfelt prayer of his children that the promise be fulfilled in his case: "I will fill him with length of days, and I will show him my salvation."

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

BRIGHT crowned with mitred majesty bestowed
Of God, who keeps resplendent court on high,
A Prince of Mother Church now seeks the Throne
To pay his loving homage to the King.
With sway of peace and love he ruled men's hearts;
In sinless purity's bright robes he wrapped
His spotless life and soul; he shone a priest
Among the chosen sons of God, though great
And honored, yet as e'en the lowliest one.
His mighty heart had spurned the things of earth;
His gaze was fixed beyond the farthest star
Where rose the altar of th' Eternal Priest,
To serve whom, e'en on earth, had been his love.
The world was blessed that day he saw the light;
And when its trials and its cares had purged
His golden life from all the earthly dross,
And death was come, God's crown of glory won,
A gem far brighter than the sun, and more
Of value than a world of Kohinoors;
It won the jewel of a spotless soul.

His people, all aghast, stand round the throne
Where once he sat; they stare, and sick at heart
They grow to read in every face the truth
They dread that he, their God-crowned father, prince
Is theirs to love on earth no more. Full oft
They saw him stand among his surpliced throng
Of loving priests to offer, as of old,
The Sacrifice of love, while organ peals
And listless clouds of incense slept upon
The tranced air, and dreamt that heaven was come
To earth.

The heart whose every throb was one
Of fond affection for his priestly state,
Is stilled for time to men; lost, too, the smile
Which, sweeter than the song that angels sing
For joy, was wont to bring to saddened hearts
The genial sunshine of love's sympathy.

The hurrying years had bowed his kingly frame,
And yet when death—as loth to strike or come
Amid the glare of heartless day—when all
Was hushed in deepest stillness of the night,
Had gently kissed his holy soul away,
He looked not one whit less a prince—yea, e'en
Was more—than when in manhood's noble prime
He graced the manful quality of men.

Our Prince is dead! Yet he did only wear
Death's robes an instant that he might adorn
Life's lawn unspotted as his virgin soul.
Our Prince is dead! Yet see! in Heaven's court,
'Mid pealing "Vivats" to the High Priest sung,
Th' adoring throngs divide to let him pass
Up to the Throne, and hear th' Eternal King,
In accents gracious as eternity is long,
Say to His good and faithful one, "Well done
Has been thy task in time; come, find thy rest
Eternal on the bosom of thy God."

KISMET, '87.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

OUR older friends will, with justice, expect to find in the columns of the FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY some token of respect for the memory of the illustrious Cardinal McCloskey, the first President of St. John's; and this consideration it is that urges us to offer a few words from our youthful

pens on the life of the departed Cardinal and his intimate connections with us.

After the countless eulogistic newspaper articles concerning him, the birth-place, the life and the circumstances of the death of His Eminence are known to all. He was born in Brooklyn in 1810, ordained priest in 1834, consecrated Bishop in 1844, made Archbishop in 1864, and elected Cardinal in 1875. Many were the honors which his blameless life, ardent piety, and deep scholarship won him on earth, and great, we hope, is the reward which he enjoys for the discharge of the arduous duties attendant upon his various dignities. Were we to recall his early life and the obstacles that opposed him and his co-laborers, we would be but recounting a twice-told tale. Yet in the praise and pageantry of an admiring world at the death of the great Cardinal, it is easy to forget the long, long labors which preceded his archbishopric or cardinalate.

In the boyhood of Cardinal McCloskey there were, we are told, but three Catholic churches in New York and none at all in Brooklyn. The progress from such a state of things to the present is not the work of a year, nor of a decade of years; it is the outgrowth of the devotion, enterprise, and ability of that generation of zealous and unwearying priests of which Cardinal McCloskey was one of the last survivors.

This great prince of the Church was educated at Mt. St. Mary's, Emmetsburg, and after his ordination by Bishop Dubois, was granted the privilege, at that time an extraordinary one, of continuing his studies for two years at the Propaganda, Rome. After his return to America he was appointed first President of St. Joseph's Seminary and St. John's College, Fordham, two institutions at that time connected. It is needless to say that he displayed the greatest prudence and zeal in his connections with the college and seminary. After the growing college had been organized and set upon a firm basis and the promising Father McCloskey had been called to other labors, he ever returned with manifest pleasure to visit this scene of his first labors. Ten years and one month after his ordination he was consecrated Bishop. Every one is familiar with the story of his life from that time, with his influence at the capital of the State, where he had been sent to build up a diocese, with his subsequent return to the metropolis to be honored with the title of its Archbishop, and, finally, with his election as the first Cardinal of the Church in America. The last decade in the life of the Cardinal was one which surpassed the dream of philanthropist or poet.

The virtues which adorned the whole life of Archbishop McCloskey are known to all. He was never hasty or imprudent in his public life, but ever silent, persevering, gracious, winning, and finally triumphant. His cares were manifold and varied, yet they were discharged with a justice and piety that truly bespoke the saint. When time increased his infirmities it seemed but to increase his attachment to his people, and when to him was given the rare privilege of counting the years of his priesthood by a half century, he rejoiced to receive from them the tokens of their love for himself and joy at his golden jubilee. At his death the universal mourning of the land proclaimed the reverence and veneration in which he was held, not by his own flock alone, but by the people of the entire nation. It was not the display of vain pomp, it was the respect due to wisdom and sanctity. With reverent hands his people have laid his mortal remains beneath the magnificent monument of his own and his predecessor's labor. With his death a great light of the Church has gone out.

In the death of Cardinal McCloskey, St. John's has lost the last of her distinguished founders and a devoted friend and patron. During the last few years, through enfeebled age, he has not been able to keep up his accustomed visits to us, but at the commencement of each returning year and at many other times he has sent his warmest greetings to the Faculty and students of St. John's. On the occasion of his golden jubilee he accepted, with marked pleasure, the respectful greetings of the students, and, when the news of his death reached Fordham, every means were employed to make a fitting expression of the mourning that reigned here.

Aside from the honors of the Church with which the late Cardinal had been clothed, there could hardly have been a finer type of a Christian scholar. He so gracefully united Catholic virtue with the most finished scholarship that it is not at all remarkable that he won the admiration of Protestants by the latter when they might have been indifferent to the former. But in the memory of his own people whom he loved so well, it is not by either separate quality his name is rendered beloved, but by the union of the two. He will long and gratefully be remembered as one of the zealous pioneer priests of America, as a devoted and holy Bishop, an able Archbishop, and a worthy recipient of the distinguished honor of being the first American Cardinal.

The fervent prayer of the students of St. John's is that God may give eternal rest to his soul. H.

ST. BENNET'S DEATH.

SCHOLASTICA had died, and from his cell
St. Bennet heard the tolling of the bell.
Well knew he that his sister was with God,
Although her ashes slept beneath the sod;
And he, too, wished to join that vast domain
Where peace and happiness hold ceaseless reign.
Then, with his strength exhausted in the strife,
He prayed to God a prayer—but not for life.
For he had ever sought to serve his Lord,
And now in meekness hoped for his reward.

Prof. A. PETERSEN.

With certain presage that his death was nigh,
He turned him to his sister's tomb to die—
To where the opened grave and altar's base
Allowed between them of a little space.
One moment, ere his limbs were cold in death,
He stood, with outstretched hands and bated breath,
Ready to sleep within the grave all made,
Where his saint-sister had so late been laid.
The moment came—he fell—his soul was fled.
The twins by birth possessed twin-tomb when dead.
O glorious death! To stand beside the tomb,
Like Christ, with hands extended toward its gloom.

J. HEFFERN, '89.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

NONE but him who has experienced them can imagine the transcendent delights that are in store for the victim who lies awake in a college dormitory. After the bustle of getting in from the study-room has subsided, after various most necessary and important permissions have been asked and granted, after all the old ladies have had their evening chat, after the lights have been turned out and the prefect has retired to his alcove, then comes the season of blessedness for him "whose eyes sweet sleep does not visit." As one after another the restorer of tired energies spreads his soothing mantle over the occupants of the surrounding beds, filling the air with breathings that betoken an enviable rest, the pitiable wight, who perchance has been vainly tossing between the blankets since the early hours of the evening, stretches himself on his back —a veritable martyr on the rack. First comes the mortifying reflection that while every one else is comfortably folded in the embrace of Somnus, he is doomed to press a sleepless pillow, whence he shall arise in the morning a dilapidated remnant of his former self. Then, while he vainly tries to resign himself to his situation, to follow up the train of poetic thought suggested, it may be, by the ringing of a neighboring convent bell, or to occupy his mind with some other congenial conceptions—if any can be found so at such a time—he is brought to a sudden and lively sense of his position by a chorus of confused sounds that almost force him to believe he is about to be serenaded by a Chinese orchestra. The opening consists of several nasal solos, whose tones rise, swell, and diminish, inflicting on the hearer a torture truly exquisite. Getting out of bed, he administers a pull here, a shake there, and, after breathing a fervent benediction for all the "performers," composes himself to enjoy a transitory respite. Transitory, indeed! For presently, from one of the far corners of the room comes the measured voice of a Senior, emphatically denying somebody's major. Scarcely has the incipient Plato relapsed into silence, when some poetical Soph. begins in murmurs painfully audible to pour forth his soul to the genius of the "too consummately utter," while, from an opposite direction, loud and shrill comes the yell of "Put it here," "Down with it," "Now you've got him," or some such ejaculation, which betokens the fiend to be a base-ballist. Then some one begins to quote Greek, a Spanish sentence cleaves the darkness, and just as "the audience" is about to faint, he is hauled out of bed by an infernal machine in the shape of teeth-grinding. Thus summarily roused to consciousness, the sufferer crawls under cover once more, ardently praying that the phenomenal silence that ensues may last till he is safe in dreamland. Alas, for human hopes! A persuasive Junior now appeals to his fellow-countryman to "hear him," to "beware of the rejection of his advice." He lifts his arm for an ominous gesture, and strikes his wash-stand, which, with its contents, goes sprawling to the floor, amidst a din loud enough to have awaked the seven sleepers. This is too much for poor "sleepless." He turns out and listens for a minute. No one apparently has been disturbed by the crash. He goes to the nearest window, puts his head in his hands, looks out into the still night, and groans to think what a contrast it bears to the one he is spending indoors. He stands, he knows not how long. The "wee sma hours" begin to strike, and sheer exhaustion sends him back to bed. Nature at last comes to the rescue—he sleeps; and the following morning, as he makes his toilet on the way to ranks, he puts up a particular *memorare* for the authors of his night's misery.

C.

A BIRD'S NEST.

A MOTHER bird, with fond and tender care,
Had built her nest, green groves and woods among,
Upon a knoll, bough-canopied, and where
Her jealous mate his am'rous love-notes sung.
And when the callow brood—amazing change!—
Filled up the woolly roundness of the nest,
From tree to tree the parents winged their range,
Of many an insect meal in anxious quest.
At length—the gaping younglings left alone—
A stealthy snake devoured them where they lay.
Decoyed the flutt'ring mother, homeward flown,
Beslimed the nest that furnished him his prey.
Thus when within the warmness of the heart,
But easy guard our better nature keeps,
When for a time calm whisperings depart,
And sweet forgiveness, all unwary sleeps:
The serpent Hate winds in his scaly folds,
With venomed breath destroys the tenants there,
Calm-visaged Peace with fell embrace he holds,
And trails a poisoned way for grim Despair.

SANDY SMYTHE.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD AS HE IS.

"IT is a good precept," says the much-quoted, but, alas! now seldom-read, Lord Bacon, "it is a good precept, generally, in seconding another, yet to add somewhat of one's own; as, if you will grant his opinion, let it be with some distinction; if you will follow his motive, let it be with condition; if you allow his counsel, let it be with alleging farther reason." When a distinguished foreigner comes to America in order to give us his impressions of ourselves as a nation, it is more than probable, taking things as they are, that he and his impressions will be very much criticised. We all know, for instance, what was the spirit in which Mr. Herbert Spencer's views of us were received, when he visited us just one year ago. Even Lord Coleridge, who is certainly an eminent man, and who thinks more highly of us than, perhaps, our own national conscience, if it be well balanced and honest, will allow us to think of ourselves—even Lord Coleridge has not escaped from the tart criticism of certain newspaper writers, who seem to be averse to any comment, however just, that foreigners may be minded to pass on us. But, after all, I don't see how we can in fairness protest against the expressed opinion of foreigners in our regard. In European eyes we are something quite novel. We are a great national experiment, the trial of a "great idea," as Walt Whitman has it, a very successful trial, it is true; but at most the trial of an idea, and nothing more. Now, in the nature of things, trials are always open to criticism; and no one has the right to protest against it. But I suppose Mr. Lowell's famous essay, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," has, by this time, gone the length and breadth of the land, and done the work it was intended to do. And so, when a distinguished foreigner comes to our shores, offering a morsel of wisdom to any one who will profit by it, some of us straightway prick up our ears, determined that however wise that wisdom may be, it will not at any rate be wiser than our conceit. It need not excite our wonder, therefore, if Mr. Matthew Arnold's visit to this country has provoked a good deal of discussion. That discussion has at times been very animated; and, in some few instances, discourteous and even rude. While things are as they are, things of this sort, I suppose, must be. But no fair-minded man, above all, no gentleman, will countenance them. With the visit to America, however, and the impressions Mr. Arnold has thus far received, I have nothing at present to do. I have alluded to it merely to warn any of my readers, whose patriotism may be stronger than their good sense, that in forming their estimate of Mr. Arnold as a literary man, they must not be influenced by anything which has been said of late, and much less by the memory of what was said in the *Nineteenth Century* for May, 1882. "You read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices," said Mr. Wendell Phillips when speaking to a New York audience about Toussaint L'Ouverture a few years ago. Doubtless there was justice in the rebuke. Many of us do see things with our prejudices, and judge them accordingly. But in the present instance we shall look with our eyes. We shall be for the nonce modified Cartesian doubters. We shall try to *find* the truth, not to *make* it; and we shall best find it by seeing things as they are, to use a phrase which is Mr. Arnold's own. Let us try to find it, then, by seeing him as he is.

If we turn to Mr. Arnold's writings, we shall find a vast field of literature spread out before us, rich in ideas, and, for the most part, challenging the severest critical acumen. These ideas are at once many and few; many, in that they divide and sub-divide themselves until they bear upon a variety of questions relating to letters, education, politics, and religion; few, in that they readily arrange themselves under two or three great principles which are formulated, as their author has himself confessed, "in a frippery of phrases about sweetness and light," the necessity of seeing things in themselves, and of choosing the best in the world about us, in order to enjoy life. Confined, as I am, to the limits of a paper like the present, I can hardly hope to do more than indicate in a general way how Mr. Arnold has worked out these ideas in the essays which have made him known to the intellectual world as a critic of the highest order—a critic in the broadest and truest sense of the word.

Taking up his first published volume in prose, the "Essays in Criticism," which appeared in 1865, we find him fearlessly ringing the changes of that new order of things in literary culture, of which he was to be the first professed apostle. His plea is for truth. "To try and approach Truth," he says, "on one side after another, not to strive or cry, not to persist in pressing forward on anyone side with violence and self-will—it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious Goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus, even in outline. He who will do nothing but fight impetuously toward her on his own, one, favorite, particular line, is inevitably destined to run his head into the folds of the black robe in which she is wrapped." That truth, he tells us, "is something not to be proved, but to be seen; something not to be manufactured, but to be found." That he finds the truth in most things is undeniable; that that truth is always unadulterated with his own peculiar fancies is not quite so certain. In the "Essay on the Function of Criticism at the Present Time," he lays down with that perfect clearness which is his own great gift, the rules which ought to guide the critic in his work. Those rules may be summed up in one word—"disinterestedness." And how will criticism best show its disinterestedness? "By keeping aloof from practice; by resolutely following the law of its own nature, which is to be a free play of the mind on all subjects

Mr. TIERNEY,

to whose Architectural skill we are indebted for
the New Faculty Building and Juniors' Hall.

which it touches. . . . . Its business is simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by, in its turn, making this known to create a current of true and fresh ideas." That criticism is not rightly understood in England is shown by the "*practical* considerations which cling to it and stifle it." . . . . "An organ like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, having for its main function to understand and utter the best that is known and thought in the world, existing, it may be said, as just an organ for the free play of the mind, we have not; but we have the *Edinburgh Review*, existing as an organ of the old Whigs, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; we have the *Quarterly Review*, existing as an organ of the Tories, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that; . . . . we have the *Times*, existing as an organ of the common, satisfied, well-to-do Englishman, and for as much play of mind as may suit its being that"; but a truly *critical* organ, an organ belonging to no party, there is none. The ideas embodied in these first essays are met with again and again, like the ever recurrent note in a song, all through his later writings, especially when they bear professedly on literary topics. Thus, for instance, in his beautifully written sketch of the poet Heinrich Heine, he tells us that "to ascertain the master current in the literature of an epoch, and to distinguish this from all minor currents, is one of the critic's highest functions; in discharging it, he shows how far he possesses the most indispensable quality of his office—justness of spirit." This is precisely what is most needed—the developement of a genuine catholic spirit of criticism in English literature. If our writers of the eighteenth century, that age of prose, as Mr. Frederick Harrison has happily called it, had been brought under the chastening influence of such a criticism rightly understood, our own day would, doubtless, now be the richer for it. Perhaps, too, the critics of the early part of this century, the this-will-never-do Jeffries, the brilliant Kit North, and their hundred imitators, would have found some worthier use for their high gifts, and spared us the painful recollection of that literary brutality, which occasionally ended, as we know it did once, in the "sniffing out" of some such mind of promise as John Keats. But the past is not ours. It cannot be undone. Our business is with the future, and we shall only reach it by acting on the present. Mr. Arnold has begun the work. Let us hope that others will not be wanting to carry it on when he is gone.

It makes one impatient to be obliged to touch so lightly on what, to be fairly appreciated, must be read and studied in itself. But my intention at first was to give no more than a sketch of Mr. Arnold as he is, and I must be faithful to my first resolve. The essay on a "French Eton" and the "Report on the High Schools and Universities in Germany" are interesting because they show so well what is the author's mind on that very fundamental and almost primary question, education. His one cry is, "Schools for the middle classes"—schools to lift them up out of the mire of gross ideas into which the prejudices of Philistia have plunged them. In his mind the British public is identified with prejudice, narrow-minded, insular prejudice; its capital sin is the sin of prejudice, and it can only do penance for that sin by "seeing the light," and light must come in with education. These ideas are expressed quite openly in the papers on "Culture and Anarchy," a series of essays bearing on politics and society, and written in that urbane spirit of aristocratic sarcasm which is peculiarly their author's own.

Mr. Arnold's political views are characterized chiefly, as might be expected in a man so strongly theoretic, by that rather impracticable idealism in which he so much delights. What, for instance, could be more fair-minded in an Englishman than his appreciation of the difficulties of the Irish Question, as set forth in his essay on "The Incompatibles," which appeared in 1881? The British Government has never done justice to Irish Catholicism —though Burke urged it to do so nearly a century ago (Mr. Arnold never tires of quoting Burke); the British Philistine has never done justice to it, for the British Philistine is simply the British middle class, a class of "conventionalities and traditional ideas"; the British lower class, which is "brutal and vulgar," has never done justice to it, for the British lower class is a power hampering the Government, and which the Government fears whenever there is talk about Irish Catholic rights; none of these classes has ever done justice to Ireland, but each of them has gone on "in its confining ruts and clouded vision of things," utterly regardless of the great duty it owes to the people it has wronged. This is all very true. But how utopian is the plan that is proposed! Instead of adopting "the tremendous alternative of either governing Ireland as a Crown colony or casting her adrift, let us," he suggests, "send over a commission of great and good men, say Lord Coleridge, Mr. Samuel Morley, and the other Mr. Morley, Mr. John Morley," who will be empowered to oust all bad Irish landlords to a man; and thus we shall carry out at this late day the advice which was given by Burke so long ago, when he said, "Let your measures for Ireland be healing." Rather a summary mode of proceeding! But would not that be undertaking to settle Irish affairs in a decidedly *Irish* way?

When Mr. Arnold carries his principles of criticism into religion we must part company with him; not because the principles are bad — indeed, they are most true — but because he is not always happy in his application of them. We are quite willing that there should be a free play of the mind, for truth's sake, on all questions bearing on religion, when these questions are as yet unsettled, and the mind that is playing on them thoroughly fitted for its task; but we are not so willing to tolerate any free play of the mind, however eminently it may be qualified for it, on questions which have been determined once for all,

and that, too, in a way which no longer admits of honest doubt. Just as we should refuse to waste time in listening to a man, who brought the free play of his mind to bear upon the absolute truth, that two and two make four —a thing of which we are quite certain—so do we refuse to follow Mr. Arnold's advice, and bring the free play of our minds to bear upon the personality of God, the inspiration of Holy Writ, the divinity of Our Lord, and the like. It is in the Catholic Church alone that we have this free play of the mind rightly understood, and liberated from the vagaries of modern unscientific thought, as Mr. Arnold might have seen for himself, had he taken as much pains to understand the writings of St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, or F. Suarez, as he has to understand those of Baruch Spinoza. There has been a great "waking up of men's minds in these days," I know; a great readiness to see through shams and worn-out deceits. Doubtless that is why Mr. Arnold sees so well through the "hardness and misapprehension of Protestantism." But if I may continue the figure in my own way, I would like to remark that all the waking up has been outside the Church, for the simple reason that within her pale there has never been any sleeping; and if I may extend the figure still farther without discourtesy, I would also remark that Mr. Arnold, after waking up, seems to have got out on the wrong side of the bed; for he has landed himself in a hopeless and helpless infidelity, which he has vainly endeavored to conceal by a thin varnish of phrases about Truth, Righteousness, and the Eternal. One need merely look at his essays on "St. Paul and Protestantism," on "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible," in order to see this for himself. Thus, for instance, he tells us in his "Literature and Dogma" that the word "God" is an unscientific term—"a term thrown out, so to speak, at a not fully-grasped object of the speaker's consciousness; whereas according to the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester, it is quite another thing." Now, if the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester really ever said anything so very sane, I, though a true son of the Holy Roman Church, must agree with them entirely. And in support of his position Mr. Arnold confidently adds, that religion has to do with conduct, and "that conduct is three-fourths of human life." To all of which I say: "Most true—with a distinction, however. *Practical* religion has to do with conduct, yes; but then there must be *theoretical* religion also, which will help me to identify "the not-fully-grasped object of my consciousness" with a Being whose existence is deduced, as the Bishops of Winchester and Gloucester have said, from "the ideas of substance, causation, design, and so on"; else my *practical* religion will prove to be a house built upon the sands, which must fall when the storm comes on. "If the best of us walk about well wadded with stupidity," as George Eliot says, we are yet not entirely "as the horse and the mule that have no understanding." If we will be devout we must have reason for our devotion, and that reason, as Cardinal Manning so pithily says, is dogma—"dogma is the source of devotion." Now, dogma is theoretic religion. This is only one place out of many wherein Mr. Arnold shows himself guilty of loose reasoning. But we must not be over-captious. Mr. Arnold is not a Catholic, and that is saying everything. And here I have been led into a discussion, where a word might have sufficed.

Of Mr. Arnold's poetry I shall speak, perhaps, in some future paper. Mr. Justin McCarthy says that his friends can claim him as a miniature Goethe, and nothing more; but, I think, those who know what real poetry is will insist on putting Mr. Arnold at a little higher level. He has much of Wordsworth's naturalism, but a great deal more finish. He has something in common with Arthur Clough, who was his intimate friend, though he adheres more to classic forms of expression. Like Clough, too, he is a doubter; and this gives a vague melancholy tinge to much that he has written. But in some future paper, as I have said, I shall endeavor to treat this theme more at length. And now I have carried out, I think, Lord Bacon's dictum, and "seconded" Mr. Arnold by adding somewhat of my own opinion. Whatever I have said, I have said for the sake of truth. In closing I can do nothing better than apply to Mr. Arnold what M. Joseph Joubert, who is one of Mr. Arnold's heroes, once wrote as his opinion of Plato: "He shows us nothing; but he brings brightness with him; he puts light into our eyes, and fills us with a clearness by which all objects afterwards become illuminated. He teaches us nothing; but he prepares us, fashions us, and makes us ready to know all. . . . . It is good to breathe his air; but not to live upon him."

CORNELIUS J. CLIFFORD, '79.

SONNET.

ON RECEIVING A POEM FROM AN OLD CLASS FELLOW.

DEAR friend, four cycles nigh have come and gone,
Since at the "Fount" of sainted heroes met
We two, and other friends whose names are set
On memory's brow to gleam while years lead on.
The wreath of songs you sent me, do enshroud
Afresh the bygone hours, the friends that light
The shadowy past; as when at hush of night
The moon uprides through rifts of glooming cloud,
And silvers all that else were darkly dim.
Could thought embalm thy gift with grateful song,
It were a happy task. But unto him
That knows the poet's art, such themes belong;
To me, as unto all mankind, is given,
Not song, but prayer; the sweetest balm of heaven.

CLO.

CLASS OF '91.

"JUG."

GOING into the Study Hall one Tuesday afternoon not very long ago, I was struck by the large number of students there assembled. And what was still more remarkable, there were not only students belonging to First Division, but Second and Third Divisions were also largely represented. Now, it is something very unusual for the three Divisions to be thus together, so I thought that some lecture was about to take place, but of what nature and on what subject I knew not. Seeing three Juniors, I naturally concluded that the study of Latin and Greek would be the subject; but that idea was dissipated when I saw four Sophomores with their mathematic books in front of them. "Now," said I to myself, "it must be a lecture on the study of Mathematics and the Sciences; but yet," I said, "it cannot be, there is a Freshman with his Homer." Being very much puzzled, I inquired of the Prefect of studies what it all meant, and he very kindly informed me that the hardworking students of the College were preparing to go up to higher classes. Of course I expressed myself delighted with the large number of hard workers, and hoped they would succeed in their laudable undertaking. I was on the point of leaving when my eyes fell on the Second Division dude. I went over to him and saw on his desk quite an array of books, among them a Latin reader, a Greek reader, a Greek grammar, a history, and an atlas. I was quite surprised and told him I was glad he had turned over a new leaf. He gave me a smile, and, very much cheered, I passed on. Near the door I came across the boy in preparatory who told his examiners that a mountain was something you came down from. Having seen enough to assure me that the students of St. John's are indeed very hard workers, I left the Study Hall meditating on the advantages of timely preparation for examination. G.

"RAYS OF TRUTH."

WHILE the flower is blooming shyly
In the year's sweet vernal prime,
On it, fingers etching slyly,
Leave the formal marks of Time.

While the child in early beauty
Weighs upon the mother's breast;
Slowly, signs of conscious duty
On its waxen cheeks are pressed.

For an unseen limner graving
Traces lines deep on its face;
And, the mind's least wish or craving
Sheds a gloom or lends a grace.

Mind in youth true poet painter,
Waked by touch of good or ill,
Shadows out, now bright, now fainter,
Every thought with artist's skill.

Till the time of childhood closes
And the form is perfect cast;
When the spirit calmed reposes,
Looking on the changeless past.

Then, how soulful are the features
When mind's healthy hue is there!
Like the key-note to God's creatures
Of a melody's rich air.

Be then minds while young and tender
Filled with grain of golden thought;
Dear the earnest it will render:
Great a manhood perfect wrought. L.

ST. JOHN'S, FORDHAM.

LET'S sing while we may and be merry,
As College boys ever should be,
With voices in unison blending,
And hearts that respond to our glee;
Then away with all feeling of sadness,
They serve but to darken the year;
A strain to the spirit of gladness,
That dwells in a loud ringing cheer.

F. O. R. D. ham, ham, ham,
Shout full clear and strong,
F. O. R. D. ham, ham, ham,
There's life in a jolly song;
F. O. R. D. ham, ham, ham,
Loud be our cheer and long:
Ra, Ra, Ra, St. John's, Fordham!

When the days of our boyhood are ending,
And silent the tale-telling gray,
With youth's comely tresses is blending,
And troubles loom up in our way,
When far from the scenes that now bind us,
From classmates and memories dear,
May the echoes that linger behind us,
Awaken our old College cheer.

CHORUS.

May it quicken our pulses to ponder
The themes of the happy to-day,
May faces and friendships grow fonder
'Neath sweet recollection's warm sway;

Then success to our Mother forever,
All honor encircle her name,
May her sons lend their highest endeavor
To brighten the shield of her fame.
CHORUS.

RECOLLECTIONS.

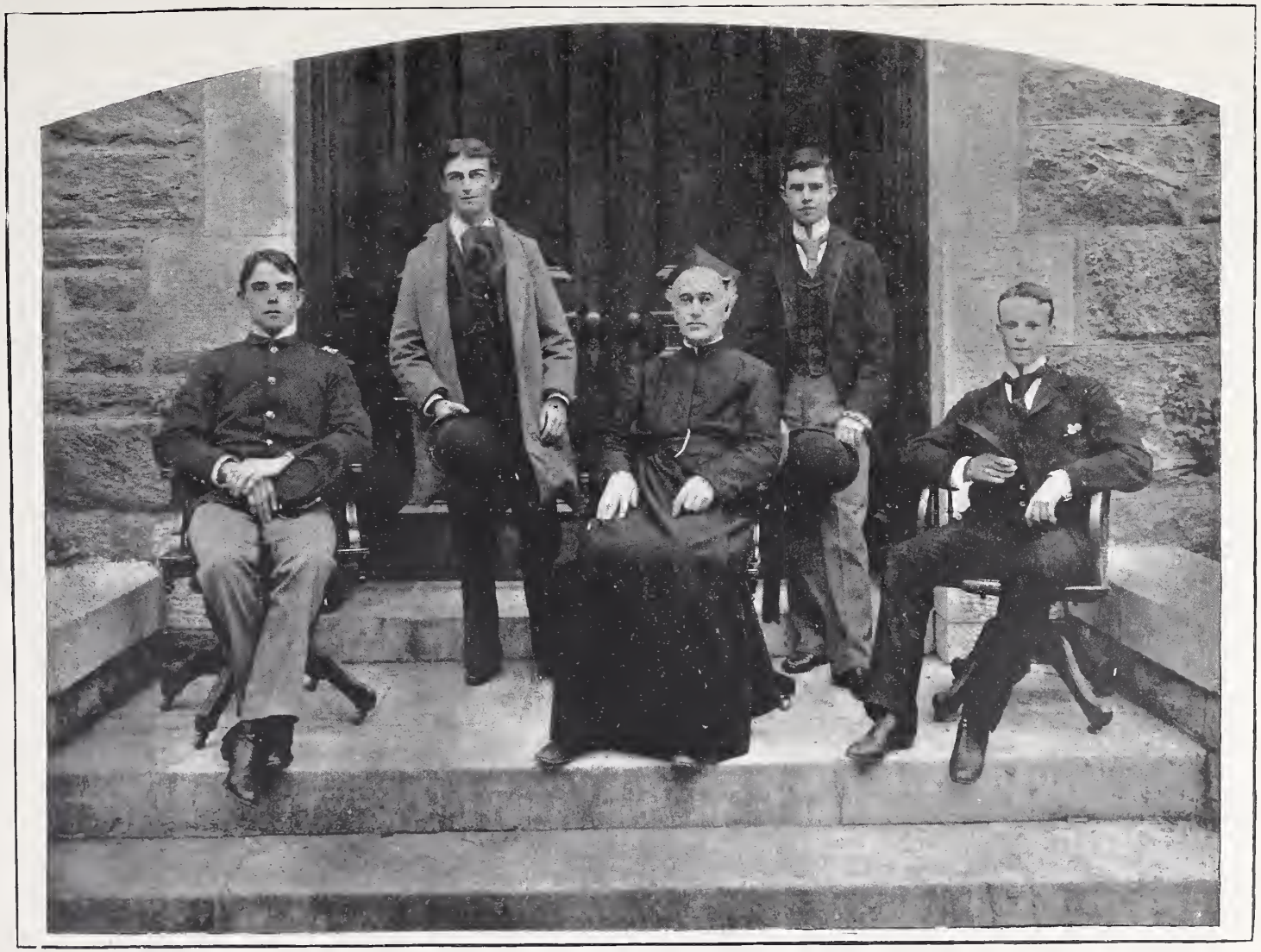
WHAT varied reminiscences are called up to the mind of the now almost departing Senior by a trip along the class-room corridor. Not being of an imaginative turn of mind, and with a considerable amount of the prosaic in our composition, we were surprised to find how many such a trip suggested. From Special Latin to Philosophy, each class-room is a landmark, around which cluster recollections of the days there spent; recollections, too, more vivid according as they bring greater pleasure. And, truly, an all-wise Providence seems to have blotted out what was unpleasant, or at least so dimmed the memory of it that it comes back as a mere phantom of the past and not alive with that reality which gives such a charm to the former. How faithfully, then, were recalled, as we passed the door of Second Grammar, the circumstances of almost our first punishment. It happened just after an almost unconquerable desire to make puns seemed to have stricken every one in the house with its fell contagion, and we did not escape its dire effects. We insisted on making puns in class, and not only that, but insisted one day, notwithstanding the promulgation of a law declaring all puns on the word pun illicit, on calling a pun made by one of our classmates a a puny pun, that deserved punishment by punching. It was too much for our teacher, and after he had recovered from the faint into which it had thrown him, we were told we might stand in the corridor for an hour, where we could pun to the bare walls to our heart's content without the slightest fear of "pun"-ishment.

Then First Grammar with its suggestion of the social meeting of the "M. T.'s" in fear and trembling at the rattling of a window and the creaking or the slamming of the door, for it was a little "racket on the quiet"; and then the mirth occasioned by the dismay of the teacher next morning when he found his desk filled with peach cans, sardine and confectionery boxes and "nothing in them." Next Classics and our first essays at Equestrianism, when muddled by a knotty passage of Old Sallust, so poorly managed, however, that our examiner declared he could hear "the clatter of the hoofs." Belles-Lettres and Rhetoric, and Philosophy, the last act in the drama of college life, all replete with pleasant recollections and associations, all teeming with memories of bygone days so monotonous in their passage, so full of life when now recalled.

Such had been some of our thoughts as we journeyed down the corridor; but the end was not yet come. The windows at the farther end recalled a predicament serious enough at the time, but that now causes nothing but laughter. We mentioned, at the beginning of this rambling paper, that we had a considerable amount of the prosaic in our composition; we might have added that we were not one of the airy-fairy kind, but, on the contrary, inclined to be stout and matter-of-fact. We had been writing in one of the class-rooms on the corridor, and, in our preoccupation, did not notice the dinner bell. Looking up from our work, however, a few minutes after, we discovered that it was after the time and immediately "made tracks" for the refectory. What was our consternation to find the door of the corridor fast locked and all hope of exit, by this means at least, shut off. Here was a delightful situation. All prospect of dinner was rapidly disappearing into thin air, and we were beginning to think that we should have to live on hope—a very unsubstantial and rather dissatisfactory means of livelihood, by the way, for a man of 200 avoirdupois—when a brilliant idea struck us and we resolved to climb through the transom. After long and wearisome efforts we succeeded in climbing up to it, but lo! and behold! it was bolted on the outside, and any avenue of escape in this direction was entirely impossible.

The only resource left was the before-mentioned small windows at the end of the corridor. We attempted to open them, but found them nailed fast. We selected what seemed the most vulnerable, and, after splitting three finger nails and indulging in a certain amount of praying for the future eternal bliss of the nails and the man who drove them in, we succeeded in extracting them and lifting the sash. We will not dwell on our excruciating efforts to get through the aperture thus formed (only about 15 inches square), nor on the jar to our nervous system by the drop of a dozen feet on the other side, and that onto the iron-covered steps of a staircase. Suffice it to say that we succeeded, hatless and coatless, in descending the stairs only to find a prefect, with a key to open the door, just coming to let us out; for our absence had been noted and its probable cause guessed. We had just brushed ourselves off and given ourselves a presentable appearance for dinner, when the busy hum of voices on the division announced that the aforesaid noontide meal was over. Our feelings can be imagined, and so we draw the veil. The time to recall more recollections was not left, for we had reached the end of the corridor and must accomplish the object of our mission. We found the door here opened as we expected, and, following the recommendation of a fellow classmate of last year, "took a flight," and soon all memories of "ye olden days" were lost in the smoke of a fragrant Havana, and the genial conversation of one of our professors.

E. J.



THE CLASS OF ENGLISH PHILOSOPHY, 1891.

"PANDORA."

BLEST with all gifts that Beauty claims as hers,
Pandora, woman's type, on earth appears.
From Venus, grace with countless other charms;
From Maia's son, sweet speech more strong than arms.
From staid Minerva, presents rich and rare,
All came at once to 'dorn this direful Fair.
Prometheus, having dared Jove's vengeful ire,
Through madness wild purloined that heavenly fire
With which, as many ancient legends say,
He wished to animate his forms of clay.
For this offence, to thee, unhappy Earth!
Came countless woes in fair Pandora's birth—
Who, by her charms, was doomed to sway man's will,
And bring upon him foul and grievous ill.
First of her sex, and fickle like the rest,
She falsely broke her husband's stern behest.
She oped the box whence every ill to man,
With blasting touch this mighty world o'erran.
Of all the contents of that baleful jar,
But Hope remained, Hope, man's lone guiding star.

BEN.

THE END.

(JUNE, '84.)

ANOTHER year has passed away; a college year with all its ups and downs; its class days and recreation days; its bright and its dull days; its feasts and its fasts; its plays and its baseball; its societies and its meetings; its speeches and its addresses; its joys and disappointments. On the whole it has been a pleasant year; the veriest crank must admit that. The retrospect from September to June leaves little to be desired in the harmonious working of a college world; and *a le* valedictorian, we might truly say: "May our lives have many such years as the past."

In looking over these ten months, what is it that makes each an emphasized epoch of its own, gives to each its own peculiar coloring, and helps to energize the passage of the scholastic term? Is it not the MONTHLY? Candidly,—putting aside the unpleasant fact of its being a little late at times—would not the paper be greatly missed by the students if it should cease to issue after this year? An honest answer would say yes. But why speak of the cessation of the MONTHLY? Is it possible that the departure of the old board of editors means the death of the paper? Certainly not. The old saw says, "There are as good fish in the water as ever were caught"; so there is left at "St. John's" no dearth of men fitted to be editors. But to be able is one thing; to be willing another. Facts are said to be stubborn things; and it is just those stubborn things that darken the outlook for next year. Now what are the facts concerning the FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY for the past year? It is a fact that it was very good at times; at times not so good. It is a fact that it received some complimentary notices from its contemporaries, and some uncomplimentary ones. It is a fact that it had a fair circulation, and was passably supported by the friends of the institution. And it is a fact that it was shamefully supported, neglected and disregarded by the very students whose college it represented. The whole burden of the work was thrown on the few who had the happiness (?) to be called the staff. Outside of the Faculty and the board of editors there was not interest enough manifested to keep the paper afloat for five consecutive minutes. Several of the editors belonged to the class of Philosophy, and, consequently, it was only during their hours of recreation that they could find time to do their work for the journal. If the paper came out late, or was at times loosely put together, it was because it is impossible for the same persons to have forty-five irons in the fire and attend to them all equally well. Yet, after every issue, both those who could write but would not, and those who could not even if they would, proceeded to turn up their noses and pronounce—in their own parlance—as "bum" the paper that had cost the few devoted to its interest a great deal of pains and trouble. Now this should not be. The paper goes before the country as the work of the students, and it is they who are accredited with the honor of a good sheet or the dishonor of an inferior one. Therefore they should be most anxious to encourage the MONTHLY, and give it the benefit of their abilities. True, there were some praiseworthy exceptions. From the classes of Belles-Lettres, Classics, First and Second Grammar we received an odd article, and the MONTHLY takes this occasion of publicly thanking the members of the above-named classes who contributed.

These are a few of the facts connected with the past history of the MONTHLY, and surely they call for a thorough reformation if Fordham is to have a representative paper in the future. Some people may think that it is not in good taste to make these remarks now that the year is over. It is a pity about them. If such remarks were not made earlier it was because the writer had not an opportunity of so doing. He does so now because he wishes to see the MONTHLY in the front rank of college journals; because he has spent two pleasant years in its service; and because now that he is about to sever his connection with it, one of his most fervent wishes in the future will be for the long life and brilliant success of the FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY. C.

A FLOWER FROM THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

OH! rose, new-charmed by angel ———'s breath,
Culled from thy mates to join a brother flower,
Thou sweet memorial from the couch of death,
Bear with th' emotions of the passing hour!
For, as I gaze into thy petaled heart
That held communion with an angel form,
Rebellious murmurs into being start,
And, all unbidden, wake rebellion's storm.
OH! death, to nip the bud of that sweet life,
How could thy cruel hirelings serve thee so!
To crush the heart from out a loving wife!
To fill a manly breast with joyless woe!
Oh! heartless monster! for thy chill repast
Couldst thou not pluck some more unsightly flower?
And, satiate with thy ravage in the past,
Permit the rapture of their infant hour?
Knew'st thou the thousand hopes that centered there?
The father's pride? the mother's love and joy?
And didst not pause their darling first to spare?
Hadst thou delight to take so fair a boy?—
Ah, no!—dear rose, thy dumb reproof I take;
Those sighs are but the offspring of my love,
Oh! selfish worlding I, who fain would make
An earthly pilgrim of this heaven-flown dove!
No, no! sweet child, come not again to earth,
This vale of tears is irksome at its best;
Enjoy the bliss for which thou hadst thy birth,
Two exiled hearts are soothed to know thee blest.
And from those halls, where joy eternal reigns,
Hold baby converse with those wounded hearts;
Thou, free from sin, from loss, from worldly pains,
Send consolation that sweet peace imparts.

AMICUS.

CLASS '84.

ONCE more Commencement Day is here, bringing with it joy and sadness. Joy because we are released for a time from the cares and anxieties of college life, and sadness because on this day most of our dearest friends are separated from us. The members of class '84 have so endeared themselves to everybody, that now when they are ending their long sojourn among us it seems that our hearts are emptied out. Students of no ordinary talent, they have been most faithful in their class duties, without, at the same time, separating themselves from the companionship of the rest of the school; but by joining in the sports and pastimes of the crowd they have made themselves the moving spring of First Division. Has there been anything in which the Seniors have not had a hand? Have they not started and formed plans for the amusement and instruction of the House? Everywhere we shall miss them. The MONTHLY'S staff will sorely regret their going. Our Baseball nine will amount to little or nothing without them. Our Dramatic, Historical, and Debating Societies will feel their want at every meeting. The Choir and Glee Club will lose some of their best singers. And in every heart will there not be a void? Will not the cheerful voices of some and the bright faces of others appear or sound to us at every step that we may take through our College halls? And yet is it not always thus? Do we not often, during our lives, have to sacrifice what is nearest and dearest to us? So it is now. We have to say "Farewell, a long farewell," to those who have been our dearest and nearest friends, to those who have somewhat made up for the loss of home and family. Whither will they all disappear? Shall we ever see them or even hear from them again? Their loss will be felt for all time. But let nothing on our part cast a gloom over their parting moments. Let us put on pleasant and smiling countenances, grasp our friends firmly by the hand and bid them adieu.

The MONTHLY does so, and wishes to each member of class '84 a long and prosperous career, and hopes that through the years that are to come they may not forget that they were once students of old St. John's.

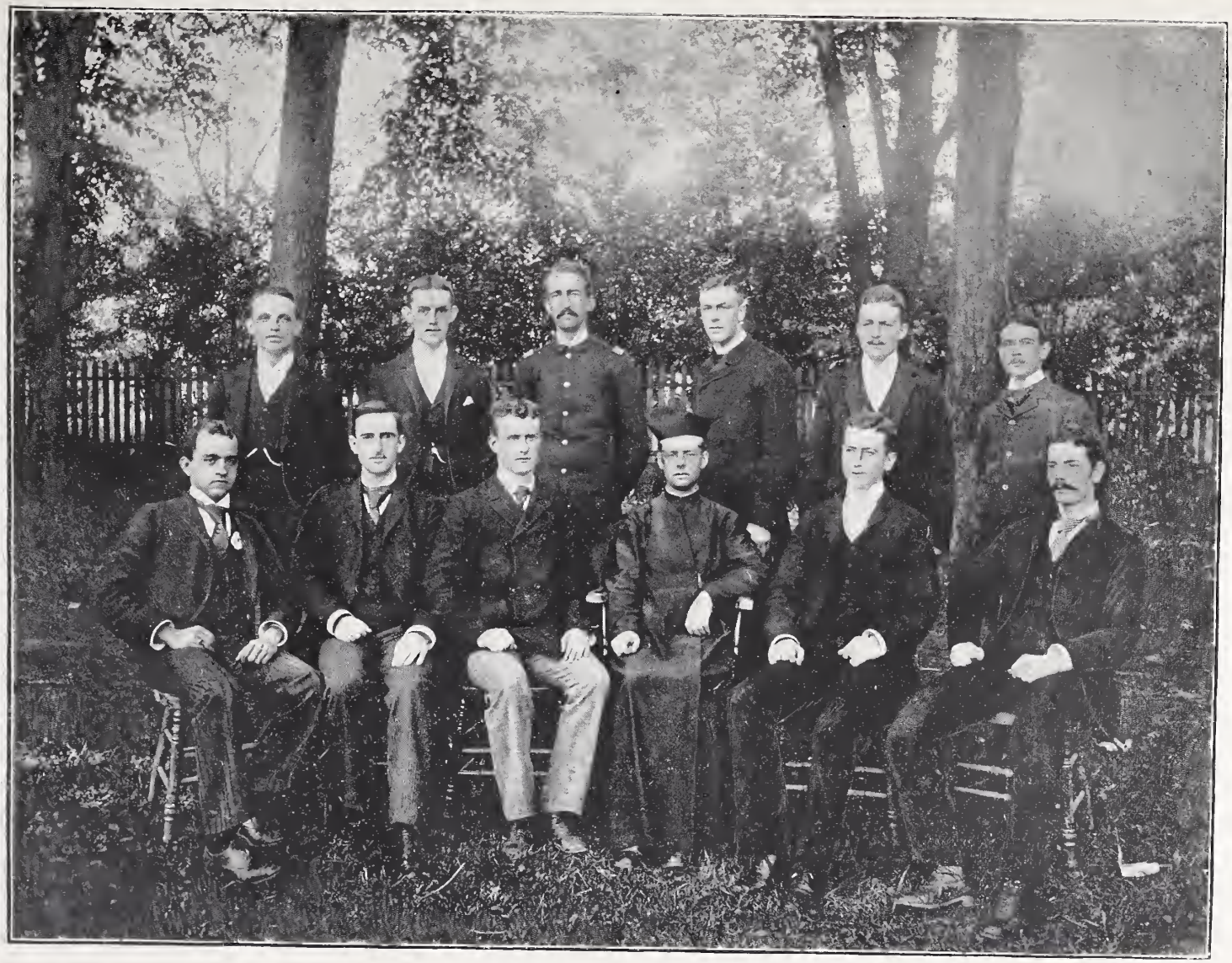
WORDSWORTH.

THEE, Wordsworth, nature's smile must ever greet,
Thy lowly tomb her brightest beams will gild,
Her fairest flowers with tears for thee be filled,—
And sweetest murmurs from the brook will meet,
In music with the breeze, upon thy grave;
Thy lay is one, like nature's summer song,
Of brook, and breeze, and wave, and wingèd throng,
To move the heart to gladness, and to lave
In streams of chastened peace the mourner's breast
That, oft desponding, reads thy tuneful line,
And feels his sinking soul made strong to brave
The storm of grief, and cradled is to rest;
And guiding thoughts like stars above him shine,
The while he thanks thy voice so skilled to save.

O.

THE RELIC OF A POET.

ABOUT a quarter of a mile from Fordham station, and situated on one of the main roads of the village of Fordham, there stands a little house, which is known in the neighborhood as the Poe cottage. In itself the cottage is not an imposing structure, nor would we naturally glance at it a second time; but when we hear that Edgar Allen Poe once dwelt within it, and that the famous poem of "The Raven" was composed within its walls, it seems to grow in our eyes, and attracts our closest attention.



CLASS OF '92.

The house is a very old-fashioned edifice, covered on the outside partly by shingles, partly by boards. It rises only two stories in height, but appears lower than it really is, on account of the long slant of the roofs of both the house and porch. The porch, by-the-bye, is a thing worthy of notice: it is not like most of the porches we have nowadays,—mere articles of show,—but is large and roomy, running the entire length of the house, and rising as high as the eaves. The windows bear a quaint look, especially the dormer windows overlooking the porch; they are not more than two feet square, at the most, and yet they are divided into as many as fifteen tiny panes of glass. In general, the outward appearance of the house is homely and hospitable, and this fact leads the curious visitor to enter and view the interior.

On entering the house, our thoughts are carried back to a half a century ago. The rooms are wide and spacious; in one of them the floor, tiled with bricks just below the mantel, gives evidence that here was once an open grate, —the grate perhaps from which, on that dreary midnight long ago,—

"Each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor."

Everything within the house speaks of antiquity, and the broad, airy rooms are so many tokens of the generous ideas of the people long ago.

About the house there are a few cherry-trees, which afford a pleasant shade, but which, on the other hand, prevent the passer-by from catching a good view of the entire house. There are also some althea bushes here and there, in different corners of the garden, which help to make the scene more picturesque. Behind the house there is an apple orchard, and on the other side of the orchard a steep hill of rock, from the top of which a magnificent view can be had of the Fordham College buildings, of the Catholic Protectory in Westchester, and of the village of Fordham.

No matter what the season of the year in which we look at the cottage,—whether it be in the happy spring-tide, or in the hot days of summer, or in the bright days of autumn,—we always seem to look at it in the time of winter, simply because we have been accustomed to fancy it surrounded with ice and snow, from reading of it as it stood in a winter forty years ago. The cottage is admirably preserved from the wear of time, and is much as it used to be in the days of Poe.

P. L., '89.

PURPOSELESS.

I HAD a wish, 'twas in my boyhood's years,
To do some master deed for human kind;
To tell some tale that soften would to tears
The hardened soul, that with repentant mind
Fast might it cleave unto its Maker, God;
To rouse to life with soul-inspiring speech
My nation, place within its venturous reach
Fair Freedom, in whose cause ancestral swords
Were bared and gleamed the light of warring hordes,
But life's uncertain maze with feeble steps I trod,
With aimless plucking of some wayside flowers,
With thoughts which inly burning no light gave
To cheer the night of man in starless hours:
A fruitless growth I sink into the grave.

OUR BOYS AT PENNYFIELD.

(SUMMER, '84.)

THE students who remained at College during the summer vacation just ended, passed a very pleasant time at Pennyfield. The summer house of the College is located in the hamlet of Pennyfield, on the shores of Long Island Sound, in Westchester County, New York State.

It is a very pretty villa, built in the "Queen Anne" style of architecture, and was formerly the residence of Gov. Morgan, of New York State.

The grounds are large and well kept, and from the piazza in front of the house the view is very fine indeed. Beyond the broad expanse of lawn that surrounds the house,—over the blue waters of the Sound, dotted with sails that seem like large swans floating lazily on its waters, and basking in the rays of the afternoon sunshine,—the tall column of Stepping-Stones Lighthouse rears its friendly head, and the blue shores of Long Island rise abruptly from the waves. On either hand, the waters of the Sound stretch away until they are lost in the distance. To the right are Forts Willetts and Schuyler, with their black and frowning guns just seen peeping through the portholes, guarding the entrance to this Arcadia; while to the left may be seen the shores of City Island, and just beyond lies that little gem, Glen Island,—a most romantic place, where one can enjoy all the pleasures of the seaside without going any farther.

The lawn in front of the house is well shaded by a number of fine old trees, one among them, a copper-beech, being very noticeable from its height, the peculiar color of its leaves, and its extreme rarity.

Here one could pass a pleasant hour in a hammock, with a "Seaside" as a companion, or spend the afternoon *in day-dreams*, and watch the white clouds floating lazily in the broad expanse of ether overhead. The amusements were many and varied. One could join the crowd playing baseball on the lawn were he so inclined; the bather could bathe to his heart's content on the smooth, shingly beach; and the fishermen of the party were delighted by the large hauls made. If one had a nautical turn of mind, he could take a nice sail in the sloop rented

for that purpose. There were quite a number of "grand clam bakes," which were ably superintended by our friend, Mr. Dougherty. The festive clam abounds in Pennyfield; in fact, most of the inhabitants thereof earn a sustenance by dragging the aforesaid clams from their native haunts, and selling them to the hungry New Yorker.

Some interesting events occurred during the season. The first I have to chronicle was a baseball game between a nine composed mostly of Second Division boys, and a picked nine from a picnic party, in which our boys came off victors. The next event of importance happened July 10th, to wit: a boat race between Messrs. Toraya and Cordero, and Messrs. Lennon and Mead,—double sculls, one-mile course. Messrs. Lennon and Mead came in about five boat-lengths ahead of their opponents, thus winning the wager; time, eight minutes. Considering the fact that wind and tide were both adverse, this was very good time for amateurs. Shortly afterward Mr. M. Lennon accomplished the feat of swimming from Pennyfield to City Island, a distance of three miles, in one hour and five minutes. This was accomplished in the face of a strong tide, and was an exceptional feat for an amateur. Mr. Lennon deserves to be complimented on his accomplishment in the art of swimming, as well as for his courage and powers of endurance.

Before closing, I wish to tender my sincere thanks to our esteemed and respected Superior, the Rev. Fr. Jouin, S.J., and his two able assistants, Brothers Considine and Hallahan, for their uniformly kind and hospitable treatment of me while there. I shall never forget it, and I am sure that this sentiment is echoed in the breast of every student who remained there last summer.

ANON.

"AN ENIGMA."

IN the ray of the sun that enlightens the earth,
In the glorious bow that it calls into birth,
In the frolicsome brooklet that laughs as it hies,
In the calm flowing river that mirrors the skies,
Imbedded in granite deep buried I dwell
Where expires the air; like a vanquishing spell,
In the midst of the earth, in the voice of the sky,
When the lightning leaps down from its mansion on high.
In the soft breathing zephyr, the rose that it woos,
And e'en in the perfume the flowers diffuse.
In all these I dwell,—then say what I am,
Or say what you are, you will utter my name.

LAPH.

ANSWER TO LAPH'S "ENIGMA."

I'M the root of all right and the soul of all wrong,
The Pride of the brave and the strength of the strong.
I am found in the clapper, though not in the bell,
And at once on both sides of the river I dwell.
Though living in Concord I'm ever in ire,
My presence can make e'en the marriage tie tire.
I'd fly from all harm, were it not that I am
So very unwilling to leave my friend Ham.
In error I live and in slaughter delight,
I'm oft in retreat, yet I'm never in flight.
My residence proper, if it you would view,
By only one street is divided from you.
I'm found in the orbit of planet and star,
I'm the head of the rake and the tail of the tar.
I delight in the sword, in the spear, in the car,
Though not in the wound I come in the scar.
I live not in peace, yet I terminate war,
Though not in the alphabet, still I am—R.

GOOSEQUILL.

OUR READING-ROOM.

WE run no risk of being censured when we assert that 1st Division Reading-room is as well appointed, just as inviting, equally as well stocked with mental pabulum, and quite as richly furnished as many an apartment provided by the fashionable clubs of the metropolis. Dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies are strewn in lavish profusion over the tables. Every taste has been provided for and every cast of opinion, political or literary—to the exclusion (of course) of socialism, revolutionism, and blood and thunderism—finds in some column or page its legitimate representation. There is the "Sun," shining in undimmed splendor, and "Truth," moist and dripping from her moss-grown well. There are the "Times," pictured to the very life, and the "World," with its pomps and vanities and hard-won experience. There is a "Star" that twinkles on the broad forehead of the morn, and a "Tribune" that shouts for Blaine, and a "Herald," that, when permission is granted, lifts up its voice for Grover. There are papers that appeal chiefly to the eye—with pictures that weep, that smile, that laugh outright. Many of them have travelled far to be with us; have journeyed many miles by sea and by land; have lain in huge leather bags, in close companionship with merchandise from every clime, and have been within earshot of the wind quarrelling with Atlantic billows, and threatening human life with shipwreck and death. What a vast magazine of instruction is our Reading-room in itself! How it speaks of editors cudgelling their inert brains to provide the people with new facts and new thoughts; of strong arms guiding gigantic machinery; of all-night toil; of bustling morning activity; of reportorial enterprise and daring, by star and sunlight; of a spiritual, mastering mind, directing a million energies, and elaborating cosmic order out of seething chaos. Verily, we have progressed these last fifty years, and the fertility of reproduction is amazing. No growth is so marvellous as the growth of a newspaper. A bantling such a short time ago, and now a giant mon-

CLASS OF '94.

arch, compelling the service of matter and mind, and subjecting everything and every one to its sway. These and many other suggestions rush into our mind every time we sit ourselves down in our cozy reading-room, to peruse with eager anticipation the latest news. No news for the world unless war and plague and crime. What instinct in us is it that makes us throw down our journal, disappointed unless we find the details of some catastrophe, some battle, some financial crash, some murder, some suicide, or some of the many other crimes that make us aweary of our miserable world? Is it curiosity? Or is it that instinct created by journalism itself, that instinct which, for want of a better name, we must call sensationalism, or the instinct that hungers for excitement? Ah, me! But the lights are fading and the evening comes on apace, and there is a noise of keys that tells the doors are closing, and that the Reading-room will be the abode of silence and solitude till the morrow.

POESY.

A SPELL there is that charms the human mind,
Whose power by all is felt, by none defined,
With charms of heathen eld, it victor vies;
We see it raise a mortal to the skies,
And render him in spirit like a god;
It takes earth's lowliest things—the vulgar clod,
A tiny blade of grass, a trampled flower,
And gives them, by its more than magic power,
A silent voice that seems of seraph land,
And thrills us as it tells its lessons grand,
While we stand rapt; or, in all homage bent,
Revere in tumult of mute wonderment.
We name it Poesy, but cannot tell
What means the name, save "'Tis a mighty spell."
"The Bard of Avon, Albion's proudest boast,
Whose "oceanic mind" begot such host
Of beauteous fancies and creations rare,
E'en he has failed to tell whence poets wear
That "frenzy fine" that names e'en airy naught
And local dwelling place for it has wrought.

We often see a ray of light, all white
And pure from heaven, descend to earth when Night
Has left her starry throne, and sailed away
In Dian's silver boat, to leave the Day
With glorious Noon, upon their glittering throne,
O'er half the sullen world to rule alone.
Just as that sun-born ray, when made to pass
—Though seeming naught but white—through prismic glass
Astounds our gaze with all the colors fair
That deck the rainbow's path in realms of air,
So many things about us and within
To us seem not to be of Beauty's kin
Until the poet, with his prismic mind,
Transforms them, like the ray, and makes us find
Far grander beauties than e'er chanced to gleam
Where Iris' lights in mingling colors stream.

C. A. WINGERTER, '87

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

(1884.)

THE feast of the Immaculate Conception and the three hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Prima Primaria Sodality was celebrated in the Students' chapel, on Dec. 8th, with the pomp and grandeur befitting the occasion. In the morning at 7 there was general communion of all the students. At 9 A.M., a Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Fr. Cahill, S.J., as celebrant, Rev. Fr. O'Reilly, S.J., as deacon, Mr. J. Richly, S.J., as sub-deacon, and Mr. J. S. Doherty, '85, acted as master of ceremonies. The chancel choir, numbering thirty, under the direction of Mr. J. Quirk, S.J., rendered Battman's Convent Mass in G. At the offertory Mr. J. Weber, S.J., sang Lambillotte's "Ave Maria." Although mention has already been made of the chancel choir, nevertheless we cannot in justice ignore Masters Bennett, Horgan, and Harrington, who, at different parts of the mass, rendered some very fine "Solos" and "Duets." To add to the solemnity of the day, the students at 4 P.M. were called to the chapel to witness the baptism of one of their number, Master John C. Kelley, who for the past two months had been preparing himself for the sacrament of baptism under the instructions of Mr. J. Collins, S.J., and chose this solemn and auspicious day for his reception into the Church of Christ. At 4 P.M., Master Kelley in company with Fr. Halpin, S.J., Mr. Wingerter, and his father and sister, entered the College chapel followed by the students of First Division, who filled up the greater part of the chapel. When all was over he was warmly congratulated, first in a few feeling remarks by the Rev. Vice-Pres. Fr. Halpin, and then by all those about him.

In the evening, the Rev. Thomas J. McLoughlin, of St. Stephen's church, New York City, preached a very forcible and impressive sermon on the Immaculate Conception. At the close of his sermon there was grand orchestral vespers by the College orchestra and chancel choir, under the direction of Prof. Petersen. Mercadante's "Ave Verum" was rendered by Mr. J. Weber, S.J., alto, Prof. Petersen, tenor, and Mr. J. Quirk, S.J., basso. This was followed by Roseing's "Tantum Ergo," by the chancel choir and orchestra, the rendition of which showed much preparation and care on the part of both students and directors.

We find it impossible to close these remarks without complimenting first Mr. Quirk, S.J., for the interest which he has manifested toward the devotional exercises in this little College world of ours, and secondly to Prof. Petersen for the zealous manner in which he has worked to train the voices of the members of the choir and for the indefatigable labors and untiring energy he has always shown for the success of the chapel and orchestral music.

'86.

HORACE.

BK. 1ST, ODE 4TH.

FIERCE winter's gone; the tyrant king
Is put to flight by welcome spring,
And sweet Favonius.
Once more the unused Grecian ship
Into the briny deep may dip,
And sail the ocean o'er.
The flock does now its stall despise,
With very glee the former cries
That Winter hoar is dead.
The Cytherean virgin leads
The comely nymphs amid the meads
Under the pendent moon.
With flying feet the earth they shake,
While underneath the Cyclops make
The thunderbolts of Jove.
Now the flowers in myriads grow,
Pluck them up and crown your brow
In token of your joy.
Now Faunus by his right demands
A votive offering from our hands,
A tender kid or lamb.
And all the while pale death is nigh
At lowly sheds and towers high,
For him no one can bribe.
O Sestius! happy is the man
Who puts no faith in life's short span,
For it will sure deceive.
Soon Pluto's hall without egress
And mystic ghosts your soul possess
Condemned to dark abodes.
Well may your soul at this repine,
For then are past the feasts and wine,
And wine-kings chose by lot.

J. J. QUINN, '87.

A RAINY DAY.

AMONG the many little things during the year which tend to make college life unpleasant, I think the rainy day stands pre-eminently first. Rain on class days is very irksome, but what shall I say of the rainy recreation day? We will take a peep into the dormitory on one of those dreary mornings, and see the dampening effect the mucky rain has on the lively spirits of the boys. Every face appears as if it had gone through a process of elongation, and smiling countenances are as scarce as snowflakes in July. We will pass over the expression of disgust echoed on all sides, and the fierce invectives silently hurled against Jupiter Pluvius. After several inimitable yawns and wonderful contortions of the face, they get themselves into a sitting posture, and with a groan "ab imo pectore," inquire about the state of the weather. "Clouds to the right of us, clouds to the left of us, clouds all around us, heavy, unnumbered," is answered back.

But time flies and the dormitory is at last empty. Let us descend two flights. All the students are silently engaged in study. Those whose books lie open before them, and whose heads recline on their arms, are studying memory, and so wrapped up are they in their study that you might address them without their hearing you. Those with the drooping under-jaws, and dreamily gazing into the misty ether, are our astronomers. Engaged in a brown study they are totally oblivious of anything save the wonderful phenomena they are trying to solve. Weak pen of mine, ill are you able to record the heroic deeds of these students. Study-hall over, eighty stern countenances proceed in the direction of the chapel. Here, as well as in the refectory, we will overlook them, and suppose they have performed their duties well.

Now comes the tug of war. The long, dreary day is stretched out before the poor students. The heavy, surcharged clouds covering all the sky, the ceaseless patter of the rain bring on the blues, the bane of college boys. All ye who have had the blues know what pleasant companions they are. How lively they are who are afflicted with them, and with what zest they take part in everything to promote jollity. The only place where there seems to be any life is in our smoking parlors, situated about forty feet south of the big building. Here in hot debate stand the politicians of the house, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and all of them talking on different subjects at the same time. If a man has the tympanum of his ear well protected, he will forget the blues in this assembly.

There are two classes of boys, however, to whom the rainy day is not so disagreeable, to wit: the Billiard and Reading-room "fiends." Any time during the day you may chance to go into either of these departments, you will find them both well filled with the knights of the cue, or the quiet litterateurs.

MORE ANON.

THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE.

"WANTED, a boy!" 'tis written above
Coveted places of highest renown;
But the ladder of labor must ever be trod
By boyish feet, ere the sign comes down.

. . . . . .

CLASS OF SPECIAL LATIN, 1891.

The forum is echoing burning words
Of orators destined to pass away;
You will be wanted instead of them soon.
Men of the future are boys to-day.

IT is one of boys' chief delights to look forward to that time "when they will be men." They love to paint to their minds bright pictures of their future. They fancy themselves occupying "coveted places of highest renown," and their company sought after by men of the highest rank in society. In fact they think that time will be one continual round of pleasure and happiness. It may be very well for them to fill their minds with those vain fancies while they are boys, but when they become men how different they will find the reality of life from those gorgeous visions of it with which they were wont to delight their boyish minds.

Are they aware that while they are young it is the time for them to work instead of idly dreaming their time away? Are they aware that they are wasting the most precious part of their life in dreaming of the future instead of working for it? In filling their minds with hopes and fancies which shall never, perhaps, be realized, instead of storing them with useful knowledge and learning?

There is an old saying, "Take care of the *pennies*, and the *dollars* will take care of themselves"; so may we say take care of the *present* and the *future* will take care of itself. If boys perform their duty faithfully every day, always endeavoring to perform it to their best ability, they need not trouble themselves about the time "when they are men"; for when that time arrives they will find themselves prepared to undertake any labor they may be called to. While they are young, theirs is the spring-time of life; the time to sow the seeds of industry and knowledge that they may reap the reward hereafter; but if they plant the seeds of indolence and carelessness, they will repent it, perhaps, when it is too late. Heaven may not have bestowed "ten talents" upon all of them, but even if it has given only "one" to some let them not bury it in sloth, but try to make of it as much as they possibly can.

All have been placed upon this earth to labor. Labor is our mission here, and we must fulfil that mission by every means in our power. "There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted and forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair." There is pleasure, too, in work. How contented and happy we retire to rest when we feel that we have done our day's duty faithfully. Their boyhood is the time to lay the foundation of knowledge and learning; but it must be made as strong and solid as possible, so as to support the great, the real work of their life.

Men are passing away from the earth every day, leaving places after them that must be filled. The future depends upon the boys of the present. "Men of the future are boys to-day." They will then have to perform the duties of Government and Church; they will have to uphold commerce, science, literature, and religion. But will they be fit for all this if they waste the "golden season" of their lives in careless inactivity? Will they be of any benefit to the world if they do not daily strive to strengthen their minds by filling them with useful knowledge,—knowledge of which they cannot have too great an abundance, and all of which they will need in the near future? No; unless they train their spirit and mind by activity and industry while they are young, the serious duties of life will be too heavy for them to bear when they are men. Therefore study while you are young; sow plentiful seeds in the spring-time of life, and thus ensure for the future a golden harvest.

A PRAYER IN THE NIGHT.

IF one long ages dead could leave the grave,
And walk the earth,
He would not know this world Christ came to save,
Where he had birth.

For, though in Nature's face God's name is writ,
Men read it not;
Though God's own self would teach what's good and fit,
They'll *not* be taught.

At Falsehood's shrine the foolish world bows down,
Adores gold's gleam,
Gives Pseudo-progress Honor's bauble crown,
Thinks Truth a dream.

Men grovel darkest in this "Age of Light!"
Yet scorn Faith's hand;
And, scoffing, build their pride on Reason's might,
But build on sand.

Well might the dead one doubt e'en surest ken,
And say, all awed:—
"'Tis not the world I knew in life! for *then*—
We *then* had GOD!"

THE PRAYER.

God grant the blinded world again may see
And know the light!
God grant that Bethlehem's star *its* star may be,
This Christmas night!

C. A. WINGERTER, '87.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

ALL the "old Fordham students" will remember the little graveyard situated on the Boulevard, about a quarter of a mile east of the College. Hearing a great deal about its age and the zealous men whose bones lie mouldering there, we resolved to visit the famed spot. The day set apart for our visit was a bleak, dreary day, one consonant with the feelings of a man standing over the awful silence of the grave and asking himself, "Shall it be thus with me?" All nature was suggestive of death and dreariness. The few trees that spread their bare arms over the mounds, yielded with a groan to the chill blasts which ever and anon swept through their defoliated branches. The wooden crosses, black-painted and drooping, looked as if they were wearied with so much desolateness, and wished to fall and hide themselves in the rank weeds abundant at their feet. Many of the graves were without even a cross, and were covered with long, withered grass. After a cursory inspection of the appearance of the old graveyard, and a "would that we were enjoying such bliss as they are now," we began to read the names that marked the graves. Among the familiar names was that of Father Larkin. Father Larkin was the energetic priest and distinguished orator, whose society was courted by the elite of America. It is reported of him that once being called upon to address an assemblage of American officers, who were to attend in full military costume, he appeared before them with surplice and cassock on, saying: "You wear your regimentals, so I will wear mine." He was also the bosom friend and classmate of Dr. Lingard, the celebrated historian of England, and after his arrival in this country became president of St. John's College, Fordham. In an address to the students one commencement day, he said: "No doubt many of you feel bad not receiving any prizes; but when I was a boy at college I never received a prize. Mayhap you will divine the reason when I tell you I always had as an opponent Dr. Lingard, the famous historian of England."

We noticed next the name of Father Fitzpatrick. Before entering the Society Father Fitzpatrick was a student at Fordham. After he had finished his novitiate he was transferred back to Fordham, and acted as First Prefect of First Division during the stormy times. The "old strap," which is still the special regard of our honored Vice-President (on account of its antiquity), Father Fitzpatrick often used to great advantage. We are not certain whether it still retains its pristine powers, but we refer any curious antiquarian to Third Division for enlightenment on the subject. The next familiar name that met our gaze was Father Monroe's. A few months before entering the society Father Monroe was a Protestant, and commander of a vessel making an expedition to Japan. Before setting sail he asked Father Doucet for a "Life of St. Francis Xavier," and shortly after the return of the expedition he entered the Society. He was very dear to all the boys on account of the justice and fairness which always characterized his actions. His thorough detestation of dirt, engendered by ship life, ever remained with him. It is told of him that one day when he came into class and saw saliva on the floor, he uttered in true captain style, "Boys, no spitting on deck." We also recognized the name of Father Tissot. He was for a long time Treasurer of St. John's College, and President also for four months. We are told that he so disliked the office of President that every day for the four months of his rectorship he sent a letter to the General begging to be removed from office. The General, wearied with his importunings, at length granted his request. He was a splendid athlete, hand-ball player, and skater. This last exercise he liked so much that he had a pair of boots made, off which he seldom took his skates.

We were personally acquainted with Father Pacciarini, as he was with us during the years 1883 and 1884, until his death. He acted as assistant Parish Priest to Father Finnegan. It is unnecessary to speak about his life, since you all know it, both from the congratulatory address delivered to him in our chapel on his fiftieth anniversary by his old pupil, Father Toner, and from the sketch of his life in one of the issues of the FORDHAM COLLEGE MONTHLY. Many were the thoughts that suggested themselves as we walked through the "Old Graveyard." When we considered the extraordinary abilities of these men just mentioned, we were inclined to rail against the appreciation of the world; but when we recollected that they sought not the perishable honors of the world, but the everlasting glory of heaven, we exclaimed, "Wise men!"

PLEASURE.

SAY where, alluring nymph, thou lovest to dwell
On earth, in heaven, or 'neath the billows' swell?
In fame, in martial pomp, or regal show?
Or dwellest thou amid eternal snow?

Perhaps thy dwellings are in southern climes
Where zephyrs lull to sleep at curfew chimes;
Where honey flows in streams from every tree,
And twilight's hymn is chanted by the bee.

Or canst thou 'bide where Phospher leads in morn
And mild Auroras the eastern skies adorn?
With Vesper wilt thou rest at parting day,
To lull grief's aching stings with soothing lay?

No matter where I seek, I find thee not,
For fruitless efforts seem to be my lot.
I've sought thee here and there and everywhere,
Vain task, alas! methinks I must despair.

ST. JOHN'S DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

Some said you could be found in books and lore
Where poet sages worshipped thee of yore;
Some said you loved to see the foaming bowl
Where sorrow's knell delights the weary soul.

Believe them not; less fleet's the rainbow hue
Which scarcely seen, is hidden from the view,
Than phantom pleasure on bright fancy's steed
Which comes and goes, in dreams, with elfish speed.

When dewy eve descends with cooling shades
To glad the panting flocks and parched glades,
Alone I wander then in search of thee:
Nor words, nor smiles prevent thee still to flee.

Minerva's charms but speed thy foldless wing
To blast bright hope and poison deep the sting.
Oft hast thou blighted genius' sunny flower
Pregnant with worth, 'biding the fruitful hour.

When bounteous Spring her store unfolds for bees
With leaf and flower and blossom for the trees,
Then loitering on with pensive step and slow,
My soul with hopes, nigh gained, began to glow.

Yet all was but the shadow of a dream
More transient than the swiftly flowing stream,
Less true than thoughts that flit across the minds
When sleep our limbs in death-like slumber binds.

Oh, Pleasure! if thou art a being, come now!
One word, one smile: My heart the price I vow.
I've sought thee here and there and everywhere,
Vain task, alas! methinks I must despair.

Give me the days, the years, for thee I've lost
To shield me from the blast in age's frost.
My youth restore to prop this tottering frame,
And then, avaunt, with all thy gifts and fame.

NONNULLUS.

A RUINED ABBEY.

"The long-ribbed aisles are burst and shrunk,
The holy shrines to ruin sunk,
Departed is the pious monk,
God's blessing on his soul!"

—*Rediviva.*

THERE is always a certain amount of solemnity connected with a ruined abbey: the strange legends and superstitions concerning the place fill the mind of the intruder with imaginary terrors; while the romantic solitude itself, with its ghostly memories, its swarms of bats and solemn-looking owls, and its long, grotesque shadows, all combine to awaken a feeling of dread in the breast of him who ventures near to it. When beheld by day, the beautifully carved arches and pillars of a ruined abbey are indeed interesting objects to scan and admire; but it is when seen by moonlight that its solemnity deepens and awakes our awe; then it is that it shows forth in all its grandeur and sublimity.

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray."

An uncontrollable feeling of reverence creeps over a person as he beholds the crumbling walls, the ruined shrines, the cracked and broken floors, which had once been the scenes of numberless incidents that have long passed from the memory of man, and the actors in which have returned to the dust from which they sprang.

Here are the remnants of what had once been a strong and massive wall, standing out in strong relief against the bright background of moonlit sky. Here is the Gothic archway under which once stood the massive doors which have long since disappeared, and whose place is filled with heaps of stones, among which some rugged trees and shrubs, struggling to strike root, defiantly wave their bare and leafless branches as the wind whistles about the corners and through the cracks and crevices in the broken wall.

Within all is bright as day; the roof long ago succumbed to the attacks of wind and weather, and the moonbeams stream in through the opening, and through the shattered windows, filling the place with a heavenly light, and throwing long, fantastic shadows of massive pillar and buttress along the cracked and grass-grown floor, which seem to the startled vision like the spirits of the holy monks, moving about from place to place, in pursuance of their devotions. The trees and grass have grown in through many a cleft in the ivy-covered walls, that many a time resounded to the chants of the monks, and which, though seamed and scarred by the storms of centuries, still hold themselves erect, as if in defiance of the elements. All over the whole edifice are to be found massive pillars, mostly lying shattered and broken, on the ground; some few indeed stand upright, but these so worn and disfigured as to retain no trace of their former beauty.

There within the chancel stands the dismantled altar, upon which many a Solemn Mass had been offered in days gone by; but now,

"The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
Gray moss has clad the altar stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,
The bell has ceased to toll."

Beneath it lie rotting the earthly remains of many a

pious and learned abbot, and around it their spirits seem to hover, jealously guarding the last resting-place of their crumbling bones.

As I gaze on the ruin and decay on every side, my thoughts wander back to the days when this mass of crumbling stone was looked upon as a masterpiece of architecture; when the candles flickered upon the high altar, and the sun, streaming in through the stained windows, threw a soft and mellow light over the long and solemn procession of monks that filed through the aisles, causing the walls to resound to the praises of their Creator. And as I revolve these things in my mind, there seems to pass in review before my mental vision a long procession of mitred abbots and coarsely-habited friars; along the broad aisle they go with slow and solemn tread, only to disappear suddenly as I rouse myself from this waking dream, only to find that the moon has sunk, and, save for the pale light of the stars, all is dark. The wind howls mournfully through the dark aisles and passages; the trees rustle softly as they bow their heads before the blast; and the walls loom up darkly on every side, as I turn to pick my way carefully through the *débris* out of the ruin.

"And home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair."

T. GAFFNEY TAAFFE, '90.

A THOUGHT OF HOME.

ONE winter's time, long months ago,
By the fireside warmly glowing,
I sat and mused, my head bent low,
My future little knowing.

The room about, the books beside,
And all the well-known places—
Old friends of mine—no joy denied
But glowed with untold graces.

A sister dear, within my book
Unthinking dropped a flower
That bloomed within a neighboring nook
As in a spring-time bower.

To-day when I am far away
And by my master hurried,
I meet the flower she plucked that day
And in my volume buried.

I stay a minute, kiss the flower,
And while I try to save it,
I feel the gentle guiding power
Of her who fondly gave it.

I think of father, mother kind,
And of my sister, brothers,
Of parents' pride to me confined—
Though worthier far the others.

Anew I strive with mounting pride,
Not only now, but ever,
Triumphant o'er life's ills to ride
By bold and firm endeavor.

Thus oft upon the tide of life
We meet some simple token,
That shows us, though our trials are rife,
The power of home's not broken.

M. W. HOLLAND, '87.

AN APPEAL.

IN the region of the sanctum
Girt around with ancient volumes,
Girt around with things mysterious,
Dwells the man of many shekels;
He who loves to see THE MONTHLY
Make the circuit of the nations
And bring back the mighty dollars
From all those who take the paper.
But of late his brow is clouded,
For his hopes are disappointed;
Dollars have not come so freely
As he thought in the beginning.
"Let me see," he says in secret,
"There are some men on Division
Who have not yet paid their dollar,
But they take the paper monthly;
Surely they will pay their dollar
And afford us means of paying
All our 'bills,' which now are pressing,
Pressing for immediate payment.
And our friends beyond the confines
Of the famous walls of Fordham,
Who receive the paper monthly,
Graduates, and Fordham students
And all lovers of Belles-Lettres,
Must remember that THE MONTHLY
Has to pay the printer, porter,
Has to pay for stamps and wrappers,
Has to pay for pens and paper,
That it may delight its readers.
Should they not then feel our kindness
And acknowledge our hard labors
By straight sending him a dollar,
Him whose heart is filled with sorrow,
Since he has not yet the means of
Paying Uncle Sam, the printer,
Porter, or the bill for wrappers.

Sure you cannot coldly see him
Pining since he is neglected.
Send him then your year's subscription,
Send him soon the mighty dollar,
That his heart may glow within him,
That he may be free from sorrow."

J. J. QUINN, '87.

THE BIRD OF THE MORNING.

"THE bloom of the earth and the glow of the sky
Win the loud-trilling lark from his nest;
But though gushingly rich are his pæans on high,
Yet, sweet robin, I like thee the best."

Is it true that the gay little songsters, the creatures of the skies, nature's fairest children, have not the same emotions and feelings as ourselves? Our elders tell us it is true; and yet it is hard to believe. Now is the springtime, and the birds have come back to their northern homes after their long exile—we must say, then, they feel no joy in coming back. Who can tell the joy that swells the heart of a true "Jack tar," who has returned to his native harbor after long weary months of absence? The sweet birds, too, have their native land, the land they were forced to leave by the cruel tyranny of winter; and to judge from their promptness in returning when winter's sway is over, and from their happy music, they love their native land as much as the sailor loves his. We must say their joy is none the less.

Most of these happy creatures return from their southern wanderings during the month of April, although some have the courage to return to our fickle climate as early as the windy month of "Mars." Yet "May" is the smiling and agreeable hostess of nearly all that can truthfully be called "our birds." As soon as they have made their nests ready they immediately set to work at their housekeeping, and soon appear to be utterly unmindful of the fact that they have been so long away from us.

We all missed the birds; for we one and all seemed to feel that the chill, bleak dreariness of winter came from their absence. In fact, everything in winter told us of their flight; even the pure snow, winter's beautiful gift to mother earth, in its silent fall seemed to recall forcibly to our minds the fact that our trees, meadows, and dales were no longer peopled by sweet songsters. Without the birds, no beauty of nature is complete; with the birds in springtime, the green meadows, the fertile fields, the budding trees, and the bright blue sky form a perfect scene, a reflex of God's beautiful home in heaven. Truly, we cannot be too grateful to our Father for such a masterpiece of His love.

Shortly before "our birds" return to us, sweet-scented flowers spring quickly out of the earth, like the fairies of yore, to prepare homes and sylvan retreats for their coming. Besides, they warn us to expect daily our tuneful friends.

To a true lover of nature, many a flower foretells the return of one or more of the birds. The dandelion tells us to prepare to receive "Procne," or the swallow; the dog-toothed violet warns us that the wood-thrush is nigh; and we are assured by the wake-robin that our blithe, gay, merry-go-lucky little American robin has again taken up his abode amongst us.

This last-mentioned little warbler, the subject of our theme, is the chief bird of spring, and the hardy and adventurous herald of the thrush family. He can easily be recognized by his plumage, which is of a—but why should I attempt to describe him, since everybody knows him?

Robin is very partial indeed to April; that is to say, he generally returns to us in that month. Some, however, have the daring to seek their northern homes in March. Their strength of wing is something wonderful. The "turdus migratorius," as he is styled by naturalists, possesses a clear, joyous, and musical voice. At daybreak he may be heard carolling his simple strain from the tops of large trees, and, if we are to judge of him from his voice, we must at once pronounce him free, light-hearted, and reckless.

Moreover, he may be heard giving vent to his feelings on a wet, cloudy day, as well as on a clear, cloudless one. In fact, the weather has, apparently, no influence at all upon his ever-buoyant spirits; although, when the day is clear he is more universally seen and heard. In the forest we see him racing, flying, and hopping in the tree-tops, and we hear him rustling through their foliage in his reckless sport. In the meadows we are made aware of his nearness by his joyous "Be cheery," or his shrill "He he he he he!" At sundown he is seen perched on the topmost branches of tall maples, and heard chanting the dirge-hymn of the sun. Truly the poet exclaims:

"How pleasant the life of a robin must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree:
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon,
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by."

In short, robin has ensconced himself in every nook and corner of Nature's large heart. His vocation, as some writer of a poetical turn of mind has put it, seems to be to inspire mankind with cheerfulness and content. One can scarce conceive the depth of feeling contained in the heart of our merry little "Bird of the Morning."

Robin red-breast's domicile, though not luxurious or richly wrought, is very durable, but it certainly does not indicate that he is "either a skilled workman or an artist

of taste." Very frequently robin builds his nest chiefly of long, black horse hairs, arranged in a circular manner, and compactly lines it with a quantity of dead grass. At other times he chooses to erect his mansion out of a kind of rock-moss. The nest for the second brood is far inferior to that in which the first were hatched and raised. The last one has the appearance of being hastily erected. This is accounted for by some from the fact that, as the season draws to a close, Mr. and Mrs. Robin become fearful lest they may not have time to raise their second family of youngsters, so that they spend very little time in constructing their second nest.

Although not naturally of a quarrelsome or pugnacious disposition, robin generally manages to defend his rights; and he is as brave as a lion when danger threatens either his young or a companion. Such is his courage that he will not even hesitate to attack the tyrannical king-bird if necessity require it. When he once enters into a quarrel he does not leave it till he either conquers or is conquered. There is no such thing as shirking with our brave little robin. Fear to him is quite a stranger, and the same may truthfully be said of discontent.

"Oh, would that like thee I could meet with all change,
And ne'er murmur at aught that is sent,
Oh, would I could bear with the dark and the fair,
And still hail it with voice of content."

Robin is a very early riser; hence his appellation "The Bird of the Morning." But though such is the case, his manner of living varies a little from the old maxim: "Early to bed and early to rise," etc., for he does not at all retire at very seasonable hours, but, on the contrary, proclaims his wakefulness long after the rest of the feathery tribe are wrapt in slumbers.

Among many other good points, robin possesses that of great attachment for his young; and it has been remarked by men who have made the habits and ways of birds a study, that he very often allows his sense of duty to be overborne by his affection. He also imagines that *his* are the most beautiful and accomplished youngsters under the sun. It is a very interesting and amusing sight to watch master robin receiving his first lesson in flying. If he does not succeed, he becomes very pert and rude to his doting "papa." But, when he finally succeeds in flying a few rods, his own and his fond parents' joy knows no bounds. The father sees with evident admiration and pride the success his "hopeful" has obtained, and "birdie" is elated because he has almost learned to fly.

Mother robin is also overjoyed at her child's success, but owing to the numerous wants of its smaller brothers and sisters she is obliged to spend the greater part of her time within the family circle, so that she has very little to do with its education. The lesson in singing is also of no little interest, but suffice it to say that master robin acquires the art much more speedily than that of flying.

Trusting that the reader will not fail in the future to feel more kindly toward our brave and joyful little friend, the American robin, let us be of one mind with Coleridge, who erred not when he said:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

J. V. MORRISSE, '89.

A GREETING

TO OUR MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP ON RECEIVING THE PALLIUM.

OH! Shepherd mild, thy pallium is here,
And brings to thee whom all our hearts revere,
New glory, grandeur, solemn majesty,
And princely fullness of authority.
Long may we see thee wear the sacred fleece,
To watch and guide thy faithful flock's increase;
Long may this seal of Faith, of Hope, of Love,
To all be fraught with blessings from above.

A PRELUDE AND A STRAIN.

LOST on the scorching desert's parched sands,
An Arab sheik held in his withering hands
The water-gourd his thirst-burnt lips had drained;
While, at his side, his hungry wallet strained
Its empty jaws as if for bread 'twould cry,
Or, laughing, mocked its master's dread to die.
The sun, with eye like molten brass, and glare
So hot it seemed to choke the gasping air,
Watched his hot torments, as a Cyclops dread
That gloats with joy to see its victim dead.
At last despair and weakness claim their prize.
The starving Arab on the sand-sea lies,
Content to die if so the Prophet wills.
But, ere the ghost of death his vision fills,
He sees hard-by, half-buried in the sand,
A leathern sack dropped from some passing band.
"Allah be praised!" in hopeful joy he gasps,
As with a hungry hand the bag he grasps:
"My life is saved! they're surely dates or nuts!"
But when with wolfish teeth the string he cuts,
And looks within, the sack to earth he hurls,
And cries in woe, "Alas! they're only pearls!"

THE STRAIN.

Thus, hungry human hearts that, longing, gaze
Where life bright hopes of fame or wealth displays,
Are doomed, with riches and with laurel crowned,
To cry, "Alas! 'they're only pearls' we've found!"

C. A. WINGERTER, '87.

THE FORDHAM COLLEGE FOOT BALL TEAM 1890-1891.

MAY.

How sweet in robe of emerald hue
  The budding earth appears in May,
When strewn with glittering pearls of dew,
  Which radiant glow at break of day!

Serene Content her sway doth hold,
  And zephyrs soft the earth caress;
Forgotten are fierce winds and cold,
  For all about is happiness.

The lark's sweet trill all nature wakes;
  And sweetest song the goldbreast sings,
As gently fall the fragrant flakes
  Of cherry blossoms on her wings.

The lilac blooms in purple bright,
  And daisies peep beneath our feet;
The blushing rose full-blown at night,
  Our eyes at morn with smiles doth greet.

On hill or dale or prairie wide,
  We flowers and budding blossoms see;
On e'en the rugged mountain side,
  All nature leaps in joyous glee.

From whom the beauty wondrous bright;
  From whom the robins' cheerful lay;
Any why the constant, sweet delight
  Which fills our hearts in month of May?

From God, the bounteous verdure gay,
  The song of birds, the fields of green;
From God, the wealth of bloom in May,
  To honor heaven's gracious Queen.

L. P. Lee, '86.

A TRIBUTE TO THE SEA.

Farewell to scenes of childhood,
  Dear Land, farewell to thee!
My joy is in the heaving
  Of the hearthless, homeless sea.

There's pleasure in thy woodlands
  And sun-illumined bowers;
There's pleasure in thy parterres
  And balmy, dew-lipped flowers;
There's pleasure in the beauties
  That adorn each shrub and tree:
But earth hath no such pleasure
  As the rushing, roaring sea.

The swell of countless anthems
  That fill thy mountain pines;
The prayer of gentle warblers
  Ascending from their shrines;
The sound of foaming torrents
  Exulting in their glee
Have no such charming music
  As the thundering, booming sea.

The breeze that's charged with sweetness
  From honey-dripping groves;
The breath of balmy zephyrs
  Which through thy valley roves;
The evening gale that's wafting
  Its choicest fragrancy
Bring no such pleasing odors
  As the breathings of the sea.

What reck of all rejoicing,
  The laughter of the gay,
That breaks upon my hearing
  From the cities far away:
The merry circling dances
  Of the spirited and free?
All these, and more, hath ocean,
  All these the smiling sea.

They tell me of the tempests,
  The howling of the blasts,
The roaring of the billows,
  The creaking of the masts,
The tumult of the thunders
  That shake the bellowing sea;
But what are all these dangers,
  My Native Land, to me?

They point me to the breakers,
  The shallows and the shoals,
Whence rise ten thousand echoes
  Of wave-enshrouded souls:
They point me to my dwelling-place,
  My Native Land, to thee,
And lift their trembling voices:
  "Oh, part not for the sea."

But what are all the horrors
  Of shallows and of shoals,
The breakers of the ocean,
  The tombless, shroudless souls,
The voice of shipwrecked millions
  That float above the sea,
To one who loves the ocean
  More, Native Land, than thee?

M. R.

A RAMBLE AMONG OLD HAUNTS.

"LET'S go for a walk." "Where?" "Down toward the Bronx." Such were the words that passed between a mate and myself as we left the study hall after the close of our examination. The required permission was obtained, and, hurrying away from the crowds gathered about the doors of the building, where they were discussing the incidents and the probable results of the examination, we soon gained the walk between the Third Division grounds and the orchard. It was a pleasant afternoon, for the warm June sun was already low enough to lose the heat of mid-day, and its declining rays were falling with no ordinary mellowness upon the landscape.

This was the last time we would have a chance for a ramble through the distant and most charming part of the college grounds; and the thought that on the day after the morrow we were to take our departure for the vacation of the summer months, the uncertainty of the future, and our indecision as to whether we should return again, filled us both with the reluctance to leave old associations which is ever awakened by a farewell. We turned down the drive leading to the Boulevard, and as we passed between the high walls that inclose it, every rod of the path reminded us of the skating parties that pass that way in the winter-time to the pond just ahead. But instead of the cold of winter, with its ice and snow, it was early summer, and the adjoining fields were rich with the promise of an early and abundant harvest.

The change to the cool air and smiling landscape from the confinement of the class-rooms and the study hall, and the sense of relief from the hard mental strain under which repetition for the examinations had placed us, awakened the best of spirits in us both. So with a light step we dashed along, taking a pleasure in each passing reminder of old times—reminders that were invested with a deeper charm from the fact that we were about to leave them. As we passed the skating ponds, on either side of the walk, we expected to hear the voices of the skaters at their different games, so accustomed were we to the scene. The gnarled old willows, swaying their drooping branches in the breeze, threw a pleasant shade over the walk, even up to the Boulevard. Crossing the broad Boulevard and leaving Fordham behind us, we entered by the wagon way, hewn out of the rock on that part of the College property which is included in the limits of the proposed Bronx Park, a delightful place, as Shakespeare has it,

"To walk abroad and recreate yourselves."

It was our intention to take a last long survey of these old favorite places; and perchance the recital of the different features of such a stroll may serve as a pleasure to older students of St. John's:

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

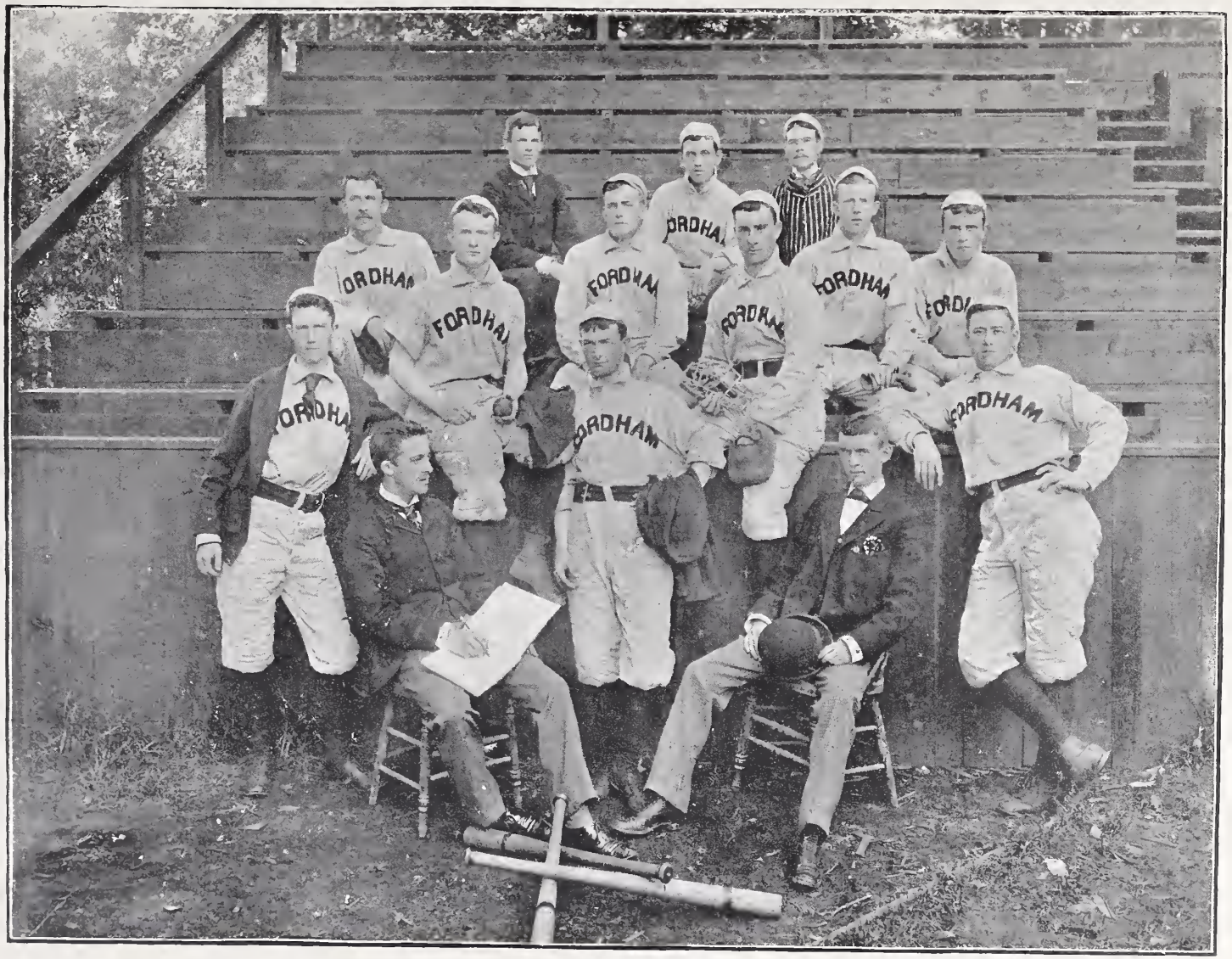
We turned to the right for the sake of looking at the quarry, whence stone was taken for the new building just erected. The ruggedness of the landscape from this point of view, combining as it does craggy hills and fertile valleys between them, when gilded by the rays of the evening sun, well explains why the city wishes to open a park on the Bronx. Reaching the way to the Bronx, we passed the valley on our left, where the aspirants for oratorical fame come to exercise themselves in elocution. It is a dale so surrounded by groves, cliffs, and hills that its acoustic properties are very nearly equal to those of a good hall. There stood the old tree on the opposite side of the dale, under which we practised our maiden speech before our professor, who, some seventy-five yards away from us, listened with critical ear for every fault.

The memory of the quiet afternoons of our recreation days in the autumn, when, according to an old privilege of the students, we had come to amuse ourselves in these same walks in company with our companions, delighting in the varying beauties of the surrounding hills and groves, threw a charm over the lovely scene. Beneath the shade of some of the trees were small parties, like ourselves attracted thither by the beauty of the scenery on that fine evening. Now and again, seated in the shade, with palette and easel, artists could be seen working at their half-finished sketches. The woodland beauty of the landscape increased as we pursued our way, and was more pleasing that afternoon than we had ever seen it before.

The old Fordhamite will remember how hills, hillsides, boulders, cliffs, rugged crags and sunny glades give place to one another here with charming variety. Wild briar is fragrant and blooming beside the mossy walls, and a variety of trees, including elms, willows, chestnut, and oak, render the scenery still more charming. You pass the great smooth side of a rock, a small hill in itself, and a moment afterward plunge into a shady ravine through the centre of which runs a prattling rivulet almost dried up by the recent want of rain. The wood is alive with feathered songsters, whose warbling, mingled with the noise of the hidden Bronx, are the only sounds that break the solitude of the place.

"Nay, the birds' rural music, too,
Is as melodious and as free
As if they sung to pleasure you."

To the right, and protected from the western wind by an eminence just beyond it, stands the old "graduates' tree." Its trunk, cut by the knives of former sons of our Alma Mater, bears their names and their class years. The rind of the tree has long since grown and curled partly over the cuts of the names, seeming thus to cherish the memory of those who have long since gone out from old St. John's. As you ramble on, what for a time was but the indistinct rumbling of the water changes to the sound



THE FORDHAM COLLEGE BASE BALL TEAM, 1891.

of water splashing beside you; and climbing the steep hill that is cut by the stream, the Bronx lies all before you. The water, so sluggish and winding so gently below the point where the stream is spanned by the iron bridge on Pelham Avenue, seems to stand beneath the shade of the trees that cover its banks, as if loath to leave such pleasant haunts. We took the walk that skirts the stream, and passed the part of the river where the boys find the skating best in the skating season, and where we had often gone to indulge in that sport.

The waters of the river became more noisy and tumbled over a rockier bed as we followed its course down to the old moss-covered mill, that stands in ruinous beauty on the right bank and but a short distance from the avenue. Beautiful as the stream had been hitherto, the sight of this crumbling mill, its great silent wheels turned no more by the merry waters and standing in saddening stillness, awaiting the destroying hand of time, lent a melancholy charm to the vigorous and inspiring beauty of the wood.

Beyond the wall that divides the College property from the adjoining estate, the river is bounded by two natural banks of solid rock, as steep if not as high as the most wonderful of the Palisades along the Hudson. The roar of the waters striking on these banks resounds through the neighboring wood. It is said that just above this spot the College boys in olden times used to have excursions on an old scow belonging to them, till the fated boat met a doom similar to that of Old Grimes; for it is further said that

> "There came a current with the tide
> That took the scow away."

This part of the grounds is a favorite place for sketching. We found that a most charming woodland scene was presented by the spot just above the mill-dam. The pond, lying all still and apparently motionless, is surrounded by densely wooded glades; the Lorillard mansion and the greenhouses attached rise above the tops of the trees on the opposite shore; the bridge that once spanned the stream at this point, where the wall-like banks of stone render its bridging easy, has long since fallen down, and only the moss-covered abutments remain; the walks and drives are all unkempt, for the trees are dense in most places; all these were certainly inspiring:

> "A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
> Shade above shade, a woody theatre."

The roar of the water in its fall is broken only by the rumble of carts and wagons on the avenue but a few hundred yards distant, which reminds you of the fact that, though in the depth of forest solitude, you are not far from the great thoroughfares. After resting here some time watching the falling water whose music was refreshing after the hard work of the preceding days, we turned our faces Collegeward again, retracing our steps part of the way, and at other times taking the shortest routes across the hills, or along their sloping sides. On one of these slopes we found a number of kine standing in idle contentment, quietly grazing in the long grass. They lifted their heads at our approach, and, as we passed, followed us with their great lazy eyes. Somehow, even they seemed to be sensible of the fact that we were taking a farewell look at all these old places, nor did they seem to be insensible of sorrow at our departure.

We passed the little College cemetery lying by the Boulevard, and on the summit of a little hill. It is still inclosed by the plain picket fence, and from within it rise the silent black crosses that mark the graves of those buried there. Among the names of the dead we noticed those of Father Larkin, the celebrated preacher: Fr. Monroe, the nephew of President Monroe, and Fr. Thebaud, whom we saw laid to rest during the last year.

We crossed the field and the Boulevard, back to the walk leading to the Division grounds, refreshed and pleased with our walk. We passed the orchard which had been the scene of many an adventure in the autumn when the trees were laden with fruit.

We kept on down to "The Hall," once the diocesan seminary in the time of Archbishop Hughes, now standing in undiminished beauty, with its brown-stone walls covered here and there with creeping ivy. Behind it we saw the mounds where, in grading a few years ago, the remains of human bodies were unearthed, and where it was discovered afterward the slain at the battle of White Plains had been brought for burial.

As we stood in front of "The Hall," the associations recalled by our walk filling our minds, and bringing back the memory of many a forgotten mate, we enjoyed the pleasant prospect presented by the lawn from any point near "The Hall." On the left stands the aged Infirmary, a picture of the weakness of those whom it shelters at times. There stands the little balcony in front of it, from which our first young acquaintances at St. John's would persuade us that Washington, the immortal Father of his Country, had addressed his soldiers. Legends, numberless and contradicting, have it that he spent a night within this old dwelling during the operations on Fordham Heights; that he made it his headquarters; and all sorts of more remarkable things which have been kept alive by the humor of the old students and the credulity of the new.

The principal group of the elms of Fordham stand almost in front of the Infirmary, waving their lofty boughs and casting a welcome shade upon the rustic seats beneath. It is from these that the awning is suspended on Commencement Day. The stage is already built, and preparations are being made for the great day for our old friends, the class of '86, who, after the great joyful

scene of Commencement, will be so soon lost from us in the busy world.

Mingled emotions of sadness at the separations occasioned by the close of the year, some of which would no doubt be forever, and of joy at the expectation of getting home again among the loved ones there, filled our hearts as we returned to Division. Here we found friends together, still in animated discussion of the results of examination and competition—and every face beaming with pleasure, despite everything, at the thought of the coming departure for home.

M. W. HOLLAND, '87.

TO THE YULE LOG.

OH the joy at thy brave falling,
  When we dragged thee to the ground!
Oh the shouts of youth, and calling
Of the men who thee were hauling,
  And the glee of children 'round!

Through the drift and snow-flakes flying,
  Dragging, laughing, jesting all;
Children romping, gayly crying,
Youth in strength with old age vying,—
  So we sought the Manor-Hall.

With thy crystal cape all gleaming,
  Joyfully within thy bed
Soon we laid thee. Then bright-beaming,
Sparks and flames up chimney streaming,
  Tinged all with a radiant red.

All night long, with singing, dancing,
  Did we join, till day was born;
Then each couple, madly prancing,
Left the house, and merely glancing,
  Passed thee in thine end forlorn.

But thy embers dying slowly,
  Told that Christ was come below;
Who within His manger lowly,
Guarded by His mother holy,
  Waited time His love to show.

From thy warmth we passed in sadness,
  And to church our way we went;
Thus a change from mirthful madness
To a Christmas morning's gladness,
  O'er Christ's cradle saw us bent.

So thy fitful death-flames glowing
  Lit the faith in every breast:
For that morning, 'mid the snowing,
Wandered Jesus' love full-flowing,
  And within our hearts found rest.

JOHN HEFFERN, '89.

THE OLD CLOCK HEARD FROM AFAR.

"THE bell strikes one; we take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it, then, a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound."

It was high noon when I alighted at the neat little station within easy reach of the entrance to the College grounds. My mind was still full of the scenes in which I had mingled, "*Et quorum magna pars fui*," and these memories of the recent past coming in conflict with hopes for the future, produced in my mind a strange confusion, which made me long to encounter some college friend, or to meet some sign or token of the new life awaiting me. There was a great silence in the trees and on the lawn. I instinctively recalled those beautiful lines of the "In Memoriam":

"Calm is the air on yon high wold,
  Calm, as to suit a calmer grief;
  And only, through the faded leaf,
The chestnut pattering to the ground."

In this half-unconscious frame of mind I strode up the long avenue, following the same path that I had trod for years, when lo! borne softly on the midday breeze, came the sound of the College clock, striking the hour of one. The effect produced in me is indescribable. I was certain that the old timepiece had been gathered to its fathers.

Why, its threnody was sung last year in verses calculated to silence even the great clock at the Cathedral of Strasburg; and yet, here it was at its old task, beating out the little lives of men, under the shade of the great elm-trees. This was the token I longed for to bring me back to consciousness. My thoughts immediately took another turn. I distinctly recalled the day last year when the aged chronometer, after indicating the hour and minutes for full sixty years, suddenly stopped short. It had long shown signs of approaching dissolution by running fast and slow within the space of an hour, thereby making havoc with every watch about the College. I remembered how the boys were wont to assemble in groups, sad and solemn the while, and ask each other in an undertone, "What ails the clock?" I recalled, too, the day when, standing over the newly-made grave of Fr. Thebaud, we heard the faithful timepiece striking the hour. As I was acquainted with its history, I considered the scene very impressive. Made in Paris, the clock was,

THE INVINCIBLES.

The Second Division Base Ball Team.

it seems, sent over to the Jesuit college at Bardstown, Ky., more than sixty years ago. When the Fathers came to St. John's, they brought this necessary article with them. It was placed in position at the very time when Fr. Thebaud entered on his duties as Rector; so that really, and in very truth, it indicated by joyful sound the happy time of his inauguration, and in the end tolled the hour of his burial.

Notwithstanding these sad reflections, I was pleased to hear the old, familiar sound; and in order to assure myself that I had not been deceived, I hastened on toward 2d Division. Just as I came within sight of the little tower, the quarter struck, and then I was convinced. I felt that my youth had been renewed, like that of the clock, and in the fulness of my joy I addressed it in those lines in which Tennyson calls on the Christmas bells:

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

C. O., '87.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

DEEP standing 'midst the mellow, patient grain,
Whose thousand tassell'd heads bend at his glance,
Or kiss the prostrate earth at his advance,
Scythe-sceptred, to the heart of their vast train,
He seems a very king. Each corded vein
Is pulsing with a king's inheritance;
Nor prince in all the width of earth's expanse
Could feel more master of his proud domain;
Nay, more, he *is* a king,—crowned, too, forsooth,—
For, look you, on his manly brow, sun-brown'd,
Bright clust'ring, cling thick, jewell'd drops of toil,
Nor lacks there splendor, gorgeous, though uncouth,
Within his court; gold hides the very soil;
Lest danger come, spears golden hedge him 'round.

CHARLES ALPHONS WINGERTER, '87.

HISTORIUNCULUM.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE OLD CANDY SHOP, SOMETIME SITUATE MIDWAY BETWEEN 2D AND 3D DIVISIONS, NOW NO MORE.

Mortalia Facta Peribunt.

EVER since the opening of schools, I have been looking about for data wherewith to write a history of the old candy shop, and the more I considered the matter the more determined I grew that the old institution, around which cluster memories of fifty years, should not pass away unhonored and unsung. The architecture of the building is familiar to us all,—old Egyptian, with here and there a dash of primitive Romanesque. The steps leading up to the counter were built after the same model as the leaning tower of Pisa.

After poring over archives, and consulting with old students, I discovered that the shop, with its adjoining storeroom, at one time served as a corridor, occupying the same position as the present elegant suite of music rooms. Here,

"In days that will not come again,"

the boys of each division were wont to assemble before Mass, meals, etc., and to amuse themselves of a rainy day. Considering our present commodious play-grounds and play-rooms, we cannot but admire the cheerfulness with which our predecessors submitted to the many little annoyances incident on their narrow accommodations. But they were contented in their day, as we are in ours.

"*Tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis.*"

In 1849 the whole corridor was removed about three hundred feet nearer the garden. With it went all the smaller boys, and in it they dwelt for many a year. In 1862 the present book and stationery store was completed. To this the 3d Division boys were transferred. As the *quondam* corridor lay idle now, and as it gave promise of making a fine candy and pie shop, it was accordingly put to this use; and ever since that happy year its fame has kept steadily increasing, till, having reached the limit of its glory and utility, it disappeared last summer like the Deacon's "One-Hoss Shay." Of course we read with pleasure the history of the candy shop, or anything connected with it, just as we are interested in what happens to an old friend; but it is not the history of the shop, or its architecture, that will linger longest in our memories.

"Oh, no! it is something more exquisite still."

HISTORICUS.

YULE-TIDE SEEN THROUGH NOVEMBER MISTS.

A CHILLY night, and the window-pane
Is dashed with hail and slanting rain.

A bitter night, for the evening's breath
Is cold and damp, like the hand of Death;

And I try to think of pleasant things,
Of bright Yule-tide, and the mirth it brings.

When suddenly angel voices call,
And a glory fills the study hall.

Celestial lamps shed a mystic light
On a Yule-tide vision, fair and bright;

A hall aglow with the changing hue
Of light and shadow meets my view.

Through the laden boughs of a stripling pine,
Gay toys of many colors shine,

And leaping high, with a merry grace,
Flashes the flame in the fireplace.

Within the hearthstone deep and wide,
The Yule-log, fresh from the forest side,

Patiently rests in its fiery fold,
Like the martyrs that died for Christ of old.

The walls bedecked with branch and wreath,
Scent the air with a fragrant breath.

'Tis Christmas! and the night air calm,
Bears on its bosom the holy psalm,

Sung of old, with the high refrain,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The old hall echoes with royal mirth,
"Good-will to men, and peace on earth."

Merrily, merrily goes the game,
Before the Yule-log's cheery flame,

The Yule-log, hewn from a gnarlèd oak,
And circled round by the older folk.

A jarring of bells is at my side,—
They are not the bells of glad Yule-tide.

T. J. DALY, S. L.

THE HARVEST MOON.

NOW Twilight, like a monk in gray bedight,
Glides slowly o'er the hills and grassy leas,
And sunset's rosy hue, distracted, flees
From Heaven's face, and yields to shades of night.
Now all is still, save where its labor'd flight
The lonely heron wings; or where the breeze
Mutters its sad repinings to the trees.
The vault of Heaven, strewn with gems of light,
The misty haze of Autumn partly veils,
Till o'er the far horizon broad and low,
The Harvest moon, uprising, sets aglow
The Eastern skies, where gracefully she sails.
Her queenly presence drives the gloom away,
And makes the night seem scarce less fair than day.

T. A. DALY, S. L.

SONNET.

BARTHOLDI MONUMENT, great Work of Art,
Thou dost in grandeur of design excel,
And, titled "Liberty," thou markest well
The entrance to the Great Republic's mart;—
Again, as welcome tribute from the heart
Of noble France, most fitly dost thou tell
The friendly thoughts which in her bosom dwell.
Alas! that thou shouldst be misnamed in part!
For Liberty enlighteneth not the World;
But He alone, God's sole-begotten Son,
Who from its basis Pagan error hurled
And thrice-benighted Man from darkness won;
The WORD DIVINE, whose banner Faith unfurled,
Enlighteneth every man while ages run.

JOSEPH J. MARRIN, '57.

FATHER LARKIN.

To the Editors of the Fordham Monthly:

DEAR SIRS:—With your cordial invitation to old graduates to contribute something to THE MONTHLY, I received your November number containing reference to some of my best college friends—the master to whom I owe the heaviest debt, and classmates for whom I formed a close and life-long attachment. I do not like to let such an invitation to talk pass unnoticed. No man who was at St. John's between 1851 and 1854, can speak of Father John Larkin—the subject of your paragraph—without a quickening pulse. For me, ever since I first saw him, thirty-five years ago, the College has been filled with his majestic presence. I never re-visit Fordham without associating his image with particular spots where I can remember talking with him. He is still, in my imagination, so much a part of the life of St. John's that I can hardly realize that he went to heaven long before any of the present generation of students opened their eyes on earth.

He became president during my second year at College. A great many of the Jesuits were fine-looking men, but none of us had ever seen just such a type of masculine beauty as this big, rosy Englishman. He was immensely stout. Soon after he arrived, I remember taking a younger brother of mine to a place where we could look at him across the fence, as he read his office in the garden. "Isn't he fat!" we exclaimed; and we both added: "But how handsome he is!" Although his face was too full, the exquisite outlines of his classical features were preserved; he had the mouth of a young Greek god; in his eye there was a singular union of mildness and penetration; his large head was crowned with fine, silky brown hair, rather long and wavy, and brushed well back from his broad forehead. His voice, like that of most

short-necked people of apoplectic habit, was apt to be a little husky, but it was perfectly modulated, and his enunciation was a marvel of distinctness. To hear him talk was a lesson in elocution. Neither his preaching nor his conversation gave you the idea of labored precision; it was fluent, easy, direct, natural; but every word had its just emphasis and exact pronunciation, and every sentence its sure balance. There is a certain tone of speech rarely acquired except by persons of thorough education and high breeding; it indicates familiarity with the best usage, refined taste, self-possession, composure. Father Larkin had more of that than any other man I ever met except James Russell Lowell. We used to think that his sermons were too deep and too long; perhaps they were too good for boys; but his familiar talks we could enjoy by the hour. When he taught us rhetoric he used to make us read aloud in chorus, and his quick ear never failed to notice a fault or to identify the offender. He would not tolerate the careless slurring of letters, so common among our countrymen, and still more common among his. On the other hand, he hated an exaggerated particularity in such matters, which he thought a sure sign of *half*-culture. An Irish gentleman objected that he did not "roll his r" in such words as "bird": "I'll wager, father, that you can't say *bir-r-ud*, now." "Thank God, I can't," exclaimed Father Larkin.

One of the secrets of his delightful tone in speaking was his management of the inflections. His theory of cadences was quite different from that of the conventional elocutionist. The common rule is to employ a rising inflection at the comma, and often at the semicolon also, and to let the voice drop in a full cadence only at the close of the sentence. Father Larkin would not let us use the rising inflection at all. He called it the pig-tail. The falling inflection was to be adopted at all pauses whatever, and the difference between the full-stop and the comma was to be denoted by the length of the pause, not by the rising or falling of the pitch of the voice. At first this seemed to us a revolutionary innovation, and we had some trouble to get used to it. "Now, boys," he would say, when the exercises began, "look out for the pig-tails." A very short trial satisfied us that his method was far more agreeable to the ear than the usual one, and that it made it far easier for the speaker to avoid staginess and monotony. I have been haunted for thirty years by the recollection of a sermon which he preached at St. Francis Xavier's Church on the dangers of religious indifference and the gradual sinking of the careless Christian to a death "without peace, without hope, without Christ, without salvation." Try that closing sentence first with the rising inflection at the commas, and it will not greatly impress you. Then try it with the falling inflections, and you will understand how it came from the orator's lips with an effect increasing at every pause, while the congregation waited for the end in profound stillness.

During Father Larkin's presidency it happened that the Class of Rhetoric to which I belonged found itself suddenly without a professor. There being no one else available for the vacancy, the President took the class himself. We had our recitations in the old study-room, afterward converted into a chapel. Father Larkin was too busy with his other duties to give us the full class-time, and in the afternoons especially he came very late. We amused ourselves as we pleased in the interval of waiting, scrambling to our places when we saw him through the window, so that he found us seated in order, though sometimes a little out of breath. "How is it," said he one day, "that I hear *cats* tearing all around this room just before I come in? Are you troubled with them?" This was his kindly way of asking: "Boys, what are you afraid of? Do you take me for a tyrant?" It was characteristic of his frank and manly nature that he would not have us pretend to have been quiet in his absence; and, besides, he thought it no harm for us to have a little fun. We understood him, and thenceforth felt at ease. Our respect for him fell not much short of awe, and yet there were none of the high officers of the College with whom we felt so much at ease. This was partly because we became so fond of him, partly because of his happy faculty of entering into our feelings, and calling to the surface the good impulses which often lie hidden under youthful freaks and unreason. It got to be an axiom in the College that "Father Larkin understood us boys." We had our little troubles of course from time to time; but upon the whole the spirit of the community was admirable. It seems to me, as I look back at our life, that it was distinguished especially by good humor and high-mindedness. The students hated everything mean, and they could not bear a liar.

Father Larkin's best service to us was in the development of character. Perhaps nobody could tell just where he touched our course of training; but nobody who lived under him could doubt that he taught us a hundred precious things not found in books. He moulded us. He showed us how to be upright, honest, sincere, outspoken, brave, generous, courteous; and if we did not all grow into true gentlemen, we learned at least to appreciate the virtues of that rank; and some of my classmates, I know, have never forgotten his lessons. I believe that there were none of the students, from the youngest to the oldest, who did not owe him a great deal in the formation of character. That is the chief part of education; and Father Larkin excelled in it all men I have ever known. He was by far the strongest personal influence of my school and college life. I think of the years I passed with him, and especially of the year in his class, as the happiest and most valuable part of my youth.

His methods of instruction were his own. He often suspended routine recitations to give us impromptu explanations, to converse with us about topics connected with

our studies, to give us the practice of independent reasoning and thinking. Sometimes the text-books were put away, and he read to us from a volume of literary or historical essays, teaching us to criticise both the thought and the style. I remember that there was a set of "Selections from the Edinburgh Review" in the College library which he often used for this purpose. At this distance of time it seems to me that his classes were always interesting. There was a good, honest fellow with us upon whom we liked to play jokes because he took them so well. One day he was translating from the Latin the story of the flight of the Argonauts with the Golden Fleece, and he came to the passage where Medea, having slain her brother, scatters his limbs in her father's way, to stop the pursuit. Denis stuck at the word "*membra*," and looked at me, his next neighbor, for help. Some imp of mischief prompted me to whisper "bones"; but I was misunderstood, and the innocent fellow bettered my suggestion by the reading: "she killed her brother and—*disjecta membra*—scattered his boots"; the rest of the version was lost in roars of laughter. Father Larkin looked at me for an instant, and I saw in the corner of his twinkling eye that he suspected that the blunder was not wholly unassisted.

Poor Denis! He was carried off by consumption not long after Father Larkin's death. I went to see him occasionally in his illness. Just before he died I found him, well prepared, but sad, as even a pious man may be at leaving those whom he loves, and I tried to put him in a more cheerful frame of mind. Among other things, I said that he would see Father Larkin in heaven. "Oh, John!" he whispered, with a new light in his face, "how glad I am you thought of that! It's the best thing that anybody has said to me." I left him repeating, "I shall see Father Larkin—Father Larkin." All Father Larkin's boys loved him like that; and it was easy enough to discover that the professors and prefects had as strong an attachment to him as the students. I know that Father Gockeln almost worshipped the ground he trod upon.

JOHN R. G. HASSARD, '55.

SONG OF THE HARVEST.

"He who soweth in blessings, shall also reap of blessings."—2 COR. ix. 6.

STANDING tiptoe on the hills,
  With her welcome to the day,
Singing from the wakening rills,
  Or from where soft zephyrs play,
This the message Spring-time brings,
This the song she ever sings,—
Plant your grain, bright seeds of gold,
And before the year is told,
They'll be thousand fold.

Open-armed, the sweet-breath'd earth
  Hides in fruitful graves the seed,
Till to new life death gives birth.
  Then, in spite of tare and weed,
Noiseless, slow, come forth the leaves
That will crown the golden sheaves.
Noiseless as Truth's growth sublime,
All will reach the ripened prime
In God's own good time.

When at last the harvest sun
  Shines on wealth of garnered grain,
Glad with thought of guerdon won,
  Harvesters sing out amain,—
Lo, the harvest's reaped at last,
Grown from seeds weak hands had cast;
But we toiled with hopeful breast,
Knowing if we wrought our best,
God would do the rest.

Brothers, this is harvest-time,
  This the year that crowns the years;
Of five decades gone, the prime,
  Reached through fears and toil and tears.
Storms have spared not, clouds have low'red,
But the God whom we adored
Sent the storm and launched the cloud,
E'en thus blessing where we ploughed,
Trustful, patient-browed.

Let us look the harvest o'er,—
  There we'll see the Future's seed,
There we'll find the Past's rich store,
  There we'll learn the Present's need.
In each grain is writ the toil,
Pain of body, soul-turmoil,
Sleepless nights and restless days,
Starts and moans and dread dismays
Which this day repays.

Fifty years we count the past,
  Counting on the dial's face;
But the depth and volume vast
  Earth-made marks can never trace.
Fifty years of goodly growth,
Fifty years of scorn of sloth,
Work with God, and work for man,
Wrought as only strong hearts can,
Since our life began.

Fifty years we look behind;
  But before, no bound in view,—

LIEUT. CLARENCE R. EDWARDS, U. S. A.

With Captains of the Fordham College Cadets.

Only He who leads the blind
  Knows the good we yet may do.
Of dead years we are the heirs,
Reaping fruits of others' cares,
Pledging here to do our part
As they did who, far apart,
Here join hand and heart.

In the bright South first they met;
  There, where warm hearts warmest glow,
Pledged they that a coronet
  On their Queen they would bestow.
There, where noblest purpose thrives,
Knit they all their strong young lives;
To the Virgin these they gave,
Made each heart her willing slave,
Even to the grave.

* Gold and pearls are common things
  That are met at every turn;
But pure lips where wisdom clings
  Are a rare and priceless urn.
Thus they said, and vowed thenceforth
Pure as snows that love the North
Should be every word and thought,
Should be every act they wrought,
Every joy they sought.

Through ten years, 'neath Southern skies,
  Grew their brotherhood and fame;
Then, where Northland tempests rise
  To the Rose Hill's crown they came.
Here through forty years they throve,
Blessed by John, the Saint of Love,
Wishing lives some good might preach,
Hoping deaths some truth might teach,
More than human speech.

Some stretch dead hands from the grave;
  Some yet live in manhood's prime;
Some with youth's fond hopes grow brave;
  ALL meet here at this glad time.
Lusty youth and grand old age
Throng to read the wondrous page
Of our heritage.

But, my brothers, let us ask,—
  Is naught left for us to do?
Noble blood and race bring task.
  From the future we must hew
Noble lives that will not shame
What we have of noble name.
Sons of sires who worked their work,
Let us not our duty shirk,
Though to death it irk.

Then, when lips that are to be
  In the years as yet unborn
Shall sing out their jubilee,
  Our lives may that day adorn.
We shall live as true men live,—
Having hearts that can forgive,
But with souls that dare to brand
Wrong as wrong in every land,
Though the world withstand.

We shall count our lives as naught
  When there's duty to be done,
Deeming it as meanly bought
  If by wrong from death 'twere won,—
Knowing, too, 'tis grandly great
In the deeds it may create,
In the lives it may incite
To wax strong in noble fight
For the cause of right.

This our aim,—to do our part,
  And our duty's depths exhaust;
On our lips to wear our heart,
  Speaking truth whate'er the cost;
From sin's crooked paths to turn,
Where men's lives like stubble burn,
Striving hard with main and might
E'er to keep within our sight
God, our master-light.

All may not be heroes great,
  But all may be noble men;
Some kings have nor throne nor state
  Save that reached by God's sole ken;
And their pæans loud are sung,
Though not named on mortal tongue.
For of men the good are kings,
Though they wear not purple things
Or gold signet-rings.

Princes of the blood are we,
  For our Mother is a Queen;
And at this our Jubilee
  We should wear a princely mien.
Hearts are harder ruled than realms,
For, when passion overwhelms,

* "There is gold and a multitude of jewels; but the lips of knowledge are a precious vessel."—PROV. xv. 20.

If the heart be only clay,
It will crumble fast away
At the first dismay.

But souls in God's love secure
  Passion's fire can only purge;
And if hearts will but endure,
  Triumph-crowned they must emerge.
So each year that steals away
Will bring ever stronger sway;
For, when throned on Virtue's rock,
Men may scorn earth's every shock,
And at passions mock.

I have wrought a feeble rhyme
  Of the seedling sown of old;
I have sung the harvest-time,
  And its gain a thousandfold.
And from out the grave of years
Echo, whispering to my ears,
Tells how Faith, like sweet spring rain,
Kept alive the growing grain,—
Our grand Faith that in its train
Counts the big in heart and brain;
'Gainst which, toiling e'er in vain,
Maniac men and demons strain.
Still it stands, through throe and pain,
Helping man his end to gain,
Till the soul without a stain
Sings its God in glad refrain,
    Crowned amid its peers.

CHARLES A. WINGERTER, '87.

REMINISCENCES.

THE article of my friend and classmate, John R. G. Hassard, of the Class of '55, opened up to me such a flood of memories of the old days that I can no longer postpone the fulfillment of my promise to THE MONTHLY to contribute something in the way of reminiscences.

Father Larkin, who was the subject of Mr. Hassard's sketch, will always stand out, I think, as the most prominent figure in the history of St. John's College.

His method of teaching was entirely original. He never brought into the class-room or took out of it a book or paper. He never read any of our essays or compositions, but required each one to be read aloud by the writer. He assigned the places immediately after the reading and generally with some pleasant and humorous remarks of praise and encouragement, particularly to those who happened to be low down on the list. The class hour was generally occupied by a monologue from him which it seems to me conveyed more information than a week of teaching by any other person whom I have ever met; and this monologue was almost invariably suggested by some incident that happened in the class or by some question addressed to him by one of the students. In fact, it was our constant endeavor to find some question or subject which, in the vernacular of the day, would "stick" Father Larkin. No matter how foreign the matter might be to the subject of our studies, no matter whether it related to ancient or modern times, topics of the day or things of literature, he never failed to give us all the information sought and ever so much more. He would close often by remarking, as the class hour grew to an end, "Yes, just as usual, you boys have taken advantage of a garrulous old man so as to waste the whole time of the class. I have a good mind to punish you for it. I want each of you to write out for me to-morrow a synopsis of all that I have been saying." The next day we would read to him what we had written and he would assign the relative places of merit.

Upon one occasion as Father Larkin had entered the study-room a certain youth not given overmuch to study hastily concealed a novel which he had been reading. Father Larkin happened to see the movement and upon taking his place said: "Richard, may I ask the title of the novel which you appear to be so much interested in?" The young man replied: "'Rienzi; the last of the Tribunes.'" "A very good book," said Father Larkin, "and interesting, but you must not accept Bulwer's Rienzi as the Rienzi of history." He then went on and gave us a lecture on Rienzi, lasting until the end of class, which in point of interest and information I have never heard surpassed, on any public lecture platform. In closing he commented on Rienzi's extraordinary eloquence, and added that, if he had been permitted to address the mob which put him to death, he would probably have regained them to his support, but orders had been given by the nobles that he should not be allowed to speak. "This," he continued, "was a great loss to literature. No doubt the speech which Rienzi would have delivered on that occasion would have ranked with the best efforts of the greatest orators. This want," he said, "should be supplied, and I know of no young gentlemen more capable of supplying it than this class of Rhetoric. You will, therefore, each of you, write for to-morrow, the speech which Rienzi didn't deliver to the Romans."

I remember this incident particularly well from the fact that I had written an oration which I considered only second to that which Rienzi would have uttered; closing with the declaration that he, Rienzi, rather than that the Roman people should be guilty of the crime of his assassination, and if he believed it to be for the good of Rome, would put an end to his own life.

I confidently expected the first place and listened with great self-satisfaction for the verdict of the chief. He

THE FORDHAM COLLEGE CADETS ON THE CAMPUS.

frequently assigned places without naming a single member of the class, but describing each one unmistakably by a pleasant allusion to some personal peculiarity. I waited on this occasion for any that I might safely take to myself. None came until the last, and then with a pause, "Last, the young man who is always dancing on the hind legs of his chair, *for rank heresy.*"

The two forward legs of my chair came suddenly down to the floor and my face lengthened perceptibly.

"Rienzi," said he, "was a Catholic, and under no circumstances could he have entertained for a moment the thought of suicide."

I do not think Father Larkin greatly admired the custom of a semi-annual public debate by the class of Rhetoric. As the 22d of February approached, which date had been recognized as the day for the debate from time immemorial, the class became quite anxious on the subject. He said nothing, however, until about a week or ten days before the day, when as if the idea had just struck him he asked one morning, "Has it not been the custom for this class to have a public debate every 22d of February?" Upon being assured that it was the custom he inquired with apparent innocence whether we had completed our preparations and were ready. The class smiled and gently suggested that it was also the custom for the Professor of Rhetoric to select the subject and assign the parts. "Well," he said after a moment of hesitation with a very quizzical look, "let us have a debate on the Crusades; it is a good honest old subject": and accordingly much to our own disgust we set to work to debate the Crusades, and settled that vexed question to the entire satisfaction of the chairman.

During Father Larkin's last year, Father Gockeln arrived from Canada, and was put on duty as First Prefect, relieving Father Ouellet. This change was very grateful to the students, as Father Ouellet, by the severity of his discipline and by his methods of securing order, had made himself quite unpopular. Father Gockeln's arrival was distinguished by a circumstance very memorable in the College history. That morning for the first time cornbread was served at breakfast, and the boys insisted that the first original supply had been brought by Father Gockeln in his trunk from Montreal. Father Ouellet was no doubt a wonderful disciplinarian. At one time he taught in "Purgatory," the Commercial Class which had been recently established. Later he served with a gallantry and devotion which made him conspicuous in the Army of the Potomac as chaplain of the gallant old Sixty-ninth regiment. My brother, who had been one of his pupils, and I fear not a model one, in the Commercial Class, was a captain in the regiment in '61 and '62. Father Ouellet could never fully divest himself of the idea that "James," as he called him, was still a pupil under him. He had no sense of humor whatever. He was earnest, zealous, severe, and as brave as a lion. His influence over the regiment was very great. On one occasion while saying Mass at Camp California, near Alexandria, he delivered a very practical sermon on the subject of the final judgment, which he likened to the great Pay Day. The men of the regiment had just been paid off. He called their attention to the fact that against many of them there had been stoppages and that their accounts with the government had been adjusted to a farthing; that fines and forfeitures had been carefully deducted and each man had received his just due. So he said it would be on the Last Pay Day when all the inhabitants of the earth must appear for final settlement of their accounts. There would be no exception; all men must appear, even those who lived before the deluge, etc. When he had got thus far, my brother, who was officer of the day, and seated in the front row among the officers, leaned across his neighbor and remarked to another officer capable of appreciating a bad joke, "I thought all those fellows' debts were liquidated." He said this very gravely. The officer who sat between the two was one of those who very seldom take a joke until after a considerable period of reflection. Nearly a minute elapsed when he suddenly burst out into a laugh. Father Ouellet gazed at the party for a moment and went on. At the close of his sermon he said, "There is a bad book in camp. It was brought here from Washington yesterday. I want that book placed in my tent before I finish my thanksgiving after Mass." When he went to his tent the book was there. He left it lying on his cot and went to breakfast. When he returned it had been stolen. He proceeded to my brother's tent and informed him of the fact, addressing him in the most dignified manner, not as "James," but as "Mr. Officer of the Day." The officer of the day recovered the book, punished the delinquent, and reported back to Father Ouellet. He was thanked most formally, again as "Mr. Officer of the Day," and it was fully a week before the chaplain got back to "James." The last time I saw Father Ouellet was in the engagement of the 26th of June, 1862. He was separated from his regiment and heard the firing. He was going to the front at full gallop with his mind so intent upon getting there that he did not hear me as I greeted him. I watched him as he rode, and although his horse was none of the best nor his outfit better, I saw him take a big log at a flying jump in a manner that would have done credit to an experienced huntsman.

There were others, too, of my day at St. John's who shed lustre on the order and the cloth during the war. Father Nash did more to discipline Billy Wilson's Zouaves, composed as they were of the roughest element from New York, than all their officers. This regiment was of such a desperate character that they were sent to Santa Rosa Island, where there was also a regular garrison, for the purpose of keeping them where they could neither get at the enemy nor the movable personal prop-

erty of friend or foe. They were attacked, notwithstanding, while there and bore themselves with credit. At Antietam, when, during the heaviest fire, Father Tissot's old slouched hat was seen bending over the dying and the dead, the wearer flitting from one to the other seemingly unconscious of all danger, many an officer on that field pointed him out with words of high praise for the Catholic chaplain. Gen. Hancock, who commanded the division after the death of Gen. Richardson, turned to my brother, who was on his staff at that time and asked, "Who is that priest?" It was with an honest pride that the former student of St. John's answered, "That is Father Tissot, Chaplain of the 37th N. Y." He, too, had one of his old boys under him in that regiment, Gen. James R. O'Beirne, then a captain of the 37th; but as he was shot through the lungs on the Peninsula, I presume that he had not yet rejoined at Antietam.

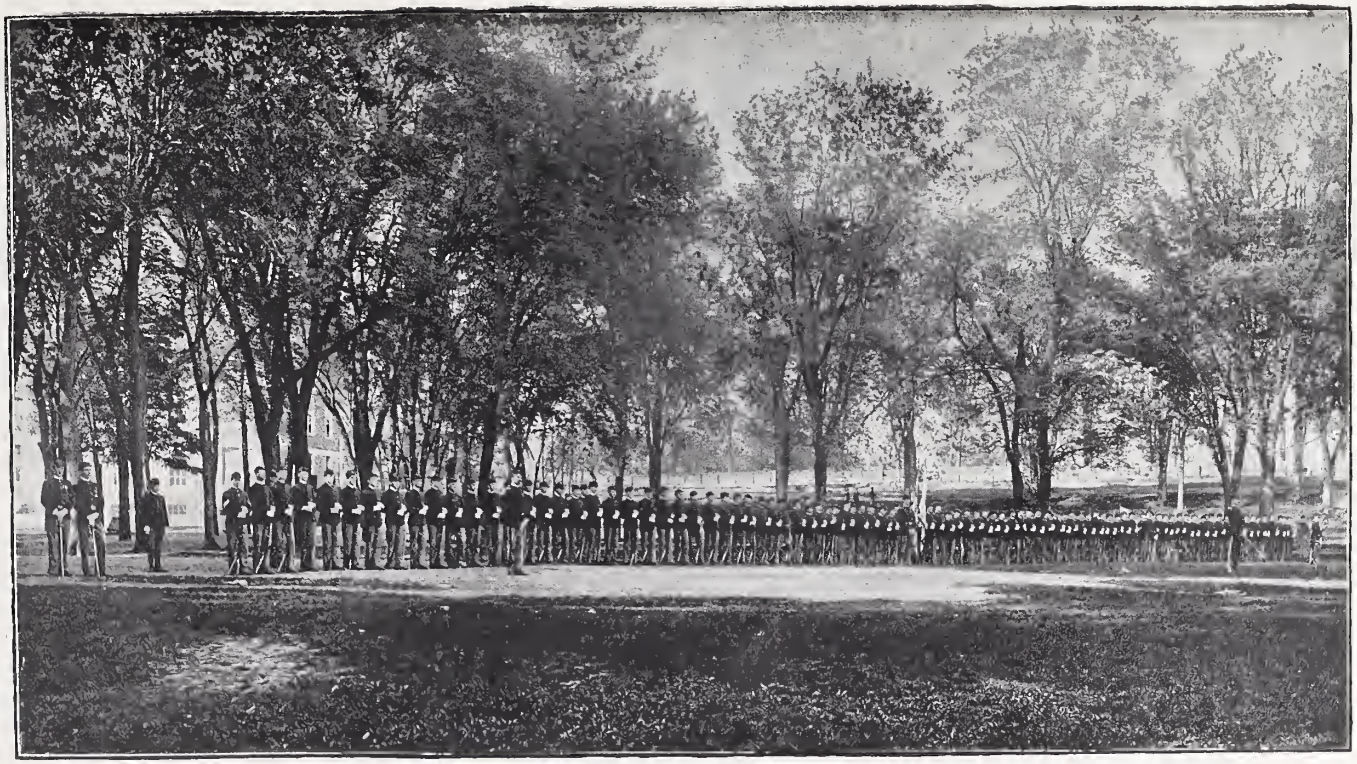
These, perhaps, are not College reminiscences, but they come to me, notwithstanding, "in thinking of the days that are no more."

In your last number your correspondent, "Hamlet," makes very flattering allusion to the "Goose Quill," and wonders if what he says may fall under the eyes of its editor. "Ham," though not an Argus, had more than one pair of eyes, but the brightest pair were dimmed in death long since when Arthur Francis died in St. Louis just as he had attained his majority. He was a brilliant boy, handsome, manly, generous. He was the first of the class of '55 to pass away. There are now, I believe, but two of them left, and these two constituted the other two-thirds of "Ham."

It was as well, yes, better, for Arthur, though very sad for many, that his bright and sunny life should close as it did. The great trouble that came upon the nation soon afterward would have been wofully bitter to him. He was proud and sensitive. He loved his country and the whole of it, while those who were very dear to him, living as they did in border States, were divided during the great struggle, some for and some against the Union. One of his family, as noble a soldier as ever wore a sword, as perfect a gentleman as the military academy ever graduated, as true a patriot as ever sealed his devotion to his country with his life-blood, mounted his horse one summer day after hearing Mass and receiving Communion in the woods near Stone River, and fell dead in battle within half an hour by the side of his chief, General Rosecrans, who, but a little while before, received the Communion with him at the same little altar unsheltered in the woods. This was Colonel Julius P. Garesché. He was the brother of Father Garesché, S.J., who was one of the brightest contributors to "Ham," and one of the wisest counsellors of the editorial trio. He did not share his gallant brother's sentiments during the war, but, of course, in true obedience was silent.

I passed through St. Louis in the fall of 1860 on my way to California by the overland stage route. I spent part of a day with Arthur Francis and was inexpressibly pained to notice how near he was to the other shore. I returned within a year and his chair was vacant. I called at the University to visit Father Smarius and Father Garesché and was most kindly received. Father Garesché locked the door of his room so that we could not be interrupted, and for an hour and a half we had the most lively but good-humored wrangle about the secession of the Southern States. As I said, he was one of our best contributors and wrote under two *noms de plume*. He believed that neither Hassard nor myself knew his secret, which he had revealed in confidence, of course, to Arthur Francis, his cousin; but as it was a rule of the office that "Ham" should have no secrets in his sanctum we were well aware of the identity of "Jonas" and "Laph." On one occasion, while we occupied a class-room assigned to us for a sanctum, which communicated with the old Study Hall as well as with the courtyard, Father Garesché came in. He picked up some old numbers of the *Goose Quill*, and criticised here and there with a good deal of humor. Finally he commenced to read a poem written by himself, a very excellent and spirited poem by the way, "The Battle of Trenton." He smiled several times rather derisively, and then asked Hassard and myself very gravely if either of us had written it; he said, "I know Arthur didn't." We assured him that we had not, but that it was from one of our best contributors. "Tell me honestly," he said, "because I am going to criticise it." We reassured him and begged him to proceed. He then went on and picked out several of the best and most striking passages, which he read over in a doubtful sort of tone and criticised with mild severity. We defended the poem and insisted that the passages he had selected were the best it contained. When he had got through, however, Hassard and I both commenced, and, as there were a number of weak points in his production, we gave him the benefit of a particularly savage criticism, finally answering him that if it had not been for the finer parts which he did not seem to like, we would have rejected it. He finally found himself defending the poem with considerable warmth, whereupon he was reminded that he had started out to criticise it, and then he dropped the subject and the paper. It was not until a full year after we had all three left the College, when meeting there again at the commencement which followed our graduation, we had the courage to tell him the joke, whereupon he turned on Arthur Francis and abused him roundly for betraying his confidence.

When the *Goose Quill* was first established it was rather ignored than permitted by the college authorities. We never, however, could obtain permission to print it. Father Larkin, under whose reign it came into being, was singularly conservative in some things, and never an admirer of newspapers. A favorite expression of his in the class-room when criticising our compositions was: "That



CADET BATTALION OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM.

is newspaper slang." In fact, he forbade us to read in the newspapers any editorial articles, and begged us to confine ourselves merely to the telegraph items of news.

It was this kind of instruction, no doubt, coupled with the little preliminary practice on the *Goose Quill*, that made John Hassard what he is, one of the clearest and best writers of strong pure English that has been connected with the American press during the last quarter of a century—and during these twenty-five years his pen has never been idle.

After the first few numbers of the *Goose Quill* had appeared it was kindly received, and very constantly read where it was placed on file in the dingy old cellar known as the reading-room. It had all to be written out, a labor performed by Hassard in addition to his editorial duties. We received but little encouragement from the students in the way of communications that were accepted. In many instances poems were copied out of books and sent to us as original. I believe, however, that in no single instance did any of them find their way into the paper. Father Gockeln was our staunch friend, and, being first Prefect at the time, he gave us many privileges, such as permitting us to sit up at night, to occupy the class-room as an office, and to remain during study hours in the reading-room.

I am fairly appalled at the length to which these reminiscences have grown, and in closing I must exact of you a promise that you will with perfect freedom cut down or divide up what I have written according to your editorial pleasure. This duty to his readers "Ham" always performed with unflinching fortitude, even when the articles were written by himself. All the original manuscripts, including those rejected, corrected or reduced, I have still in my possession. When "*Ham*" dissolved partnership, in the closing months of the college year 1855, these documents fell by lot to me, and I prize them greatly as most interesting souvenirs of very happy days. Yes, we deemed them happy days even as they passed, but their memories must be remanded notwithstanding.

"Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book:
The weird palimpsest old and vast
Wherein thou hidest the spectral past:—

"Shut down and clasp the heavy lids
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears;
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day!"

MARTIN T. MCMAHON, '55.

VERSES.

Written after visiting a cottage on Fordham Heights, wherein Edgar Poe wrote "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," "Ulalume," and many another weird song.

I WAS straying to-day in the hollow,
Straying with Psyche, my soul,
And I would that my memory could follow
Again where my Phantasy stole,
Where Psyche and Phantasy stole.

But the croak of a Raven was utter'd,
And startled them all back to me;
As we peer'd up the hillside, it flutter'd,
And perched on the top of a tree,
On the brow of a sycamore tree.

And we saw, in the sycamore's shadow,
Something that seem'd like a tomb
To Pysche and me in the meadow,
And it stood 'midst a glory and gloom,
Half in a glory and gloom.

Then memory found in the hollow
A footprint that led from the rill,
And together with memory we follow
The steps in the sands of the hill,
Firm in the sands of the hill.

There is one, and the footstep was youthful,
For the imprint is light in the ground,
And memory's vision is truthful,
For the star of Al Aarif she found,
In the footprint Al Aarif she found.

There is one where a willow is weeping,
'Tis the step of the angel Lenore,
Which she press'd ere the Raven was keeping
Its vigil of gloom o'er the door,
Its dark dismal watch o'er the door.

In the depths of a misty mid region,
And just at the wall of the tomb,
Is a step we would know 'midst a legion,
'Tis the trace of the weird Ulalume,
Of the beautiful weird Ulalume.

Where a ruby-red asphodel flourished;
But memory first was at fault,
Till she found that the flow'r was nourished
By a root that grew out from the vault,
From a heart in the depths of the vault.

Then the Raven's hoarse croak was reutter'd,
It startled and thrilled my heart's core,

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For I heard in the sound that it mutter'd
The ominous word "nevermore,"
The terrible doom "nevermore."

Then Psyche and Phantasy left me,
And memory and I were alone;
And it seem'd that my senses bereft me,
For the Tomb and the Raven were gone,
At last the grim Raven was gone.

In their stead was an old-fashioned cottage,
Like many I read of before,
With a child and a plain mess of pottage,
Content on a stone at the door,
As in tales, on a stone at the door.

But memory, tho' feeble and weary,
Could tell me a story of woe,
For she knows that the homestead was dreary,
And once was the dwelling of Poe,
The home of the weird Edgar Poe.

But we open'd the gate, and the hinges
Were creaking—it seem'd like a moan—
And I knew by their dark mossy fringes,
It was long since he left them alone,
Left them complaining alone.

And I saw in each withering flower,
And I heard in the sycamore's sigh,
And I knew by his desolate bower,
That Edgar had left them to die,
Left them forever to die.

Nevermore would the moon's silver beaming
With his dismal dark spirit condole;
Nevermore would the sun's golden gleaming
Strive to burn the black gloom from his soul,
Which the Raven cast over his soul.

For memory knew he was yearning
To soften that shadow of woe,
But the blaze of the sun with its burning
Couldn't brighten the spirit of Poe,
The Erebus-spirit of Poe.

But his soul ever found consolation
When he breath'd the pure air of St. John's,
For the Fathers' benign conversation,
He said, seem'd to loosen his bonds,
His soul's sombre, shadowy bonds.

And I ween, when the woe of his spirit
Was thickest and deepest in gloom,
That he enter'd her precincts to cheer it,
Or wistfully watch'd from his room,
For he saw her domain from his room.

Then the creak of the old attic shutter
Call'd Psyche and Phantasy back,
And we saw, in the dark curtains' flutter,
Pinions all glossy and black,
The Raven all glossy and black.

And again did this bird of Disaster
Enter and perch as of yore,
In search of its dirge-singing master,
Whose soul it would gloom, nevermore,
And it shriek'd thro' the house, "Nevermore."

And startled I fled to the hollow,
Fled with Psyche, my Soul,
But my memory never could follow
Where terrified Phantasy stole,
In horror where Phantasy stole.

CHAS. E. SIMPSON, '88.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A 2d DIVISION PAPER.

AT the request of my young friend, Mr. Jno. C. McNeilly, who, no doubt, was inspired by the editorial department of THE MONTHLY, I have consented to emerge from my obscurity, and contribute my mite to the collection of "Reminiscences of Old St. John's."

I understand that Father Hanrahan suggested that I should tell something about a paper of which I was both editor and publisher about the year 1860. Well, it wasn't much of a paper, didn't shine very brightly, and its light went entirely out after two numbers, on account of the untimely departure of the head of the concern. It was entitled "The Spy, by Paul Pry," and was started as a kind of a parody on a more pretentious sheet called "The Collegian," published by the students of the 1st Division. I forgot to mention that I was in the 2d Division at the time.

"The Spy" was a sort of a Nihilist affair; not because its aim was the overthrow of constituted authority, nor that it advocated dynamite and assassination, but on account of the fact that its publication had to be conducted with great secrecy, for if discovered, the entire effects would have been confiscated, and the embryo "Stepmak" punished by the then Czar and autocrat of the study-room, either Mr. Jno. Fitzpatrick or Mr. Jno. Hughes, I forget which. Both were jovial and pleasant gentlemen, although in the day I write of they were our natural enemies, and looked upon, by us boys, in the same light as usurpers and tyrants are looked upon by down-trodden people sighing for freedom.

"We see so dull at the time, and looking back, so plain."

We used to call Mr. F. Fitz for short, which reminds me of a pun perpetrated by one of his irreverent and waggish subjects. It was this: Why are the boys in the 2d Division study-room like persons laboring under complaints? Because they are subject to "Fitz." Good old Father Louis Schneider laughed loud and long when he heard it, in spite of all his efforts to look solemn and dignified. He was my teacher in 1st grammar and classics, and I venture to assert that no professor in St. John's was ever better loved by his pupils. He dearly loved a joke, and we used to take advantage of that weakness, if I may call it so. Many an hour we stole from the monotony of recitations, etc., by exciting the risibilities of the good Father with the latest joke or story. Anything funny was sure to upset his gravity. I remember one day he was examining us in the Poor Man's Catechism, and the question was asked of a dull student, "Did God make every man to be damned?" The dullard hesitated, scratched his head and looked around for assistance. One of his mates prompted him, and he answered with the utmost confidence and seriousness, "No; God made every man to be shaved." This was too much for Father Louis. He laid his head on the desk, and by the working of his shoulders and the convulsive movements of the three or four obstinate hairs which always stood erect on the top of his head, in spite of repeated brushing and combing, you could tell a great internal explosion of mirth was going on. *Mais revenons à notre journal.*

Of course, our paper was not printed; for in those days you could not buy a small printing outfit for a trifle as you can now. It was written on foolscap, and headed and lined in the same manner as a regular newspaper. The contributors endeavored to conceal their identity, being a little diffident and afraid of adverse criticism, and would write their contributions in a feigned hand, and over a *nom de plume.* They would surreptitiously slip them into the editor's desk during his absence. The true name was never signed, nor was it required "as a guarantee of good faith, etc., etc." Once "Paul Pry," recognizing the handwriting of one of his correspondents, and wishing to prick the bubble of the chap's conceit, which was very great, criticised the article very severely, and came near getting a good sound drubbing for his temerity.

Macaulay and Longfellow were great favorites with us, and mostly all our doggerel, which we firmly believed to be true poetry, was written in imitation of or parody on some of the poems of one or the other of the two poets. Of such were the "Ballads of St. John's," burlesque accounts of occurrences on the Second Division. There were only two of them—they died with the paper. I remember them both well and will transcribe part of them here, to show the boys of the College the kind of tomfoolery their remote predecessors used to indulge in. No. 1 related to the running away of a lad named Cheseboro, and a Western chap called Bradford, and was entitled

CHESEBORO'S FLIGHT.

Ye students of St. John's draw near, and listen to my tale.
I tell of Francis Cheseboro, whose loss you all bewail.
Alas! he had departed from out these hallowed walls;
We never more may see his face within the College halls.
Those boots, the largest and the best, perhaps, that could be found,
No more with their harsh creak, will make the old playroom resound.
The play-ground e'en seems desolate, of his sweet smile bereft;
And many a heart, with sadness filled, behind him has he left.

Ballad No. 2 relates to

MOLASSES.

The supper hour was nearing fast,
And through the kitchen waiters passed;
Intent upon their work all seemed,
Save one who to himself exclaimed,
"Molasses!"

The bell soon rang, the students all
Entered with hasty steps the hall.
Astounded they appeared to be
When on the board they did not see
Molasses.

I could go on recounting incidents and humorous episodes in the old days of the College, but time and space forbid. If these reminiscences prove acceptable, I shall, at some future time, be glad to contribute more to your valuable journal. How different it is from "The Collegian" and "The Spy." If this meets the eye of any of my old professors and schoolmates, I hope they will remember the writer kindly. He does not forget them, and often thinks of the old days with mingled pleasure and regret; regret that they have gone by never to return, and pleasure when he thinks of the many happy days he spent inside the classic walls of Old St. John's.

J. J. COSTELLO.

THE PINE ON THE BRONX.

AGED Chronos, versed in old Manhatta's lore,
Yield me one treasured thought from out the store
Of thy long life transcending that of man!
Give me to wander through the mazy span
Of bygone days, yon ancient pine to see
When first it grew on yonder woody lea.

In time agone, now wrapt in deepest shade,
Here was its youth, here in the forest glade,

Among its sires, among its kin it grew;
And ample light the sun around it threw.
The noble stag and nimble hind once grazed
Beneath its needled roof and fled amazed
When cleft the fragrant air, in summer clear,
The Indian arrow, death to fallow deer.
Before the Winter came all clad in white,
Keen Boreas blew his breath of dreaded might
Destroying, as he swept, each leafy lane
With power gathered from the ice-bound main.
The spring with zephyr-wind new pleasures brought;
For airy songsters from bright climates sought
Its fragrant boughs and built their cozy nests,
And fluttering, twittered there, its welcome guests;
But Fall approached and from its branches fled
The winged tenants, for their journey led
O'er mountains, sea, and land to smiling plains,
Where warmth, with sunshine, co-eternal reigns.

Thus passed a twelvemonth. Many another went,
And soon a century its branches bent;
And now it stands a haggard sight to see,—
A giant pine upon a lonely lea!
Yet still defying nature even now
It braves the storm, and rears its weathered brow.

Full many a sun, I trow, will rise and sink,
Full many a day another day will link
To chain long years, before his proud trunk sways
Beneath the gust that chants his dying days.

LOUIS N. BENZIGER, '89.

TO THE FORDHAM FROG.

WHICH SINGETH NIGHTLY.

THERE'S sad. sweet music in the plaintive wail
Which autumn winds awaken in the trees;
There's heavenly music when the nightingale
Gladdens the evening with its melodies,
And there is touch of music when the seas
Moan heavily from forth a winter fog,
Restless and ever heaving. Sounds like these
Do touch a poet's fancy—mine they clog,
And they are noise compared to thee, old Fordham frog,

Whose croak falls on my spirit soothingly,
In sober tones that never lightly stray
Beyond the compass of the flattened "G,"
Keeping the even tenor of their way,
Ever the same to-day and yesterday.
I love thee more for thy unchanging tune
Which welds my life together, May with May.
Sing on, sing ever to the pale-faced moon,
Old Fordham frog, the May-tide's fairest boon.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FORDHAM FATHERS IN THE FORTIES.

FR. MURPHY and the recently deceased Fr. Thebaud were the first Jesuits who came from Kentucky to St. John's College. That was at the beginning of 1846. In the summer of 1846 the Jesuits took charge of the institution. The first year they continued to teach according to the method in use before their arrival; that is, the system of having one professor for every branch of studies. In 1847 they introduced their own system of teaching. Father Daubresse became Professor for Philosophy, Fr. Murphy of Rhetoric, Father Ryan of Belles-Lettres, or Poetry, as it was called, Fr. Driscoll of the next class; after him Messrs., now Fathers, Doucet, Hudon, etc. Fr. Duranquet taught Mathematics, and went on sick-calls during the night,—his passion for running after sinners had already developed. I don't know what Fr. Glackmeyer taught; but he sang, and so did Fr. Doucet, mightily to the satisfaction of the students, and Bro. Macé played. There were some other famous musicians among the Fathers, but these had no dealings with the boys: Fr. Verheyden, who built St. Joseph's Church in Troy, and Fr. Schiansky. This Father was remarkable, not only for his peculiar and wonderful voice, and for having been a professional artist, tenor in the opera at Vienna, but for being divorced from his wife, in one of the ways in which the Church permits divorce: having made a retreat in Rome, they agreed to separate, she entering a convent, and he becoming a priest.

Fr. Thebaud was President, Fr. Murphy Prefect of Studies, and Fr. Du Merle Prefect of Discipline. Fr. Du Merle was my ideal of a man, tall, and robust, and handsome. He took snuff, not only into his nose, but all along his front, pronounced molasses with the accent on the first syllable, licked the boys well, and was beloved by all, I think, without exception. At the voice of obedience and charity he went to Canada, where the typhus was raging among the Irish immigrants, and died of the disease. Other Fathers were in Fordham at this time, many of whom have since ended their career. All did not come from Kentucky. In fact, none of those who came from Kentucky as priests are now alive. Of the first generation of Jesuit priests in St. John's College, two only still live, the venerable Fathers Duranquet and Daubresse. Fr. Daubresse came directly from France, Fr. Duranquet by way of New Orleans. Fr. Legouais, a very tiny man corporally, but great in good sense, solid knowledge, and, above all, virtue and piety, had charge of the Sodality. His harangues to us after our Mass on Sunday mornings were full of unction. In the evening, before we went to the study-hall, he used to recite with us in the play-room the beads, and the litany of the Blessed Virgin, always repeating a second time the invocation, "Refuge of sin-

APPROACH TO THE "ROSE HILL MANOR"—THE OLD COLLEGE BUILDING.

ners, pray for us." To him, the whole time that he remained at St. John's (which was about twenty-five years), all the boys went to confession, almost without exception —a thing which Fr. Tissot disapproved of, on the anti-monopoly principle,—I suppose there is such a thing as opposition in trade. The Treasurer of the College was Fr. Fouché, the oldest man in the house, but who could play marbles, hand-ball, or any other game, with as much life as any boy on the play-ground. A great man for joining in all the games was Father, then Mr. Tissot. When we played foot-ball, generally he and Mr. Graves, a scholastic from Kentucky, were placed on opposite sides. Mr. Graves minded his base, because with a kick he could send the ball about as far as one man's leg could make it go. Mr. Tissot worked the ball around the field, sometimes with damage to his own shins. One day he appeared with a new pair of boots, with soles about an inch thick; that day he had a pretty clear field. The only Kentucky scholastics now living are Fr. Henry Hudon, at present Superior of the Mission at Canada, and Fr. Nash, of Troy. These were not natives of Kentucky, but they became Jesuits there. Fathers Tissot, Nash, and Ouillet were chaplains during the war, as is known. The study-room was kept by Father Regnier, a French-Canadian, the first Jesuit ordained from Fordham. He had a round face with baby eyes, always smiling, and was accustomed to pass his snuff-box to the boys who signalled for it. The use of snuff became quite the vogue for a very little while, and very youthful gentlemen had their *tabatieres*. But so very un-American a craze did not last long. As Professor of Chemistry we had Fr. Pottgeiser, who afterward became a great pulpit orator in Germany, and is now attached to the German Mission in the United States.

Finally, there were two novices who attracted our attention. Both had rosy cheeks and light hair, and, instead of the conventional biretta, they wore tall plug hats. These became Fr. Sherlock, who was accidentally killed in Canada, and Fr. Dealy, late President of the College.

Father Driscoll, who began his studies late in life, was a man of great natural talent and eloquence. Most of his life was spent in the Sacred Ministry; he was President of St. Francis Xavier's College; and afterward Superior and Pastor in Troy, where he built the Church of St. Michael. He died some years ago at the College, and is buried in the cemetery. Father Ryan was a great church builder. While Professor at Fordham, he built the church in Yonkers. He also built the old church of St. Francis Xavier in 16th Street. He did not die in the Society. His last work was the erection of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in East 14th Street.

It seems to me, however, that the leading figure in Fordham in the time I speak of, that is, the '40's,—for I know nothing of the early history of the College after 1850—was Father Wm. Murphy. Father Murphy was the nephew of Bishop Murphy of Cork, a celebrated bibliomaniac, who possessed a great library filled with rare volumes picked up at all the book-stalls in the United Kingdom. Having been educated in France, he entered the Society of Jesus there. Nor did he ever see his native country again, unless, perchance, from the deck of the sailing-vessel which brought him to America. He refused the permission to visit his mother when about to cross the Atlantic to never return; as is said of St. Francis Xavier when he passed through Spain on his way to the Indies. Nevertheless, he thought of his mother, for he told us, in his own way, that there was a time when he wore curls, and when his mother thought him as handsome a boy as any of our mothers thought any one of us. Fr. Murphy was the person who had most to do with outsiders. He wielded, also, a great deal of authority within the College. His hair was quite white, though he was little over fifty; he wore spectacles, which added to the intellectual and precise impression of his spare features and form. Father Murphy was not an orator; his *forte* was literature. He was a great purist, an admirer of the classics of the last century. There may have been a method in his teaching, as there is said to be in some people's madness, but it would puzzle any one to find it out. But what is certain with regard to our class is that we came into his hands the rawest kind of material, and when we left it there was not one who could not produce at least a decent piece of English composition. When there was a debate, or something of that kind, his custom was to call the orators in turn to his room, to read aloud to him what they had prepared. This was at the hour which he had chosen for the exercise of shaving. Then, his face covered with lather, and razor in hand, he would hold forth himself, sometimes for half an hour, to the edification of his single listener. And he always said good things. Perhaps he would show you his slippers with the brown paper he had inside of them to keep his feet warm; for he was a great dyspeptic. This dyspepsia was the cause of his finally leaving New York. Besides being for a while Superior of the Mission of New York, he was made also Superior of the province of Missouri. Here, at St. Louis, he found that the muddy waters of the Mississippi agreed with his digestion; and he finally ended his days, at a very advanced age, as is frequently the case with dyspeptics, in the city of New Orleans, where he could imbibe of the Mississippi mud and water as copiously as he pleased. His old age must have been a very mellow one, and I have heard that it was. Indeed, he was never a cross dyspeptic; he may have suffered himself, but he did not make others suffer. We understood then, and believed it, that he contributed a great deal to make the Fathers' Recreation pleasant. He was an endless story-teller. When he saw a scrap of paper on the ground, he would pick it up; if it contained an anecdote, he kept it;

if not, he threw it away. We all regretted not having taken notes of his stories in the class, for by the end of the year we should have had a very considerable volume. A great deal of the effect of what he said, however, came from his way of saying it. He would look contemplatively at the back of his hands, as if admiring the beauty of his finger-nails, and then tell us an anecdote, perhaps for the third or fourth time, but never in the same manner. One can easily understand that there was little fatigue in this class; which fact, as it added to their interest, probably contributed to the boys' success. Nor would it do to try to play a trick on him, or take advantage of his weakness. For exercise of Latin he generally gave us a piece in verse. One of the young gents was in the habit of throwing his exercise into the same form, and returning a piece of English poetry, which was a very free translation of the original indeed, but which gained for him a good position in the list of places that was read the following week. One of his comrades discovered this game, as he considered it, and tried his own hand in the same way; he found himself at the foot of the list.

In one way only Fr. Murphy bored us; he was constantly abusing Napoleon Bonaparte. Now Napoleon may have been alive to him, but to us he was more dead than Cæsar or Alexander, or than the Bonapartes are to-day. Nevertheless, it was common then for strolling Italians to hawk plaster-of-paris effigies of the great Emperor, and for little boys to pose, arms folded and one leg advanced, in representation of the prisoner of St. Helena.

These three Fathers, Murphy, Ryan, and Driscoll, were grave and austere men, very dignified and gentlemanly. Indeed, it may be said of all the Jesuit priests of that time, that they were men of the old school. It was amusing to hear Fr. Murphy say "Mr." Du Merle of Fr. Du Merle. One of the things that I wondered at much was the extraordinary recollection of Fr. Murphy while saying Mass; his eyes seemed to be closed. During the war, I have been told, Fr. Murphy became very intimate in New Orleans with General Banks, so much so that the inhabitants, when they wanted a favor, thought the best way of obtaining it was by using the influence of the Yankee priest.

Do with this rough sketch what you please. Some of the other boys might have written much more satisfactorily; the very fact of becoming a Jesuit has made me think less of these times. Alas! how few of them there are. Proportionally, more of the younger generation of Jesuits are to-day in existence than of their pupils. If you asked the Very Rev. Wm. Keegan, Vicar-General of Brooklyn, to write out for you what *he* remembers about his old professors and schoolmates, I am sure he would send you in response a very charming article. I have been able to do little more than recall names. Mere names mean little to the young; but sometimes they contain much food for thought to those who are growing old.

D. A. MERRICK, '53.

SIR GILES OF NEUFCHATEL.

UP through the hills of Juda rode a troop
Of knights against the setting of the wintry sun,
And Tancred's gonfanon swayed before their ranks;
On crimson surcoats gleamed the crusader's cross;
The gold light flashed from basnet, camaille, and lance,
And tread of steeds, and ring of bridle-chains,
Jangling of armor, and laugh and shout of men
Went backward with the rushing wind. They came
From Nazareth on pilgrimage to hear
The Christmas midnight Mass at Bethlehem:
For Godfrey, the King, and Tancred, to whom were lief
The towns of Galilee, would thank our dear
Lord Christ because He had in wondrous wise
Made free from paynim curse the Holy Lands.

Before the troop, in silence, Tancred rode
With the Norman Knight, Sir Giles of Neufchatel,
No nobler heart than Giles there was amongst all
To whom the Hermit Peter gave the cross.
He ne'er wore favor yet of any maid,
But said, "My Lady is the Queen of Heaven"—
And never yet in joust or war had he bowed
Before the stoutest lance. A big-limbed man,
And beneath his helm a handsome face looked out,
All brown as beechen leaves at vintage time,
And tawny-bearded, and lit by quick blue eyes,
Eyes deep and frank from habit of kindly thought.

Now Tancred rode in silence, musing still,
But soon the dream within his mind was told:—
"The face keeps shining through my fantasy
Of our Lady, sweet Saint Mary, almost a child,
As down this road she came in Winter's heart.
O, that I then lived to shield her dreary way,
Or to kiss in passing the printing of her feet!"—
The light grew dim with tears in the Norman's eyes,
For his quick heart read the Chieftain's gentle love.
And e'er as they marched the word that Tancred said
Kept echoing through his soul, and he too thought
Of our Lady Mary, fair, and meek, and good,
Coming in Winter's heart along the road.
Then he dreamed of her in Bethlehem at eve,
And he watched in vision her weary, patient smile,
He heard her dear mouth's music in his ear,
He saw them close the doors before her face,
And this dream drove fast the hot blood through his heart,
Till starting he grasps the heavy battle-axe
Clanking upon his charger's manifaire,—
But the horse leaped under the spur and at ring of steel,

THE OLD MANOR HOUSE, WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

THE COTTAGE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.

And the movement changed his thought: "Not so, poor Jews,—
My sin it was that closed the doors," he said;
"Natheless, would I were there to shield her way,
Or to kiss in passing the printing of her feet!"—

A warning shout from Tancred—a hiss of arrows—
A yell, "*Allah acbar!*"—and lo! a host
Of Moslem spears—strong desert-rovers who heed
Not treaty sworn—came thundering down the hills.
A moment's space the knights drew rein; and the shrill
Fierce neigh of eager destrers gave answer alone
To the paynim cries. In calmness they tightened girths,
Swung round their shields, and loosened each gleaming axe.
Then Tancred, a Norman still, cried out, "*Ha Ro!*
Brave hearts, upon them with the axe!"—"*Ha Ro!*"
The answering shout—a leap of steeds—a roar
Of trampling hoofs—and up the mount a surge
Like mid-march sea-waves up the quivering beach.
Crash and thud of axe on turban targe,
Clang of whistling scimitar on basnet and shield,
"*Ha Ro! God and our Lady!*"—"*Allah Illa Allah!*"
Crack of splintered spear, and scream and bite
Of maddened steeds, the glare of frenzied eyes
Above the shield-rims, spurting blood, and shrieks
Of the fallen, ground by strokes of the red wet hoofs,
And over all the shrilling wintry wind—
Now Tancred saw across the storm of steel
That the road swept round a crag, and without the rock
Yawned sheer to blackest night. His voice rang out
Above the fight, "Cut between them and the rock wall,
Our heavy horse can push them o'er the cliff!"
Then Tancred's crimson pennon flapped like vans
Of a gore-drenched vulture o'er the heaps of dead—

Sway and whirl of the reeking axes, leap
And rattle of arrows, and blows from the iron feet
Of rearing steeds, and charge, and shock, and recoil.
Sir Giles then shouts,—"In on them, our Lady to aid!"
He hurls his shield aside, his horse is driven
With knee and voice, and both hands grasp the axe.
The knights dash up behind o'er quick and slain,
They turn together, "Out with them! Over the cliff!"—
Then double thunder of flaming steel on steel,
Then strain and writhing, and cry of triumph, and howl
Of despair, and the foe is flung whirling, both man and horse,
Down to the hungering rocks. The knights behind
Have filled the gap between them and the cliff-wall,
Then Tancred shouts again, "Up farther still,
Another swath! *Ha Ro!* Victory, *Ha Ro!*"—
In horror the living Moslem a moment stood,
Then wheeled and fled in rout along the hills.
But twilight fell, and the desert steeds were swift,
And pursuit were vain with the heavy western horse—

The knights now stood to breathe, to aid the hurt,
And to lift up those who had fought their last crusade;
But as they stood a single shaft, sent down
The wind from the flying foe, struck quivering through
Sir Giles' spear-rent hauberk,—"Ah, Jesu!" he groaned,
And sank upon his destrer's blood-drenched mane,
Then down with a crash upon the frozen road
He fell, the arrow broke within the wound.
The horse swerved out, then stood with drooping head
Above his master's white and silent face,
And thus Sir Giles made end of his crusades.

ALUMNUS.

CHRISTMAS LETTERS FROM OLD BOYS.

To the Editors of the Fordham Monthly:

To speak of the old boys is more difficult than to speak of the old Fathers. They drifted away on leaving college, and by this time most of them have gone to that land from which no one returns. Why have you not taken my advice and asked Vicar-General Keegan or Vicar-General Donnelly or the Very Rev. Dean Egan to write to you their recollections of the forties? Of the graduates to '47 inclusively I doubt whether any are to-day living. And yet that is only forty years ago, and the generations of men ought not to all die out before the age of sixty. Bishop Rosecrans graduated in 1847, and he is dead now quite a number of years. He was a very popular young man, and, after leaving college, his name was still in everybody's mouth. His speech at the commencement was a very witty production. Of the graduates of '48 we have in our midst the quiet form of Lawrence O'Connor, the well-known architect, who has done so much solid work for the Church and its charities in New York City. All the other members of that class that I can think of are gone, and very bright young men many of them were: Fisher, if I mistake not, the first president of Seton Hall College; Dr. Morrogh, Superior of the Ecclesiastical Seminary, and pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church in this city. But why mention names? John Grey, who did, at one time, a large business as a lawyer in the conveyancing line, I saw a few days before he died a year or two ago. Felix Kennedy, the most genial of men, my bosom friend and penitent, went about the same time. Kennedy lived in a house afterward purchased by the Jesuit Fathers, and which is now being incorporated bodily into the new college building on 16th Street. In the class of '49 you had Judge Dodge,

whom I have not met since he left college; he was promoted from our class soon after entering, much to the advantage of others, to whom he gave some chance of winning prizes. Dodge was not very prepossessing at that time; he was pretty awkward when he made his first speech. But no one minded that; all we paid attention to was the precocious gravity and maturity of the young man himself. Michael O'Connor, who was as fiery as his brother Lawrence was calm, belonged to this class. He became a great Secessionist, and, after the war, Member of Congress for South Carolina. He died very shortly after a visit to New York a few years since, on which occasion he delivered the address to the Fordham graduates.

Our class, that is, the class of 1850, was composed of two very distinct sets of persons. The first set was made up of young men, rather over than under twenty, who had come to college with the settled intention of studying for the priesthood. A few of these already wore the cassock and came up from the seminary (the building now called St. John's Hall) for their course of literature and classics. During our last year at college, the year of philosophy, we in turn went down to the seminary. Here our numbers were increased by the seminarians who were beginning their first year of ecclesiastical study, a brief course of mental philosophy being the common occupation of the last year's college students, and the students in the seminary of the first year. Sometimes a few of the younger Jesuits, too, not yet ordained, attended this class. During our year we had a Mr. Bidwell, a scholastic who was at the same time our guardian on the playground.

The other set in our class were the younsters. And I am afraid they were very young, thoughtless, mischievous, and idle. My dear young men, whatever you do, don't be lazy; work! You will never make up for time lost in college. And don't read novels; read serious books. Novel reading (good novels, of course) is a relaxation to be tolerated in, well, let us say, persons of fifty-five years of age. But what has become of all these youngsters? Many of them are in the grave. (Funny writing for your Christmas number.) Not all of them, however. Dr. John Young has been attending to a large practice for many years in Brooklyn, and has become, I suppose, a very wealthy man, unless prevented by a growing family; but then that never is the case. He was one of the most mischievous. Dr. Charles Pinckney, of Atlanta, is well known for his professional ability in the South. Seventeen years ago he had a very large family, too; how is it now? Charley Prendergast, the tease and torment of the Father who was our French professor, went off and became himself a priest, and a very edifying one indeed, in the diocese of Charleston. I met him in Paris on my way to my own novitiate. But Dominie Lynch? and Bill Bones? and Tom Collins? and Maurice Daly? and McNulty? The dominie must be gone these twenty years. Bill Bones, or Malachy Bones, so called because he was bones and nothing else, was the son of Major Denman, editor of the *Truth-Teller*, about the only Catholic newspaper we had in those days. The Major asked Maurice Daly to join him in his editorship, and Bill and Maurice ran the paper between them for a while. When abroad I heard of Daly's death; he soon ran through the little money he had; a Protestant school companion was the first to suggest calling a priest to his bedside; and, when dying, he asked to rest among his old professors. His grave is in your cemetery. When last I saw Bill Denman he was business manager of the New York *Tablet*. He, too, when the end came, sent for Father Duranquet. McNulty and Denman were at the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the College. We called Mac, Nosey, with that deep reverence boys have for one another, because he had broken his nose playing shinny on the ice on the Bronx. Except for this feature, he was, in 1870, as splendid a man as you could expect to lay eyes on. He was in business in Chicago. His death was the result of an accident in connection with the horse cars. None of these three ever married. For many years after the war Tom Collins' wife could learn no detail of his death. Recently I saw a representation of the woods on fire during the battle of the Wilderness, and the wounded being carried away. Tom Collins refused to be carried away; he was burned to death. Does Gus O'Neill remember his fight with Tom Collins for the championship of the playground, down at the old pump? Gus is still alive and fighting his opponents at the bar. But he fights the devil, too, for if ever there was a good Christian and an honest lawyer, Augustine O'Neill is the man. Some weeks ago, at the end of a conversation with a young lady who greatly interested me, I discovered that she was the daughter of my old friend. Ridiculous? The really ridiculous thing is the *grandchildren*, in knee-breeches and short skirts, grimacing at each other as in French pictures. And that half-American, half-Mexican Kimball, is he among the living or the dead? When he came to see me in 1859 he was in the mining business in Pueblo. But 1859 is long ago. How he held his tongue during the whole time he was at college! It was only at the end we learned his bitter hatred of the Americans (his father was an American) on account of the Mexican war; his father had warned him to be silent. But there was very little bitterness in him; his words to me at that visit were to be kind to the boys.

Dear fellows! They were not bad boys. On the contrary, they were good. I would pit them for Christian virtue against any lot of boys the whole world over. I have spoken to the students at Fordham of Charley de Bull, our St. Aloysius. It was at Fordham I first learned there were good boys. Before that time I had not found

ST. JOHN'S HALL (PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT), FORDHAM

WALKS AND FOUNTAIN IN THE REAR OF ST. JOHN'S HALL, FORDHAM

them, either among the rich or among the poor. But at St. John's the bad boys were few, they were known, and they were avoided. Green be your memory, my dear playmates; we gave trouble, but we meant no great harm. We were boys then; now we are a few men verging on old age. May we all meet in the eternal home.

Gentlemen, please do not ask me for more reminiscences. The sentiment excited by dwelling on these recollections savors, I am afraid, of egotism.

Yours in Christ,

D. A. MERRICK, S.J., '50.

MARCH WIND.

THE March wind wails as one in pain,
He sweeps the land with might and main,
He lives in storm and pelting rain.

The March wind laughs a laugh of scorn,
What time with nightly vigil worn
He rests beside the darkened morn.

His proud boast thrills along the sky—
Prouder and wilder grows his cry,
"I will not die, I will not die!"

Come, April wind, and crush his power;
Come thou with sunshine and with shower—
Thy breath will quicken leaf and flower.

C. E. SIMPSON, '88.

To the Editors of the Fordham Monthly:

It was a kind and hospitable thought of yours to call the old boys around you at Christmas. How glad we should be if we might indeed meet in the real flesh by your sanctum lamp, and feel again the benign influences which always made the College Christmas so bright a part of our youth. I have passed the sacred season under many conditions and in various distant lands—among northern snows, with the mercury 40 degrees below zero; in languorous sub-tropical climes surrounded by heliotropes and roses; in London fogs; in merry home gatherings—but the College Christmas, with the Midnight Mass, the devout Communions, the music dispelling our broken sleep, the joyous supper after Mass, the late breakfast, and the hilarious breaking up for the short holiday, has left a deeper impression than any of my later experiences. I do not know whether you keep the feast as we did, or in some simpler way; but I hope that when you grow to be old boys it will seem as beautiful to you as it does to us.

There were ten of us in the class of '55, and we were all fast friends. Several, however, including two or three Canadians who returned to their own country, passed out of my knowledge when they graduated, and I do not know what became of them. Four others died early—an extraordinary mortality for so small a class. Good, honest Denis Donovan became a physician, and was surgeon of the Eighth Regiment, N. Y., with which he made a fine figure on parade; but he was carried off by consumption without a chance to win much practice. John Power, son of a physician and nephew of a distinguished priest, was reputed lazy, and always looked as if he had got out of bed half awake and had dressed in the dark. But we all liked him. He had ability, and while he was studying law under the brilliant advocate, James T. Brady, brother of the present judge, he applied himself to the profession earnestly. He invited me to witness his first case in court. His client was a poor needle-woman suing for her earnings, and John took the case without fee. On account of a flagrant technical defect the complaint was dismissed with costs, which John paid out of his own pocket. It was all over in about five minutes, and we walked away together in profound silence. I was thinking that it was a pity John had invited me to the trial, and I suspect that he was thinking so too. His health failing, he went on a long sea-voyage, and he died abroad—I believe in South Africa. Hippolyte Feugas (name pronounced Few-gas), the son of a fashionable dancing-master in Charleston, was a tall, brown, smiling, alert, sociable man, as little like the typical Carolinian of those fire-eating days as one could well be. He always had something the matter with his big toe, in consequence of which he wore enormous broad shoes, known throughout the College as "Feugas's boots." Dear, old fellow, he didn't care; he could not have quarreled if he had tried. Almost the last mail from the South, before communication was cut off by the war, brought me a letter from him, stamped with a palmetto flag, and filled with the most ferocious secessionism. The contrast between the truculent tone of this epistle and the lamb-like temperament of the writer would have been comic but for the evidence it bore to the state of public feeling. If gentle Hippolyte could go on like this, what must be the fury of the rest of Charleston? I found an opportunity to send him an answer of friendly remonstrance by a flag-of-truce boat from Fortress Monroe, but I do not know that he ever received it. When peace returned, I heard that he was dead.

General McMahon paid a fine tribute, in the last volume of THE MONTHLY, to a classmate whom we both loved very dearly, and remember with undiminished tenderness. Arthur Francis was the brightest and most beautiful spirit I ever knew in my youth. His liquid eyes, sparkling with merriment, with so much soul and sensibility lurking in their depths, seem to shine on me as I write, and the image of this faultless little gentleman

will always take a foremost place in my memories of St. John's. He was a clear-headed scholar, pressing McMahon hard for the honors of the class. For a little while he studied law in New York, removing soon, however, to St. Louis, where he died. I remember his telling me one day, with bated breath, that he had discovered in the law-practice of a distinguished firm, which stood very high both in the profession and in society, a readiness to use trickery and even to tell lies! He was so much shocked that he whispered the disclosure, though we were in the privacy of his own room. Years afterward, when one of these eminent lawyers misappropriated a trust, the world found out what Arthur's sensitive conscience divined at once.

There is only one of the ten of '55 with whom I can now talk over old times. That is my dear comrade, Martin McMahon, whose friendship is one of the most precious things I brought away from College. We have clung together for thirty-six years, and I trust that death will not wholly part us. Universally admired at St. John's, he has since made friends all over the United States, filling important posts with honor to himself and advantage to his country, and in all the employments of his busy life reflecting lustre upon the institution which trained him for his distinguished career as a patriot, a soldier, and a true Catholic citizen.

JNO. R. G. HASSARD, '55.

THE WINNOWER TO THE WINDS.

To you, light troops, who with fair-flitting wings
From every marge, e'en of the tiny springs,
  Send out athwart the water's breast
The growing ripples; and with whistling sound
Awake the woods where cassia plants abound,
  And sway the platan's leafy crest.

To you I offer these blue violets,—
So sweet that e'en the burdened bee oft frets
  To glean from them a greater store.
These blooming buds, full redolent, are all
Your own, which, freed by your soft breath, fast fall
  From the boughs of the stately sycamore.

Blow lightly in your dalliance across
This wide-stretched wold; and let the marish moss,
  The sedge and fen, full drear and dun,
Be winnowed by your breath; whilst in the mead
I labor long with stover, corn and seed
  Beneath the scorching summer's sun.

ST. JOHN'S THIRTY YEARS AGO.

To the Editors of the Fordham Monthly:

DEAR SIRS:—Redeeming a promise too long unfulfilled, and treading in the footsteps of my illustrious seniors, Messrs. Merrick, Hassard, McMahon, and O'Beirne, I venture to offer this addition to your store of "Reminiscences."

My first impression of Fordham, ever since vividly preserved, is one of light—I mean physical light. The choice of an institution in which to pursue my studies, already well advanced, had been left to myself, and I had entered, at the beginning of the scholastic year, a noted college farther south. From the moment of my entrance, an unaccountable gloom seemed to me to pervade the whole place. My soul sank under it. Why it was I could not then tell, nor can I now. It was not due to my reception, which was kindness itself; nor was it homesickness, for against that I was thoroughly seasoned. But there the gloom was, real or imaginary, and, struggle as I might, I could not escape its influence. It seemed to me as if the very mountains of the neighborhood bore down with their full weight upon me, and everything was of a piece with this absurd conception. After a few days of real torture, I requested the president to allow me to withdraw, and, as I had presented myself unaccompanied, he permitted me to depart. I then resolved to try St. John's; but, into such dread had I fallen, that this time I insisted that my father should accompany me, and together we entered Fordham. The place to me seemed flooded with light, and with that impression there came to me a cheer and light-heartedness that never abandoned me while I remained a student. This local brightness is, in my mind, a characteristic of St. John's, and, I think, has ever had its reflection in the manners, customs, and life of its inmates.

Fordham was not, when I entered it, what it now is. To say nothing of the last new building, the large stone wing did not then exist. What is now the President's office was then the College parlor; what is now the parlor, the chapel; and what is now the chapel, the First Division Study-Hall. The present sacristy was the Second Grammar class-room; and, in their order, on the same level, followed First Grammar, Classics, and Belles-lettres. Rhetoric was taught in the top floor of the building, where your sanctum is situated. Your sanctum was the Vice-President's fortress; while on the ground floor were the music-rooms, and in the *basement* the reading-room, which served also the purposes of the St. John's Debating Society. Philosophy was taught in what is now a part of the wardrobe. Where the music-rooms now are, there was one long hall which, with the present Second Division billiard-room, constituted the First Division play-room. Immediately adjoining this was First Division wash-room.

The student of to-day will see that I do not use for wash-room the term "lavatory." Nor would he, if he had known the spot. The eternal fitness of things would forbid it. No smooth Latin derivative suits the "reminiscence." The homeliest, ruggedest Saxon fits. There, in the form of a square, taking up the entire centre of the

room, stood large tubs—genuine washtubs—brimming with water, and from these we filled each his tin basin. In summer it was pleasant enough; n winter came, so much could not be said. More than once, tumbling out of a warm bed and still half-asleep, down the stairs, with our coats thrown over our arms, we entered this "lavatory" only to find that the performance of our morning ablutions required first *the breaking of the ice in the tubs.* Think of this, ye modern Sybarites! It may seem odd to recall such trifles as this; but who that ever washed his face and hands at half-past five o'clock in the morning, with the thermometer around him near zero, in a basin in which swam chunks of ice, has forgotten the experience? And I am writing, you must remember, reminiscences. Well, that is one of them—one that stands out salient!

The foregoing was but one of many hardships we underwent that are unknown to the student of to-day; and, as we triumphantly survived them all, you see, Messrs. Editors, that we were a sturdy set. I remember very few cases among us of sickness. The infirmary had but few inmates. Personally, I never crossed its threshold but once, and then for an earache. Regular hours, active exercise, and plain but substantial and plenteous food, such as every Jesuit college is noted for, made of us and sent us out the same strong, healthy men that Fordham is now every year giving to the world. We were induced to study hard, but we played just as hard. In our day, indoor recreation was frowned upon even in rough, if not too inclement, weather. Cards were absolutely tabooed then, as now. Chess was discouraged, as but a continuation of study. Backgammon was tolerated. Dancing we had sometimes in the evening. But in the main we were kept, nothing loth, out of doors, there to get along as best we might. Skating, while it lasted, was a boon, and not less so, when the sleighing was good, the straw-rides in box-sleighs to Harlem, Yonkers, or wither-so'er the spirit of the prefect listed. In spring and autumn we fairly revelled. Everybody played handball (usually the six-hand game) and we had very expert players. Cricket had for a time its votaries; but it sickened and died upon the advent of baseball. The latter was then only just struggling into existence, supplanting its predecessor, "rounders." We had no regular club. The nines were scratch-nines, chosen by the tossing of a bat, from among those present who desired to play. We had little of the science which modern talent has developed, but we had just as much fun as our successors. We knew all the baseball then known, and more could not be expected. The same may be said of football. We had no half-backs or snap-backs (at least none technically so called), but we did not break each other's bones, and our scrimmages gave us as much wind and muscle, probably, as is derived from the game of to-day. Prisoners'-base and shinny were often indulged in, by way of variety. Indoor gymnastics we did not have. In the season, with such appliances as ours were, a great deal of gymnastic work was done out of doors with very creditable results. Boxing was practised to a certain extent; but fencing was unknown, as was also military training, unless "Marshal McMahon's Fourth of July squad" can be considered a proof to the contrary. In the heat of the summer, swimming in the deeper part of the Bronx was a frequent delight. Our fishing, for we did fish, was of two kinds, *deep sea* fishing off Pelham bridge, and "snaring" in the shallow waters of the Bronx. The latter was my forte or rather the forte of the firm to which I belonged. For it was a matter of copartnership. I could find the fish, but I never could catch one. My classmate, "Jimmy" Smith, was too full of repose ever to seek a fish, but I never knew him to miss one that he was made to see. So we struck hands. I spied the fish (I know not what they were, we called them carps) and "Jimmy" did the catching. This was the *modus operandi:* to the extremity of a light, stiff pole you attached a short, flexible wire ending in a running noose, and, when you saw (or were made to see) a fat carp basking, motionless, on the sandy bottom, you quietly approached him with the sun in your face so as to cast no shadow toward him, and, gently introducing the noose over his nose and backward until you got it around his middle, you gave a sudden twitch and landed him on the bank. I always thought my partner tickled the fish from the time the noose reached its nose until he snared it; but to whatever theoretical knowledge or suspicion I attained I remained, in practice, a failure. The firm, however, did quite a business. Big, jolly carp were plentiful in the Bronx in those days, but I suppose that under the inroads of urban civilization they have disappeared. Boating was of difficult and infrequent accomplishment. I remember, however, one glorious excursion. On a bright day in early summer, a large "band" went in the cars to Harlem, and embarking there in boats, secured in advance, rowed all the way to Kingsbridge, where a lunch was had, and back again to Harlem. It was something out of the usual run, and, therefore, grateful. But we were not seasoned to rowing, and, although our trip had been so timed as to give us the tide both ways, we were a tired lot when we re-entered Fordham that evening. There was no end of talk of the fine time had, but there was, also, no scarcity of stiffened backs and blistered hands. "Bands" were a great institution in the days of which I write. At the beginning of a full or half recreation day, the announcement would be made that a band would start for a certain place. Each member of the Division was free to join or not; and, when the detachment was made up, off we went on a brisk walk, accompanied by one or two prefects. In this way, at one time or another, we visited Pelham Bridge, Harlem, Macomb's Dam, Kingsbridge, Westchester, Manhattanville, Highbridge, West Farms, and all the points

of interest within reasonable walking distance of the College. The outlying regions were then but sparsely settled, and these rambles of ours were real excursions into the country, possessing a charm of their own that has never faded from my memory. The sense of a larger freedom for the moment, the buoyancy of step and glow of exercise, the exhilaration of spirits, the merry conversation, the rests by the wayside, the repose at the end of the route—the whole bathed in and dominated by God's glorious sunshine—come back to me as forcibly as if they were a thing of but yesterday.

The discipline of our day, without being at all relaxed, was reasonably lenient, and was maintained without difficulty. It was maintained as much by the voluntary concurrence of the students as by the weight of authority. It was not considered clever to break or evade the rules, and the lad who sought distinction in this line speedily lost caste among his fellows, and if this did not cure him, ultimately found himself shown to the door by the Faculty. The spirit, at least in Senior Division, was that entering the College each year with a knowledge of its laws, the student became bound in honor to observe them so long as he stayed in the institution, his remedy otherwise being to induce his parents, if he could, to send him elsewhere.

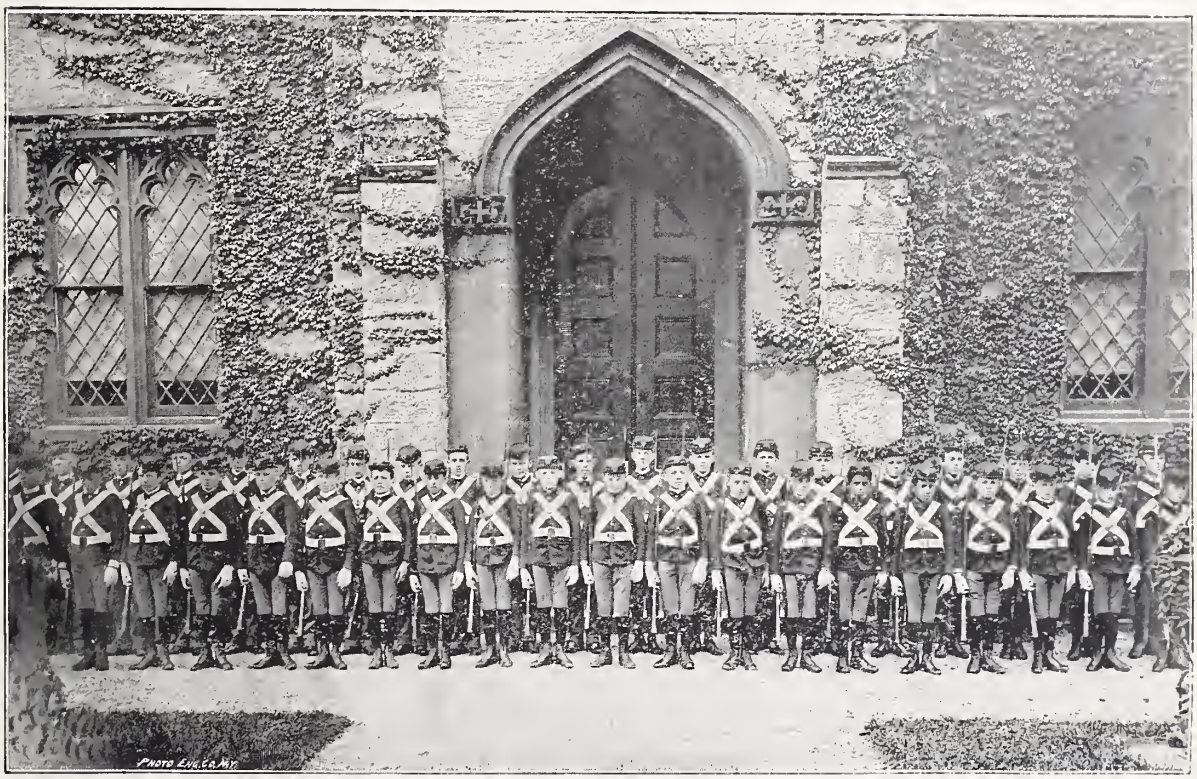
Laudator temporis acti is not, certainly, a role into which I wish to stumble; but, at the same time, I cannot quit the subject I have been discussing, life and habit at St. John's, without, in justice to the students of my day, a word as to their virtues. I have since had a pretty extensive and varied experience of men, but I have yet to meet a more generous, true-hearted, loyal, and, for that matter, able set than the youth of my time at Fordham. A breach of honor, in our day, involved ostracism; profanity and lying were unknown; delicate forbearance for the rights and feelings of others held decided sway; a sense of duty and a spirit of urbanity governed the acts of fairly all; finally, no one hesitated to profess himself a Christian, and, what is of more importance, to live up to a decent standard of that profession, and when that is said, pretty nearly all is said.

There was but little worship in those days at the shrine of Melpomene. No dramatic work which could at all compete with that of to-day was attempted. Nothing that could be compared with THE FORDHAM MONTHLY was even imagined. *Sem*, a not altogether unworthy successor to the famous *Goosequill*, led a short, fitful existence and gave up the ghost. Journalism was in those days, as well explained by General McMahon in his paper, barely countenanced. Quite a difference now! We had no students' library, but were allowed free access to the large one of the College. Our reading-room was well furnished with the leading newspapers and periodicals of the day. Perhaps in instrumental, but certainly in vocal music, we were far superior to the College of to-day; unless, indeed, the late revival is producing results as yet unknown. Brother Macé was then in his prime, whilst Messrs. (afterward Fathers) Doucet and Glackmeyer taught and led the choir. It was not considered anything of a feat to prepare and give, on short notice, a chorus from the Italian opera. Whether the performance was given with accuracy and *vim*, it will not take any one who knew Father "Glack" long to determine. He was the head of the music, and to this day I never see an orchestra leader raise his *bâton* without thinking of the one Mr. Glackmeyer used to flourish. But the society of societies was, in my estimation, the St. John's Debating Society. I look back now with wonder at the work that was performed under its auspices, as well in quality as in quantity. There was a meeting every week, and at each meeting there were delivered at least two carefully prepared speeches on each side of the question under debate, together with a number of extemporaneous ones, whilst such was the rivalry and emulation, that on occasions which I remember, the debate was prolonged through three successive meetings. Mr. Garesché was its President during our year of Rhetoric, and during our year of Philosophy the celebrated orator, Father Smarius. They were both men of great attainments, and infused into the association a life and vigor, of which we all reaped the full benefit.

I intended to mention some of the students of our day, but this paper has already reached too great a length. I will only state that of my own immediate classmates, Feugas, Smith, Mattimore, Farrell, and Fitzpatrick, S. J., are dead, that Thomas E. Davis and Jules Vatable survive, and that of the others I have no information. I meant also to speak of the Jesuits of those days, among others of Fathers Daubresse, Jouin, Doucet, and Dealy, still living, and of so many now dead, to all of whom we owed so much, and who then, as in our after life, proved themselves the best friends that men could have. The ties of love and veneration which bind to the Jesuits the pupils they have taught are wonderfully strong, as Lamartine so nobly testified and the heart even of a Voltaire was compelled to confess. In fact, if justice were done, the better part of this memoir should be taken up with reminiscences, not so much of the place itself, as of the men whose spirit permeated the place, and whose self-sacrifice, ability, and wisdom made Fordham what it was. One is tempted, as he recalls their many virtues and attainments, to believe that

"We
Stand shadows of the fathers we survive."

No matter what my haste, however, there was one, now dead, upon whose memory no pupil of his, writing a paper like this, could fail to dwell for at least a moment, without treason to every sentiment of affection and gratitude. Father Hector Glackmeyer taught us the import-



ST. JOHN'S HALL, FRONT ENTRANCE, FORDHAM.

FRONT ENTRANCE OF ST. JOHN'S HALL, PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT, FORDHAM, SHOWING JUNIOR CADETS.

ant class of Rhetoric. As yet only a scholastic he was then in the full flush of early manhood, all fire and energy, and the strides we made under his tuition were gigantic. Born of a gentle family he was a model of courtesy and refinement, and, possessing a tender heart, he was all goodness to his "boys," as he called us. I never knew greater harmony, better order, or higher endeavor in a class than prevailed in ours, and it was all the result of our great love for him. His methods of teaching were his own. We never learned anything by rote, except when it was a question of a piece of declamation. He taught us the principles of rhetoric by lecture, from notes of his own, supplemented by our class translation of Cicero's *De Oratore*, and by class translation and analysis of Cicero's *Pro Milone* and the *De Corona* of Demosthenes. Elocution was drilled into us by incessant practice. On stated days every student was required to declaim something; and this subject recalls to me an instance of the tact and tenderness of feeling of the man. At the beginning of the year one tyro in the art of standing on one's legs and talking was delivering his piece fairly well, but with rather more ardor than the subject demanded, and, so, provoked some of the more thoughtless of the class to suppressed laughter. Thereupon the speaker, already over-nervous, broke absolutely down and was retiring, deeply mortified, to his desk when Mr. Glackmeyer clapped him on the shoulder, as one boy would another, and said: "Never mind, my son, *you have a heart beneath your ribs*, and you will yet teach these laughter-loving young gentlemen." The master's kind encouragement outweighed all else, and sent the young man happy to his seat, only to become afterward one of the best orators in the class. Father Glackmeyer had many ways of getting work out of us, almost without our knowing it. Often upon our entering class on a gloomy winter or drowsy June afternoon, when all the surroundings led to apathy and inertness, Father Glackmeyer, quickly grasping the situation, would greet us with a cheery: "Boys, we'll skip Demosthenes and have a little of Pickwick." Thereupon, from out his desk would come the "Pickwick Papers," and for a while, with his rich voice (he had a superb tenor voice and was the soul of music) and inimitable powers of recitation, he would rattle through some funny passage until he had us all laughing and *thoroughly awake;* and then, with a peal of laughter of his own, he would slip the jolly Englishman into his drawer, and producing the no longer horrid Greek, would say: "After all, boys, we must do *some* work; Jules, just begin where we stopped yesterday." The result was that during what was left of the class we would do three times as much work as if we had not stopped to laugh over Pickwick's mishaps. In later years Father Glackmeyer, in the trying position of First Prefect, commanded the love of the whole College, just as in our time he did that of his class. Finally he became a great orator when sent forth to preach, and, worn out by arduous missionary labors, died whilst still comparatively a young man, at Philadelphia, in the year 1882. May old St. John's ever continue to have such men within its walls.

"*Et pergat placidam per multa decennia vitam.*"

JOSEPH J. MARRIN, '57.

BALLADE OF THE BLIZZARD.

"Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte."

OLD Horace may sing of the mountains
All crested with glistening snow,
Of frost-stricken trees and of fountains
And rivers fast held in their flow:
But of blizzards that howl in fierce hate,
But of snow-waves that ceaselessly blow,
But of engines snowed up with their freight,
Pray what did he know?

Soracte, your classic pate towers
Where soft winds forevermore blow,
In summer your crown is of flowers,
In winter, a ringlet of snow:
But of snow-flakes that tumble and roll,
But of fierce winds whose burden is woe,
But of bleakness that harrows the soul,
Pray what do you know?

O, Horace, wherever you wander
By Styx or where Phlegethon rolls,
You're a lion in Elysium yonder,
To shades with poetical souls:
But of storms that darken the skies,
But of palace-flats buried in snow,
But of drifts that like mountain-waves rise,
Pray what do you know?

ENVOI.

Old bard of the fountain and farm,
Your heart and your verses beat *warm*,
But of *frozen* winds burdened with snow,
Pray what do you know?

THE ISLAND OF RHODES.

O'ERGROWN with roses from its fertile loam,
Rhodes lifts its flowery head above the foam.
No fairer island gems the pulsing sea!
Its brow, enrobed in flowers o'er lawn and lea,
Sheds forth its perfume on the balmy air,

And steals the scented myrrh that zephyrs bear
Upon their fragrant wings in ceaseless flight.
The silvery streams are fringed with laurels white,
And ripple liquid songs to ravished ears.
A poet's haven this, where fancy hears
Sweet melodies that e'en Pieria's spring
Could never from its laughing waters fling.
Unclouded ever hangs the summer sky,
As though to heaven the dewy perfumes fly,
And part the clouds to pay their tribute fair
Unto their God. The laden fruit trees flare
With golden mellowness beneath the sun,
Whose softly shimmering beams forever run
Along the velvet lawns, and seem to shed
Their souls of brightness on each rose-crowned head.
The restless tides plash sweetly on the shore,
While carols mingle with the softened roar
From every woodland grove. A fairy isle,
Which beauty gilds with all-bewitching smile.
In rosy tufts each undulating lawn
Is spangled with bright clustered stars that dawn
Upon the sight just as the morning rays
Shoot through the clouds, a flame-tipped arrowy maze,
And pierce the sable mail of vanquished night;
The while each beauteous blossom helps the fight,
And seems to aid the labors of the morn,
The orange trees begemmed with gold adorn.

But these were lesser settings to its crown,
Whose brilliant was the glorious, sun-kissed town,
Which merged the flame of other jewels gay
To shed them for her own; and so repay
The fairness that it gathered from the land.
Her treasures Beauty rained with lavish hand,
To build the masterpiece that towered high,
And caught the golden sunbeams of the sky
To lend them newer grace reflecting there.
Around the towers the rose-embalmed air
Still lingered, loath to quit the happy place,
Till torn by wanton winds from its embrace.

Thus shone its beauty to the raptured eye,
Ere Moslem saw its well-tried knighthood die,
While still l'Isle Adam's crest o'ertopped the fight,
And nodded terror to each foeman's might.
Whose name a fear in every Turkish breast
Affrighted Islam's babes to trembling rest.
But now Time's twilight steals upon the isle,
And shadows veil the fairness of its smile.
The sage and poet mourn its hopeless doom,
And weep the absence of its ancient bloom.

F. P. DONNELLY, '90.

REMINISCENCES.

I WISH, dear editors, that you had selected some one else besides a poor country parson to write up the class of '76. But as the task (a pleasant one, I admit) has fallen to my lot, I cheerfully send whatever information I have to impart.

The class of '76 was famous in many respects. First of all it was the "Centennial class"; then again it had an unusually large number of graduates—we were twenty-one in all—most of them still living, but some of them have gone to their reward.

Let us begin with those who are no longer *in terra viventium.* I well remember how shocked I was to learn of the death of Peter Hendricks, who was taken off quite suddenly almost the very day after his graduation. The members of our class can recall with much pleasure the gentle Hendricks, whose modest merits his classmates were never slow to recognize. Next on the death list, I believe was Frank Flattery, of Detroit, who died some few years after his graduation. My recollection of him is very vivid, and when I lately looked over some of my class books I found his name in many places, for he had such a weakness for writing that we called him the scribe. About two years ago I was startled by reading the announcement of Joe Sureney's death. Joe (whom his friends familarly called the "Stoic") was one of our best men, and those who knew him intimately, deeply mourned his loss. He was what the Germans called a many-sided man. I was his room-mate for a year and had ample opportunity of knowing his ability and his worth. And now, I come to speak of one who was my dearest friend and whose death, which took place a little over a year ago, was a severe blow to me—I allude to Joseph Maher, or as I loved to call him, "Joe." After his studies at Fordham he was sent to Rome, where he contracted a disease from which he never recovered.

Joe was one of nature's noblemen, gifted in many ways, but particularly famous as a speaker. He was our best debater and many a time and oft he used to astound us with some of his extempore eloquence. He did not live long after his ordination and I had the melancholy pleasure of assisting at his funeral. With a requiescant for those who have passed away, let us revert briefly to those who still remain with us. As the spiritual order is above the temporal, I will begin with the clergymen of the class. And first of all comes before my mind the great Chris. Reilly—the six-footer, as we familiarly called him. He is now doing duty in New York City, and though I love to meet him, still I dread to receive his shake of the hand, if it is as terrible as it was when we were college boys. Chris. was the personification of good nature, and was loved generally by the class. The affectionate George —now Father—O'Callaghan, of New York City, was the Fidus Achates of Chris. Their difference in size was

FACULTY BUILDING AND SENIORS' HALL

SIDE VIEW OF FACULTY BUILDING AND SENIORS' HALL, SHOWING CHAPEL WING (UNFINISHED).

enormous, but that did not affect the strength of their friendship. George was always by the side of his big friend.

The only one of the priests whom I have not met since graduation day is William Ryan, of the Boston diocese, but I expect to run across him some day. He was christened Suarez, by a wag of the class, on account of his seriousness and wisdom. We looked upon him as an oracle, whom we often consulted. It would take a volume to write up such characters as Meyers, Colligan, Walter Flattery, Dooley, Riley, Coogan, Cloonan, Cooney, Hunt, and Lauer.

Our class was remarkable for the pronounced individuality of each of its members, and every man was a study in himself.

Those above mentioned are doing well in their various professions. I have met nearly all of them since they left Alma Mater, and they are reflecting credit on old St. John's.

The down-easters take considerable pride in John W. Coogan, who has made himself famous in Connecticut, as a lawyer. He has also been in the legislature and held the responsible position of prosecuting attorney. He will yet be heard from and his career gives great promise for the future.

Joe Meyers deserves more than a passing notice. He was the most interesting member of the class, and his relations with Colligan (known in college days as George the Magnificent) made him doubly interesting. The Count and Prince, as they were respectively called, delighted us with the variety and splendor of their respective wardrobes, and it was difficult to decide who was the superior in point of dress.

I remember what glorious nights we had on 5th Avenue, and how often the prefect would be obliged to come to our doors to hush up a discussion; for there was nothing our class relished better than argumentation. Fathers Doucet and Freeman can testify to the truth of this statement. Our circles on Tuesday and Thursday evenings were a treat, especially when Meyers and Colligan would be on either side. I almost forgot to mention Frank Jones—now Father Jones. He was the friend of all, but chiefly of those who were weak in mathematics. I recollect how lovingly he would coach some of us in that terrible science of Calculus. He was always in great demand about two weeks before examination. To his honor be it said, that he never turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of his friends for aid. And when he had the honor of being the first graduate of his class there was general rejoicing. Though famous in so many ways, it was a matter of general remark that we acquired no reputation as a baseball class.

The present writer was the only one who rose to any eminence in the national game. He caught for the Rose Hills before the mask came into fashion, and he has a vivid recollection of being badly disfigured a few days before graduation, by a foul tip. It is needless to recount the great games the Rose Hills played with the Princetons, Jaspers, Olympics, and various other clubs in and about New York City. You will find all this in the archives of the club.

And now a closing word about our old professors. Father Guldner, who taught us Classics, is still alive and one of the ablest members of the Society. He was patient with our class, for we were numerons, and, it must be confessed, difficult to manage in diebus illis. All of us will have the kindliest memories of Father Reed, our professor in Belles-Lettres, whose precepts in literature we did not then fully appreciate. The class in his room numbered nearly forty, but many dropped off by the time we reached Rhetoric. The professor we most loved, perhaps, was Father Halpin, under whom we spent a most profitable year. We looked up to him as a man above the ordinary run of men, and we never sufficiently thanked him for his interest in us.

And lastly we come to Fathers Doucet, Ronayne, Freeman, and Costin—the first three still living—the last gone to his reward. We may well say of our professors that, take them all in all, we shall not look upon their like again. J. J. QUIN, '76.

BRIGHT WITHIN.

NAY, be not sad, nor waste thy soul
  In pity for my woe;
These *outer* shades but linger there,
  Nor any deeper go.

This face, this brow, o'ershadowed may
  By Sorrow coldly be,
But underneath my heart's at rest
  And beats all-tranquilly.

For in my life of struggle
  With misery and sin,
I've learned the golden lesson
  Of keeping bright within.

I hold my heart a temple
  And keep one treasure there,
That cheers my soul with gladness
  And quiets ev'ry care.

The storm, though howling wildly,
  But beats the rock in vain;
The rock of trust in Providence,—
  Nor can it entrance gain.

And so in all my sorrow,
  Spite tempest's highest din,
I thank my God, though dark without,
  'Tis calm and bright within. DIF., May, '91.

TWO LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK, THE GREAT PATRON OF A GREAT PEOPLE.

IN all parts of the civilized world, on the 17th of March, the feast of St. Patrick is celebrated with the various rejoicings and festivities peculiar to the impetuous and generous character of the Irish people. The origin of the celebration of this feast dates back to the Middle Ages. To say nothing of the many other proofs of its antiquity, we will cite one in particular. It is related by an old chronicler that on the 17th of March of a certain year, early in the fourteenth century, the Irish students at the University of Oxford, then numbering about one thousand, acted so uproariously and had such a thoroughly jolly time in honor of St. Patrick, that it became necessary to add a new statute to the laws of the University, counselling Irish students to conduct themselves on that day "in a more sober manner." It is also recounted that at about the same time a similar occurrence took place among the fun-loving and patriotic Irishmen at the University of Paris. These are at least proofs of the antiquity of our feast day. So much for the devotion with which this feast was celebrated in ancient times; but now a word about its more modern observance. The most famous novelist of the nineteenth century, Charles Dickens, after a visit to Ireland, said that the feast of St. Patrick as it is celebrated there surpassed in all respects the great feasts of the English. This fact may easily be believed, since the Irish, being of a whole-souled, generous, and impetuous disposition, carry to perfection any undertaking on which they enter.

Let us come now to the real subject of this paper. Another, and perhaps the most prominent, trait of the Irish is their fertile imagination. They delight in dwelling upon glorious events and illustrious men of the nation, to interweave flowers of fancy with the less ornamental and more substantial truth, thus forming a beautiful wreath of song.

Such a wreath have they, by the addition of a few fancies of their own, formed from the glorious deeds of their patron; and the Legends of St. Patrick, handed down from generation to generation, appear to us to-day, with their original truth unimpaired, yet glowing with many flowers of fancy, added by many an ancient bard.

These beautiful legends have been happily versified by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who, if not the greatest poet of our time, is at least our greatest Catholic poet and a true Irish gentleman. Mr. De Vere begins his volume with "The Baptism of St. Patrick." This event he describes in a few simple yet expressive words. The legend runs as follows:

"How can the babe baptized be
Where font is none and water none?
Thus wept the nurse on bended knee,
And swayed the infant in the sun.

"The blind priest took that infant's hand:
With that small hand above the ground
He signed the cross. At God's command
A fountain rose with brimming bound.

"In that pure wave, from Adam's sin
The blind priest cleansed the babe with awe,
Then reverently he washed therein
His old, unseeing face, and saw!

"He saw the earth, he saw the skies,
And that all-wondrous child decreed
A pagan nation to baptize,
And give the gentiles light indeed.

"Thus Secknell sang. Far off and nigh
The clansmen shouted loud and long,
While every mother toss'd more high
Her babe, and glorying join'd the song."

Secknell was a Christian bard trained by St. Patrick himself. Merely saying of this little legend that it presents to our minds a picture (such as other poets have declined to give) of firm faith, and of a religious zeal so great as to actuate a people at the mere recital of a hymn in a saint's praise, we will pass to the next, which, since it is somewhat longer than the first mentioned, we will strive to give as succinctly as possible, in our own words. Before we do this, however, we would recall to the mind of the reader the fact that Patrick, from his sixteenth to his twenty-first year, was a slave in Ireland. His master was Milcho, a prince in the region now known as Antrim. Patrick escaped from slavery, became a cleric, and soon after was made bishop, and finally, after receiving the requisite permission from Pope Celestine, set out for the conversion of Ireland. Here the legend begins. It is entitled, "The Disbelief of Milcho." Patrick landed on the coast of Wicklow.

"Just where a river through a woody vale
Curving, with duskier current clave the sea,
Patrick, the Island's great inheritor,
His perilous voyage past, stept forth and knelt
And blessed his God."

Here for a long time Patrick knelt, and offered up grateful prayers,

"For all the marvellous chances of his life,"

even from those years of his early manhood, when as a slave within this very land,

SCIENCE HALL.

BALL FIELD AND CAMPUS, ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, SHOWING TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

"He comforted on hills of Dolaraide
His hungry heart with God, and cleansed by pain,
In exile found the spirit's native land."

Evening had dissolved in night, and the night had reached its moon; still the patriarch prayed on; suddenly, when the light of morning was beginning to brighten the east, he heard a voice saying: "Ere thou bestowest the gift of God upon this land, there is a debt that thou must cancel. Where is he for whom, during five years, thou didst tend swine? Find him and to him reveal the truth." Patrick at once, in obedience to the inspiration of God, set sail for Antrim. The journey from Wicklow to Antrim is long, though Mr. De Vere by his description of the Irish coast, as seen from the ship that carries the saint and his associates, makes it a pleasant one. They land at last at Strangford Lough. Here they meet Dichu, whom Patrick converts, and at whose home he made a short stay. Their conversation often turned to Milcho, and the apostle sorrowfully makes known his fear that Milcho's heart is already too deeply sunk in disbelief to be retrieved. Dichu agrees with him, and informs Patrick that Mammon is the only God that Milcho knows; he moreover advises him that in order to convert him he should first pave his way with gold. Patrick adopts Dichu's suggestion, and sends messengers with presents to Milcho, to announce his coming. Milcho in the meantime had heard that his intended visitor was no other than his former slave, and, as is natural with an avaricious man, he begins to have grave fears that Patrick is coming to deprive him of his wealth. He broods over this thought; nor is he alone in his musings. The devil stands by him whispering:

"Masterful man art thou for waist and strength;
Yet girl-like stand'st thou brooding! Weave a snare!
For gold he comes—this prophet. All thou hast
Heap in thy house; then fire it! In far lands
Make thee new fortunes. Frustrate thus shall he
On ruins stare, his destined vassal 'scaped."

Milcho consents. He gathers all his vast wealth into his castle, and the large hall is filled with immense stacks of resinous wood.

"Which ended, to his topmost tower he clomb,
And therein sat two days, with face to south,
Clutching a brand; and oft through clenched teeth
Hissed out, 'Because I will to disbelieve.'"

At the close of the second day he descries St. Patrick and his party approaching. His mind is determined at once. He fires his house, and though his fear-blanched face is scorched by the fire, he stands there grimly watching

"The swift contagious madness of that fire."

Again he has for company the devil, who whispers in his ear:

"Thy game is now play'd out;
Henceforth a bye-word art thou—rich in youth,
Self beggar'd in old age."

And while Milcho's listening soul drank in the meaning of the demon's words, the roof fell in with a crash upon all his wealth,

"And, loud as laughter from ten thousand fiends,
Up rose the fire."

The wretch stood for a moment with outstretched arms,

"Then forward with a wild beast's cry
He dashed himself into that raging flame
And vanished as a leaf."

Meanwhile the smoke of the burning castle was seen by St. Patrick's party; many and various were the conjectures as to its cause, made by the apostle's followers,

"But Patrick lean'd
Upon his crosier, pale as the ashes wan
Left by a burned-out city. Long he stood
Silent, till, sudden, fiercelier soared the flame
Reddening the edges of a cloud, low hung;
And after pause, vibration slow and stern,
Troubling the burthen'd bosom of the air,
Upon a long surge of the northern wind
Came up, a murmur as of wintry seas
Far borne at night. All heard that sound; all felt it;
One only knew its import. Patrick turned:
'The deed is done; the man I would have saved
Is dead, because he will'd to disbelieve.'"

Time and space will not permit us to cite other legends, which tell of the wonders wrought by St. Patrick during his progress through Ireland. We cannot, however, close this short paper without saying a word in admiration of the tenderness and faith found in every line of the poet's verse.

T. A. DALEY, '91.

THE SACRED HEART.

WHAT time on Calvary's summit hung the three—
The Penitent, the Scoffer, and the Just,—
And when the spear the rude centurion thrust
Athro' Christ's Heart, as wond'ring 'twere to see
If e'en His love with life had ceased to be,
And were not able to defend its trust
Against the death decreed for loves of dust,
Then burst its fleshly bonds impetuously.
The mighty tide that chafed so long for vent,
Free, free at last, to flow where'er it would,

World-wide fore'er o'er all the vast extent
Of human woe and human hardihood,
Divine and human in one red wave blent
To cleanse the sins that nailed Him to the rood.

J. M.

SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

SOME time ago we sent out letters inviting old boys to write up St. Patrick's Day and Washington's Birthday as observed in their time. As the subjoined answers will show, our invitations reached the brethren at an unfavorable moment. We were disappointed, in fact we eased our feelings to the extent of making divers remarks, heard and understood only by ourselves and our *mail-bag*. Let us read the letters:

READING PA., Feb. 24th, 1888.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

DEAR SIRS,—Would you had selected one more worthy and better suited to discourse upon so interesting a subject as the patriotism of St. John's, for to describe how we celebrated Washington's Birthday and St. Patrick's Day is to tell how the pulse of patriotism beat in our time. And, as this is a theme for the poet, the orator, and, perhaps, the Irishman, why, in Heaven's name, did you not choose a Hallahan, a McNamara, or a Frawley! Still the fates have decreed otherwise, and I shall humbly endeavor to give you a few reminiscences of these two great days at St. John's; trusting that their simplicity will sufficiently indicate the spirit of the time, and show how truly patriotic we were.

Washington's Birthday, a holiday, an excellent dinner, a dramatic performance; this surely was enough to make every youthful heart beat high with the liveliest feelings of gratitude towards the great hero, the father of his country. Never shall the recollection of the day, as spent at St. John's, fade from my memory, and I feel confident that the remembrance of it will serve to make us good and loyal Americans.

My first St. Patrick's Day at Fordham is still vivid in my memory. I was then on the Second Division, and truly it was a patriotic party that assembled in the Study Hall, on the eve of the feast. The very atmosphere of the venerable room was charged with patriotism. It happened that the billiard-table had recently been re-covered and the old cover was now being cut up to decorate the boys. The business of preparing these decorations gave a peculiar charm of earnestness to the occasion. At last St. Patrick's Day dawned bright and fair, and the boys appeared just as bright with their green decorations. At Mass Br. Macé played inspiring music, and, I think, we all prayed well; after Mass came breakfast, and there, too, we did honor to the day. An amusing incident occurred in the play-room, and as much as I may laugh at it now, it was not without some uneasiness that I witnessed it at the time. A youth with a Teutonic cast of countenance and a very un-Irish name had the temerity to wear ribbon in his button-hole. On being reproached for such assurance, he meekly pleaded that it was in honor of the Saint and as a good Catholic he wore the ribbon. In the afternoon we assembled in the Study Hall to hear the orators and enjoy good music and singing. I had almost forgotten to mention the dinner, which, however, was not forgotten at the time; and in a general way it is safe to recall it as a meal of a superior order, as all holiday dinners were, and I hope, still are at St. John's. In the evening we had the usual delightful dramatic entertainment; and then came dormitory and blissful repose after the eventful day—and with your kind permission I would wish you the same.

Respectfully yours,
FELIX P. KREMP, '79.

HOTEL BRIGHTON,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Feb. 22d, 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—Your favor of the 20th inst. addressed to me at White Plains, has been forwarded to me here, where I came for a time in the interests of health. I regret to say that I have no special recollection of how the days you name were observed, and certainly not enough to write about them. If, as I presume, my subscription is out kindly send bill to me at White Plains, next week, and I will remit. Congratulating you on the success of your periodical, and hoping that you will get some patriot to pen you an account of the days you name, believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,
WM. A. DUNPHY, '75.

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42 EAST 30TH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 17, 1888.

To the Editor Fordham Monthly:

DEAR SIR,—Your postal reached me a few hours ago, and in reply to your question I can simply say, that we *always* had a theatrical performance on Washington's Birthday. One year—I believe it was my first or second at St. John's—we had a play on both dates that you mention. On another occasion, Fr. Freeman gave us a magic-lantern exhibition, St. Patrick's evening, the pictures being very amusingly described by the present Fr. McGurk, of New Britain, Conn. On still another occasion, the Debating Society discussed before the whole College, the question of St. Patrick's Day parades. So much for the evening. The days were filled in various ways:

very frequently there was a walking match in First Division gymnasium, around which a sawdust track used to be spread. These matches were very exciting; every man had a trainer, and betting (cigars and *id omne genus*) ran high. I don't know what more I can add, except that we always had a good dinner, and that on St. Patrick's Day every one who was, or thought he was Irish, sported a bit of green. There are, I dare say, other things that would come to my mind if I had time to think over college days. But as my medical examinations are near at hand, I have thought of nothing else. I am sorry my information has not been more interesting and specified; and, with best wishes, remain,

Yours very sincerely,
J. N. BUTLER, '84.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1888.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

DEAR SIRS,—Your favor of 20th inst. received. Chapoton, of Detroit, would probably give you an interesting contribution on the subjects mentioned in your note. I regret that I cannot write for the paper, as I am quite out of the literary line. With kindest remembrances to Fr. Campbell and Fr. Hanrahan, I remain,

Yours truly,
ALPIN J. CAMERON, '62.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE,
WOODSTOCK, Feb. 19th, 1888.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

DEAR SIRS,—Your kind and flattering invitation to write up for THE MONTHLY, how Washington's Birthday and St Patrick's Day were spent at Fordham, fifteen years ago, was received with pleasure and with the best of good-will to comply with your request. Were good-will the only requisite for the production of the desired account you could rely on having by the return mail a vivid description of the celebration of those days. But, unfortunately, besides good-will, a few leisure moments are necessary, and these at Woodstock are "*rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*" It would afford me no little pleasure, I can assure you, to contribute the desired paper were it in my power to do so, but the press of work, especially in this season of the year, precludes the possibility of my doing so at present. Perhaps, later on, when freer, I may be able to send you some items which will interest your readers and prove agreeable to many old friends.

However, my refusal pains me the less, as I know there are others better able, though not more willing, to write for your columns. Fr. J. J. Quin's charming reminiscences in your last number brought back pleasant recollections to the minds of several members of the old class who are at Woodstock. I trust that Fr. Quin's good example will be imitated by others who were at St. John's with him. Wishing THE MONTHLY every success, and thanking you for your kind invitation, I remain,

Yours truly,
JOHN H. O'ROURKE, S.J.

SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

OUR *mailbag* contained one pleasant letter this month. Doubtless it has grown tired carrying the thoughtful notes which our friends were wont to send. If we dreamed that the *bag* itself was at fault, we would visit it with a severe editorial frown. Of late we have subjected the poor receptacle to some rough handling, turning it inside-out, examining the small corners with a magnifying-glass,—all in hope of finding a letter or two for this column. Poor *bag!* we will treat you better hereafter, reverencing you for services in the past, and valuing you for your future promise. The writer of the following account had but a few hours to pen and send off his account of the old Rose Hills,—which circumstance increases our thankfulness.

NEW YORK, March 29th.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

1877—1886. It seems a long time, doesn't it? But it did not seem so to me, as the period of nine years which I spent at Fordham was fraught with pleasure. It is true, I passed my allotted time in *Jug*, was compelled to write my share of lines, and did not fail to get a fair allowance of strap oil, but such things amount to nothing; they tend only to make one appreciate college life, and afford matter for many a hearty laugh afterward.

Let us come to the point—*ad rem.* I am requested to write some of my experiences as a baseballist while at Fordham, not an easy task to perform without appearing egotistical, taking it for granted that I, as most people, wish to give myself all the credit possible; and then, again, I have my doubts as to whether it is becoming the dignity of an aspirant for legal fame to touch upon such subjects as "three-baggers," and "in" and "out shoots"; but as that was, it seems, more naturally my *forte* than the translation of Homer, or solving the riddles of Calculus, and as it is somewhat of a relaxation to lay aside dry *affidavits* and dusty *authorities*, I willingly comply.

It is a familiar saying that every man has his hobby, be that what it may. I certainly have mine,—*baseball.* I would wade through mud a foot deep,—Fordham mud, too—or tramp for miles in the hot sun, with the temperature a hundred degrees in the shade, if a good game of ball were guaranteed at the other end. Even as I sit here, with my chin resting in the palm of my hand, it

seems as if I were once more standing on our old ground, and could hear the stentorian voice of our field captain warning us that there were two out, and to play for the batter.

Never will I forget my first attempt in the box; I had just been elected captain of the third nine, Tyros, and with the usual presumption of that functionary had assigned the duties of pitcher to myself,—but, alas! for one inning only; the fielders could more graphically set forth the reasons for my removal. Despite this failure, I afterward met with success, and was in turn advanced to the first nine, then to the Invincibles, and finally to the Rose Hills. Our nine was composed of good material, and we played many games, being almost invariably successful. Whatever reputation I may have obtained was owing entirely to the fine playing of the rest of the nine. There is nothing like good support for a pitcher. With such men as Enright, Quackenboss, and Adams in the nine, a well-played game was assured. We were under the leadership of O'Malley, big, generous-hearted Will, and on that account always had courage, without which there is no success on a baseball field, any more than anywhere else. With confidence, the game is half won. Then, again, there was that agony we were compelled to undergo after the midday meal,—practice—a veritable nightmare. "Get out and take your medicine," some one would say, and our cigarettes were laid aside until we had gone through an hour of hard work. On the eve of an important game much excitement prevailed, and great preparations were made, and if we were successful there was rejoicing in the camp; even the young urchins of the village could be heard cheering their favorites. We played return games with Lafayette, Seton Hall, Rutgers, and other colleges, and I assure you our reputation was fully sustained on all occasions; we gave our friends no cause for being ashamed of us. I will not say that we were the best nine the College ever had, as there were no less than eight best nines during my sojourn at Fordham; but we strengthened our muscles, had many fine times, and afforded unlimited amusement to our friends and schoolmates,—all of which is respectfully dedicated to the nine of 1887–8.

FRANK A. GIDDINGS, '85.

JNO. R. G. HASSARD, '55.

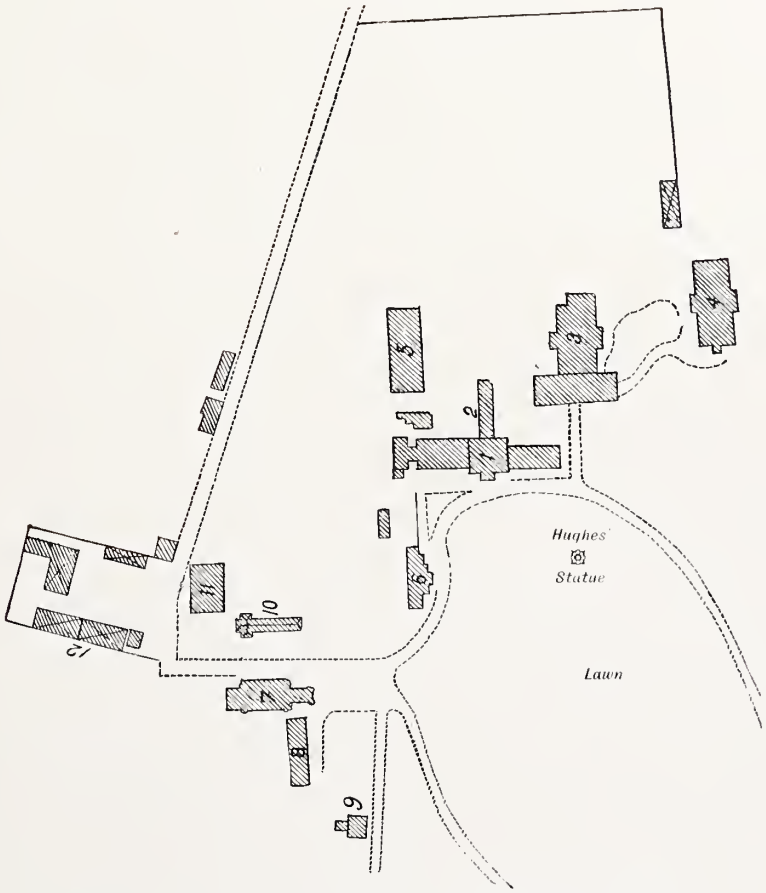
SINCE my return from Calvary, where I saw the earth closing slowly on the grave of John Hassard, I have several times attempted to answer your request that I write of him for the MONTHLY.

During the greater part of his half century of life, from early boyhood to that same grave in Calvary, he was my friend, and over this friendship, true and earnest and loyal, it is to me both comfort and consolation to remember that there never passed a cloud.

Many times since he laid down to rest "calmly as to a night's repose," I have read the beautiful and touching things that have been said of him by his fellow-laborers of the press; I have recalled the beautiful words of Father Campbell, which affected so many to tears in the church on the day of his funeral, and I am free to say that I am much discouraged. I never knew a more perfect man in all things than John R. G. Hassard. Strong both in character and acquirements; earnest always in duty; fearless ever in defense of the right; modest and simple as a child, with a lofty scorn which never found expression, however, in uncharitable word of everything that was false or mean, he was without doubt, I think, the truest type of the Christian gentleman that it has ever been my good fortune to know. He has passed away, but his memory and example stay with us an ever-living influence for good.

When a life like his has closed, leaving fresh memories that are a lasting consolation to those that loved him, it is a pleasure to recall how universal was the esteem in which men held him. His literary work was like himself, pure and strong and simple. I had occasion once before, in the columns of the MONTHLY, to speak of him as one of the strongest and purest writers of English then at work. This judgment has been confirmed by the unanimous voice of the city press. One trait, however, has been but little noticed. In fact, owing to the earnest character of the work done by him in later years, he had little scope for the play of his humorous fancy. Many a time in earlier days, for his own amusement or that of his friends, he would write sketches and stories full of the most exquisite humor. One of those, written many years ago, is vividly recalled to my mind by his labor in unravelling the cipher dispatches. It was a detective story, written to satirize a class of literature then much in vogue; and it has often occurred to me that nothing even of his more serious efforts of later years exceeded it in literary merit. It was never published, of course, as it referred to some members of our class, and it was written with pretended seriousness, describing in a most humorous way a very trivial incident.

His letters afterward to the *Tribune*, from Bar Harbor, were written in a similar playful vein, and certainly were the most interesting descriptions of that famous resort that have been given to the public. His work on the American Cyclopedia, which he commenced very shortly after graduation and continued through all the volumes of that great work, was of immense advantage to him. Commencing with the highest class of subjects, he was rapidly advanced by Messrs. Ripley and Dana until he became the managing editor. Almost every article published passed under his supervision. This naturally gave him a wealth of learning which few men attain. When his work upon the Cyclopedia was completed, he went with Mr. Dana as private secretary to the War Depart-



(1) Old Manor containing President's and Treasurer's Office, Parlor, Students' and Faculty Dining Rooms, Students' Chapel, Professors' Rooms.
(2) Library and Wardrobe.
(3) Faculty Building and Seniors' Hall.
(4) Science Hall, Museum, Laboratories, Engine Room
(5) Juniors' Hall.
(6) Old Manor House, now used as Infirmary.
(7) College Church.
(8) St. John's Hall (Preparatory).
(9) Rodrigue Cottage.
(10) Conservatory and Hot-house.
(11) College Cemetery.
(12) Barns.

ment during the later days of the rebellion. There again his experience was of great use to him.

Afterward he accompanied Mr. Dana to Chicago, in journalism, but soon returned to the New York *Tribune*, to which journal the best years of his life were given.

A few words selected from what was said of him by those who knew him best in his profession will convey more to the readers of the MONTHLY than anything that I may write.

His lifelong friend, Mr. Charles A. Dana, says: "John Hassard, so long known in this town as a distinguished writer in the *Tribune* upon literature, music, and a wide range of social and practical subjects, is to be buried to-morrow morning from St. Ann's Church, in Twelfth Street, and we cannot allow the occasion to pass without a tribute of esteem and affection for his memory. Intimately and officially associated with him during a considerable portion of the Civil War, as we had previously been in the preparation of the American Cyclopedia, and as we were afterward in journalism, we knew him as a man of uncommon ability, extensive accomplishments, manly and faithful, high-minded and true. He has departed from this world at far too early an age, and we bid him farewell with sincere sorrow. May his soul have peace, and may the Divine Providence send more such laborers into the harvest-field of life."

The *Herald* says of him: "Journalism and literature lost a bright and most cultivated mind in the death of Mr. John R. G. Hassard, a man who ranked very high as a writer of strong, sweet English, as a critic in whom intellectual honesty was allied with lucidity and learning, and as an editorialist thoroughly at home in all matters of taste and feelings. . . . . His delicate sensibility, quaint fancy, and extreme care in expressing exact shades of meaning, coupled with his great experience and natural faculty for analysis, were recognized as helpful influences in art." . . . .

And here follows in the same article what I have had frequent occasion to observe during his long illness of nearly nine years:

"The extraordinary feature of Mr. Hassard's career is the fact that while suffering and weakened by disease, there was a steady flow of thought from his pen which delighted and instructed lovers of art and literature for its virility and sweetness. His book reviews became noted for their power of conveying the whole substance of a book in a few words. When he censured it was always in the spirit of good-natured and sincere advice. In private life Mr. Hassard was a gentle, modest man, full of the spirit of helpfulness, a strong defender of principle, a good citizen, an enduring friend, and a true man."

"He was one of the few critics of his time who never sacrificed the expression of what to him seemed the truth to the chance of writing a clever thing. His style—unlike that of the other great writer, Matthew Arnold, who has just passed away—was without that self-consciousness that comes of an over-consciousness of being of the elect in literature. It possessed, however, that quality which Arnold most admired. It was lucid. It was manly. Following Hassard on any subject, the reader felt that he was safe. He—and this is an unusual thing to say of a journalist—wrote only on topics that he had thoroughly mastered. This gave him an unique reputation, and in the ranks of journalists, where men find their true level very quickly, Hassard's name was always mentioned with the deepest respect which it exacted, because around it clung the aroma of the most solid qualities, as well as of the most beautiful acquirements."

I close the quotations here, although I have at hand many in the same strain. I think it well for those for whom these lines are written, to read and appreciate what one of their predecessors at St. John's, who was, in his day, the most modest and unassuming student of the College, and who carried with him through life that same unselfish, unassuming modesty, achieved among men without knowing it. Could he return to-day he would be overcome with wonderment at the universal praise which his work has commanded, and the high and kindly appreciation in which he was held because of his simple and manly virtues.

When, as Father Campbell said, "Like his namesake, John, the beloved, he laid his head upon the bosom of his God and slept," as he was still lying in the room surrounded by so many evidences of his taste and refinement in art and music and literature, his mother said to me, "If by the waving of my hand I could call him back I would not do it." In this there was a pathos that was heroic. She thought of his long years of suffering—his patience, his resignation, his gentle and genial spirit which triumphed over pain and suffering, the kindly greeting which, even up to the last quiet and supreme moment when he passed gently away, was extended to every member of his family, and to the friends who visited him; and then of the ineffable reward that dawned upon him when he said to her and his dear wife the last farewell, and laid down to sleep in the peace of God. Quoting again from his friend, Mr. Dana, I can only say, "May his soul have peace, and may the Divine Providence send more such laborers into the harvest-field of life."

To this I, as the last survivor of his class, humbly say, Amen.

GEN. M. T. MCMAHON, '55.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOSS ROSE.

IN the calm and quiet evening,
When the dew was on the leaf;
As the tears stand in the eyelids
When the heart is filled with grief;
Underneath a fragrant rose-bush,
Wearied with his toil and care;

Lay the angel of the flowers,
Of each bud and blossom fair.
Sleep came o'er him as he lay there,
Sheltered by the friendly shade;
Sheltered from the rain and night dew,
From the cool breeze of the glade.
When the morning came so smiling,
With its welcome golden light;
Rose the angel from his slumbers,
From the arms of silent night;
And he looked upon the flower
That had sheltered him in sleep;
And his heart was filled with gladness
When he saw the blossom peep
From its stem beneath the green leaf,
And he said, in accents low:
"Let me for your tender kindness,
For your care, a gift bestow";
But the blossom, meek and humble,
Bent its pretty little head;
Craved no gift for all its kindness,
Sweetly blushed and nothing said.
And the angel with a moss robe,
Fairer far than queenly gown;
Clothed the frail form of the blossom
As it stood with head bowed down.
So no blossom on the hill-side,
Or in pleasant valley grows;
That so sweetly greets the morning
As the tender moss-clad rose.

J. C. McNeilly, '90.

THE LORD OF NEUFCHATEL.

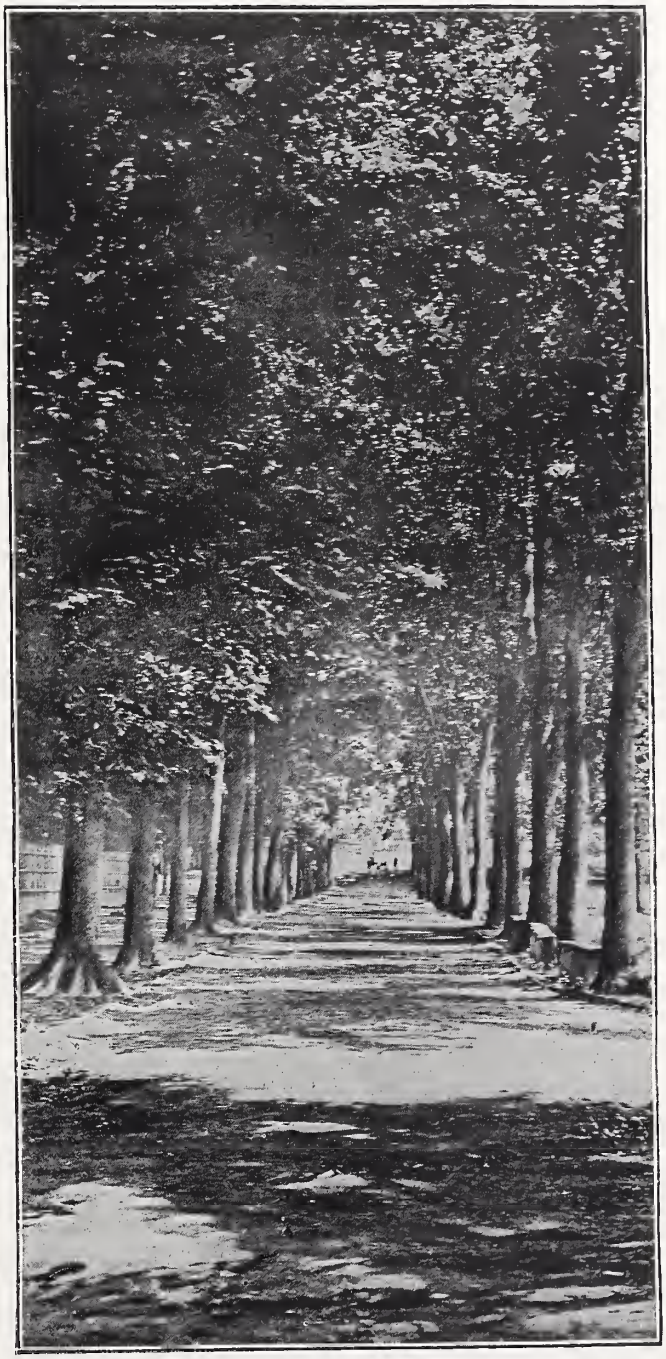
This tale, rehearsed five hundred years ago
At Yule-tide unto William of Hainault,
By that high Lord of Ostrevant, whose name
Is blazoned in John Froissart's book of fame,
With mention of great deeds of prowess done,
What time their victory in Friesland won,
Both camps at Holland with the Dutch folk lay,
I sing again to make you glad to-day.

Steadily blew the drear December blast
Beneath low skies with grey clouds overcast,
Until, as day waned unto eventide,
And like some houseless waif the cold wind cried,
The pent-up storm, half sleet, half snow, came down,
Shrouding with white the hard road, bare and brown,
That stretched o'er many a hill and poplar plain,
Through many a thorpe and town of fair Lorraine,
Northward and east, until it neared the sea
At Neufchatel in warlike Normandy.

Now, there the broad way turned, and rising, wound
Up to the rocky fastness, castle-crowned,
Where John the Knight of Neufchatel held sway
O'er some starved lands that stretched a league away.

Brave was this Lord; so bold that all folk said
The very fiend himself held him in dread.
And so they called his hold the black hawk's nest,
Whence he, the hawk, on many a lawless quest
Of bloody rapine bent, would sally forth
To rob the Flemish merchants journeying north
To sell their precious stuffs along the coast.
Now, while the storm was at its uttermost
And the black knight then three full days away,
Having fared forth, as was his wont, for prey,
Three begging friars, as it strangely fell,
Climbed the sheer slope that led to Neufchatel
And craved for hospice at the castle gate.

"God save you, holy men; you travel late,"
Cried out the grey, old seneschal,, a man
But poorly mated with the castellan,
For that his heart knew pity and could feel
Sorrow or joy at tale of woe or weal.
"How now so late, and on what foolish quest,
Come you thus prying to the black hawk's nest?"
Whereat, the begging friars answer made:
"We journey to Dieppe; but now delayed
"By this dire storm, seek shelter for a space
"For Christ's dear sake, whose birth draws nigh apace."
Then answer gave the grey old seneschal:
"Cold welcome waits you in my master's hall.
"Bethink you of that friar who, months ago,
"Was driven hence with many a lusty blow?
"Certes, I grieve to speak you in this wise;
"But I may not the black Lord's word despise;
"And he by Christ's red wounds hath sworn to me,
"That priest or prelate ne'er shall guested be
"In Neufchatel's grey towers—God speed you well,
"And send you gentler host than Neufchatel."
Then turned the monks to go; when lo! there came
A henchman from Marie, the castle dame,
To bid them gladly welcome—This Marie,
A high-born lady of fair Picardy,
Wife to this warlike lord of lesser worth,
As ofttimes happens on this sorry earth,
Lived, wasting the white glory of her grace,
Lovely and lily-like in this lone place,
And yet, withal, most patient. She had heard
The meek petition of the monks, and stirred
To saintly charity like some sweet nun
Whose life is happiest in service done,
And bolder made, withal, for that it seemed
Her lord would late return that week, had deemed



WALK SKIRTING COLLEGE CAMPUS, FORDHAM

It meet that housing to the monks be given,
For the sweet sake of the Lord Christ in heaven.
Now, here was God's directing hand, I wis;
No deed, in His name done, shall go amiss
Even in this poor world so void of right.
Sir John of Neufchatel returned that night,
Drunk with the gladness of a triumph won,
And hearing of the deed his wife had done,
Laughed loud and long for very merriment,
Vowing himself in every wise content.
"Perdie!" he cried, "and by my soul, sweet dame,
"My heart dares not deny thy gentle claim.
"One deed of good I'll do before I die;
"Mayhap some grace may come to me thereby.
"But hold! my mercy shall be merry too,
"If I this most unwonted thing must do.
"Ho! henchman, say thou to the seneschal
"To house the friars in my charger's stall;
"Hang trappings there; the night wind whistles keen,
"And bring fresh straw, well shaken, crisp and clean.
"The King Christ lay on straw when He was born;
"Then why should shiftless monks or friars shorn
"Sleep better than their blessed Master slept?"
So was it done. The friars were housed and kept.
Now one of these three monks, by name Pierre,
Grieved at such wicked blasphemy, made prayer,
With many tears that fell upon the straw,
That this lewd Lord who held not God in awe,
Might yet find gracious mercy ere his death.

"God's ways are not as man's," the prophet saith.
Ten years went by; and John as folk said well
Was still the lawless Lord of Neufchatel;
Save that his humor bettered day by day,
Since *la belle dame Marie* had passed away.
One morn it came to pass as Yule drew nigh,
Men went to see a solemn mystery,
Holden by many a learned monk and priest,
At old Dieppe, in honor of the feast.
"God's ways are not as man's," the prophet saith.
All things of life in love He ordereth—
All things—and we see not nor understand.
This mystery was marvellously planned,
Folk said. And John the Lord of Neufchatel,
For what strange cause, nor man nor child might tell,
Rode forth to old Dieppe to see the play.

Moodily sang the wind on that same day,
As he rode back to towered Neufchatel,
Humming in broken bars half audible,
A sad church tune and musing on what had been.
That night he dreamed, conjuring up the scene
Life-like and wondrous fair to look upon,
Which he, when at Dieppe, ten hours agone,
Had viewed—the Mother Maid, the low-built shed,
Saint Joseph and the Christ-Child's manger bed,
Shepherds and kings and all; and as he gazed,
Full of strange memories and much amazed,
The Lord Christ looked at him with soft mild eyes,
Full of divine compassion and surprise,
Then fled from him: he ever following on.
Under the spent stars eastward toward the dawn,
Both went, Christ and the Knight; and thus they passed
Into the city glorious and vast,
Jerusalem, where all men's deeds are weighed.
There did the rough Lord, pale and sore afraid,
Wait for his doom; there too, by Christ there stood
Michael with the dread scales that weigh all good.
And in one pan that dipped far down, there lay
Foul deeds of violence done day by day
In God's despite; and in the other nought.
Vainly his guardian angel trembling sought,
Pressing his hand, to bring the light pan down;
When lo! some faded straw, all crisp and brown,
Dewed with a poor monk's tears, by Mary cast
Into the pan, swung back the scale at last.
"Oh ruth of God!" cried waking Neufchatel.
What wonder if, as monkish writers tell,
He died a holy friar in his cell.

This story told five hundred years ago
At Yule-tide unto William of Hainault,
By that high Lord of Ostrevant, whose name
Is blazoned in John Froissart's book of fame,
I've sung again for you in my poor way,
Striving to make you somewhat glad to-day.
Christ make us wise, and may we ponder well,
The story of Sir John of Neufchatel!

CORNELIUS J. CLIFFORD, S.J., '79.

REMINISCENCES OF A FORTY-NINER.

MR. EDITOR: Does your paper circulate in the other world? If so, one can even write and be sure of interested readers.

Of those who can ascend the stream of time for forty years and speak of dear old St. John's as it then appeared, but few indeed are left; and that few, how changed from the eager boys of yore!

Your correspondent first saw the College grounds in September, 1847.

At the preceding commencement a student had graduated whose memory was very dear to the school. He was, in fact, held up as a sort of standard by which to compare and determine the merits of others. Many long years afterward, while attending Supreme Court at the capital of Ohio, I met this famous student as the venerated Bishop

of Columbus. The mention of St. John's was all-sufficient to call out the warmest greetings from His Grace.

We spent many happy hours in recalling persons and localities so dear to both. Father Thebaud, Father Du Merle, Father Ligouais, Father Daubresse, and many other good priests would have blushed to hear the terms of praise and affection with which they were mentioned. Dearly beloved and venerated Bishop Rosecrans! I left him standing by the massive walls of the grand cathedral he had erected. "*Monumentum ædificavisti*," I whispered, rather than spoke. "Hush," said he, "these are the works of God. Men must not intrude any claim of credit for them." A few days after and he had gone to his reward.

Some day I will write you of Bishop Rosecrans as he appeared in his later years—not now.

Entering the class-room in 1847, one first encountered a pair of flashing blue eyes, full of fun yet very kindly in their light. Can it be that the irrepressible Merrick of those days is the same Reverend Father who recently sent you so grave and interesting a communication? "During study hours to-day," said Father Du Merle in his chapel lecture one evening, "I noticed that Mr. Merrick was watching me very closely. Perhaps he thought I had a novel hidden under my desk and intended to report me to the President." And then the head Prefect gave a long, lingering look over his spectacles at the young gentleman in question. That was all; but from that date, no doubt, one student, at least, discarded yellow-covered literature.

Upon one dear friend of those days time has failed to make any change. Brave and sturdy Father Keegan! One who sees him now sees him as he was in '49. God bless him! May he live a hundred years, and who would want him to change?

Of the Reverend Fathers who presided over the destinies of St. John's in the forties, who can worthily speak in a rapid sketch like this? While Father Larkin impressed us by his wonderful eloquence, Father Ligouais by his saintly character, Father Murphy by his boundless erudition, as he seemed to be familiar with everything in the whole range of literature, there was one who combined a thousand influences in one, and each influence was lifelong! What sufficient tribute can be paid to Father Daubresse? He impressed us as one who had faithfully devoted the energies of a wonderful intellect to the solution of the great problems of life. He had studied harder, looked deeper, seen better and clearer than we could ever hope to do into the vexed questions, the mysteries and the doubts that assail us; and after all his study deliberately became a saint. Those who saw him, so kind, so simple, so gentle, would never dream of the stern, inflexible bearing of the Professor when condemning false theories in the class-room. It was then that the true majesty of the man asserted itself in spite of him. Quibbles and sophistry he detested. Truth, absolute truth, must be the student's standard—he must find it, look at it in the daylight, live by it and die by it.

It was the rare privilege of the Botany Class in 1848 to have Father Thebaud for Professor. He led us frequently on long excursions through the fields. Never a weed, flower, shrub, or herb that he could not name, classify, and describe its properties. In all my wanderings a strange flower or plant calls up the thought of Father Thebaud, and the wish that he were present to be consulted.

Since leaving the College, the engrossing cares of professional life have kept me almost a stranger to its portals.

Correspondence with classmates gradually died away, and one by one they have nearly all gone before me to the great Beyond. A few of us still linger, but the number diminishes year after year. We soon shall be reunited all—when, where, and what will that meeting be?

H. H. DODGE, '49.

Perrysburg, O., Sept., 1888.

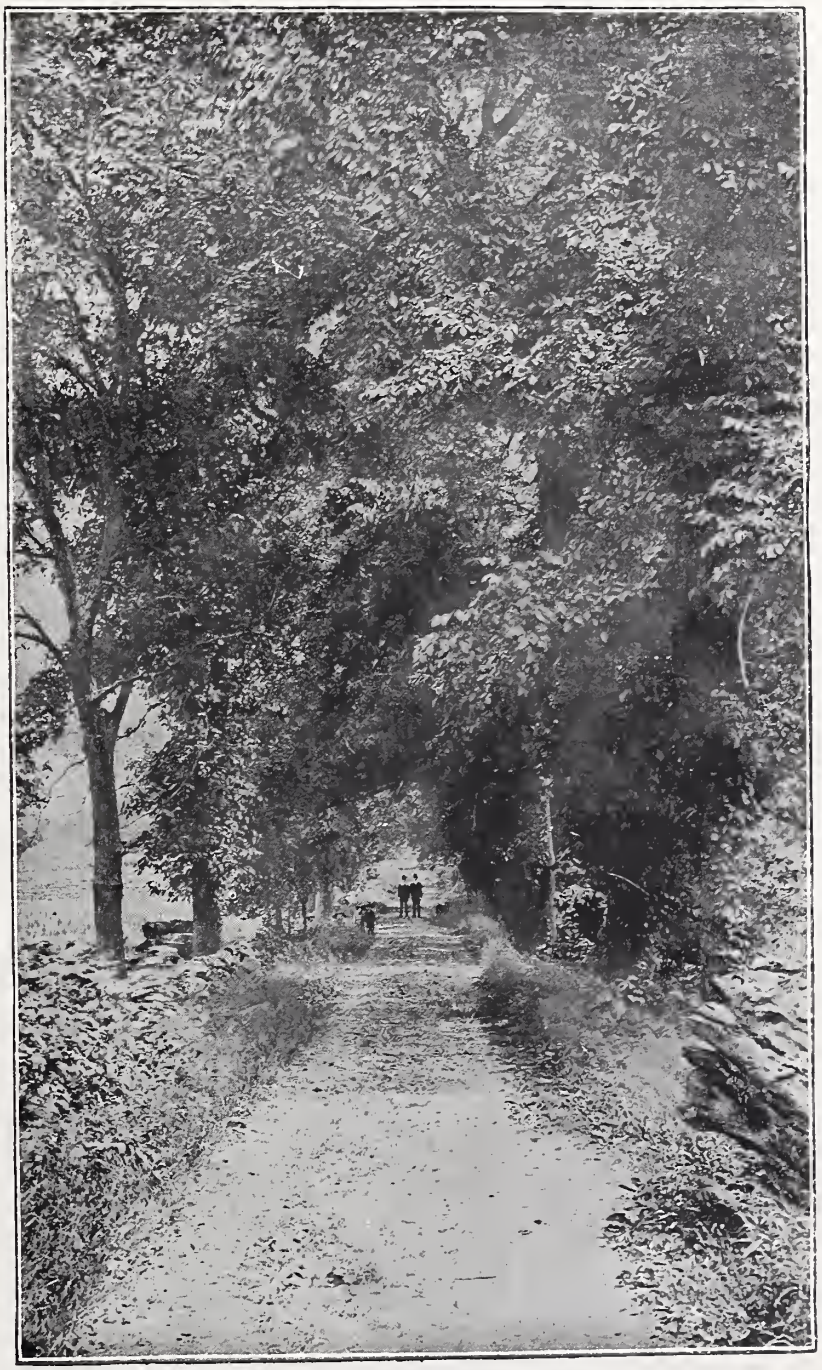
DOST THOU NOT KNOW?

TELL me, O! mighty Lord of light
In gold bedight,
Oh! thou who cheerest all the earth
At day-dawn's birth,
What master wrought thy frame?
And hark the answer murmurs soft and low:
"Dost thou not know?"

Fair Dian of the silver bow,
Whose mellow glow
Kindles to hope with flame-tipped dart
The love-lorn heart,
Who feeds thy lambent flame?
The answer wings across the waste of snow:
"Dost thou not know?"

Ye stars, that pin the robe of night;
Ye gems of light,
Reflected on the wimpling stream,
Soft as a dream,
What hand has set ye there?
Faint falls the answer like a song of woe:
"Dost thou not know?"

And thou, O! wild north-nurtured gale,
Full-armed with hail,
Who sing'st thy war-song through the trees,
And frozen leas,



LANE (NEAR SKATING-POND) LEADING TO BRONX PARK.

What hand directs thy course?
The wailing pine-tops whisper wild and slow:
"Dost thou not know?"

Ye clouds! grim pilgrims of the air,
Low-hanging there,
Who set your stamp upon the land
With flaming brand,
What master forged your shafts?
The thundering answer echoes from below:
"Dost thou not know?"

Tell me, O! man of higher birth,
Thou lord of earth,
What awful power gave thee breath?
Tell me is death
The end of all thy hopes?
Reproachfully my conscience whispers low:
"Dost thou not know?"

T. A. DALY, '91.

SOME FORDHAM POETS.

Editors of Fordham Monthly:

It is hardly out of the run of requests, such as you make of me, to express regrets that one cannot treat the subject well and as it deserves, but in my case the regret is real and sincere. I am not able to write upon the subject in the way it should be, because, to be honest, I really do not know sufficiently about the various literary characters who have made Fordham their home in the past. For one who has ample time at his disposal for hunting up reminiscences of these literary men it would make an unusually interesting paper for your journal. Poor Fordham! beyond the prettiness of its scenery and surroundings it has not much to recommend it to people. It has many charming little nooks, however, that have caught more than one writer's eye, and it was only lately that I read a list of those that have made Fordham and its near vicinity their home. Fenimore Cooper, the great pioneer of American fiction, resided not far from Fordham. Himself, and after him Washington Irving, must have found much pleasure in roaming over its hills and dales, and, no doubt, drew much of their inspiration from its beauty. And Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of that exquisite legend, "The Culprit Fay," lived for a while among us. He has written some of his daintiest stanzas on the River Bronx that flows by the College property, and I am sorry I haven't them at had to give them in praise of that river where your St. John's boys have spent so many happy hours. He now lies near his favorite river just above the West Farms road. I have heard that Halleck, too, lived here. Barry Gray, which name, by-the-bye, is a *nom de plume*, lived in a house that faces on Pelham Avenue, just back of the new Science building. So that, you see, Fordham can boast of her quota of literary children, who, in point of eminence, make her almost rival the glory of the Hub, the boasted centre of American literature. Unfortunately for our claim, our authors were not contemporary, and we have to confess that their influence upon the inhabitants, in the line of letters, has been lamentably small beyond the general influence that their work must exercise upon any who have read them.

Perhaps this is owing to a strong Dutch element still existing there. As far as I have heard, there are no traditions or reminiscences existing about any of these authors. I don't think Fordham town was ever famous for its society doings. In those days houses were so few and far apart, as I have heard old people say, that there was little inclination for gossip and intercourse, and so we have lost many a choice tidbit of knowledge of the doings, literary and otherwise, of our Fordham *literati*. But there is one person that almost every one knows something about, and that is Edgar Allan Poe. Poor Poe! Outside of the sunny Irving, he is the only literary character that I have ever felt real love and sympathy for. I have never gone into the reasons why I have always had such deep sympathy for him, but I suppose it is due to his great genius, joined to an unfortunate, unhappy life. He is only one of the many authors that make demands upon our good nature. The beautiful inspirations of Goldsmith descended to us accompanied with the testimony that he was either an idiot or a coxcomb. It is almost painful to think that the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" could have been a prey to such moral infirmities, and it is even more so in the case of our own Poe. However, Poe's weakness has been greatly exaggerated. His biting tongue and pen made him many enemies, who could find no other means of wreaking their mean vengeance upon him than by bringing his foible under public notice. Their shafts, thank goodness, have lost most of their sting, as it is more in the nature of men to look only upon a great man's genius than regard his fault. Poe was a familiar figure at the College forty years ago.

Of a retiring disposition as regards the people of Fordham, he was perfectly at home with regard to St. John's. There seemed to be something congenial in the atmosphere of the place that drew him to it, and though he often went with no express purpose of seeing any one of the Faculty or students, it seemed to soothe his mind to wander at will about the lawn and the beautiful grounds back of the College buildings. It must not be thought from this that he had no friends there. He had three special friends at the College—Rev. Frs. Doucet and Thebaud, of the Faculty, and Gus Thebaud, one of the few students of that time who are now alive. It was one of Poe's greatest gifts that he could make friends wherever he went. To see him was to love him. He had a charming presence; a most intellectual countenance, brilliant dark eyes, a high

forehead, with the temples well developed, and a pale and sad expression of face were what attracted people. His features were a trifle sharp and made up an almost typical American face. It was a pleasure to see him and still more to listen to him.

He used to find great delight in walking up and down on a small rocky elevation crowned with cedars, a little distance back of his cottage. It overlooks a pleasant landscape and the hills of Long Island in the distance. It was a favorite spot of his, and here, perhaps, he wove in his brain the ideas which found expression in "Eureka," "Annabel Lee," "For Annie," and "Ulalume," all of which were written in his Fordham cottage. I was never at his house while Poe lived there, but shortly after he left it, through some accident or other, I found myself there one afternoon. It is still standing, and has not gained much by the lapse of time. It is not at all large—a quaint, box-like structure—and at that time was covered with shingles. It is rather a poor-looking affair to-day, and of not much interest or value save for its literary associations, and one might pass it by in summer, so insignificant is it and so covered with vines. It has also had a share in the almost penury that followed its famous occupant. Twice has it been under the auctioneer's hammer, the last time within a very few months. It was last purchased by a literary sentimentalalist of New York City for quite an extravagant sum. The reality of the amount soon did away with all sentiment in the matter, to the grief of the buyer in more ways than one. There are few other things to be said of Poe's stay at Fordham, at least, things that are told of him. What have been already mentioned are not at all new, the only thing in their favor being that to his admirers and lovers they are always new. And this is the excuse I make for what I have written. A VILLAGER.

AD CICADAM.

SARBIEVIUS, S.J., B. IV., 23.

O THOU that sittest on the poplar tree,
With heaven's dewy tears intoxicate,
What charm hast thou of tuneful melody
Thy fears 'midst voiceless vale to dissipate?

When gone are winter's months so drear and long,
And summer all too quickly passes by,
Come Thou, and with thy plaintive lingering song
Detain the sun fast fleeing down the sky.

As night must usher in the brightest day,
So brightest day must wear to eventide;
Ne'er long enough hath pleasure deigned to stay,
But sorrow's tears, alas, too long abide.

ANTIPAS.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNTAIN.

I.

BANDUSIAN font, with glassy sheen,
Worthy of wine and flowers green,
I'll sacrifice a kid, I ween,
To thee to-morrow.
A kid whose sprouting horns foreshow
That he will battle with the foe,
The sweets and joys of life will know,
Its pain and sorrow.

II.

But it is otherwise ordained:
By him thy ripples shall be stained
With life-blood that will soon be drained
From his heart's courses.
The Dog Star's blighting, fiery blaze
Can touch thee not; cool are thy ways
To wearied ox and sheep that graze
By thy clear sources.

III.

Renowned, sweet font, shall be thy name,
For thee I'll get undying fame,
By singing how the live-oaks frame
Thy rocky shoulder.
Thy praises shall be loudly sung
In caves with swinging ivy hung,
Whence laughing streams have ever sprung
O'er mossy boulder.

MARTIN MCM. RAMSAY, '92.

THE MANGER.

ALL day long and every day,
From Christmas morn till Magi-day,
Within a manger cold there lay
The Infant Saviour dear.

Wrapped in swaddling-clothes was He,
And deep down in His Heart, ah me!
Though no man knew the mystery,
Was fixed a bitter spear.

No words did ever pass His lips
Those days. Alas! than cruel whips
More cruel now the winter nips
His tender arms and breast.

His loving eyes are open wide;
No samite fold falls o'er the side
That felt the throbs all sanctified,
Whose beating is our rest.

With inward sight He saw the rood,
Whereby the faithful Triad stood;
From that same tree this manger wood
Was lopped in years gone by.

He saw the lonely sepulchre
Where shroud, lamp, cruse, and flowers were,
And spices tinct with sacred myrrh—
Fair angels watching nigh.

And evermore the Mother mild,
Thus fondly cherishing her child,
The chilly hours of night beguiled
With such like songs as these:

Beat restfully, Sweet Sacred Heart,
Prest to my bosom near;
So shall we cling to sorrow's part,
To life-long toil and tear,
Thine and my Father to appease.

And many a time in those bleak days,
Ere yet the Magi came to gaze,
Was heard the pinioned hymn of praise—
Glory to God on high! ANTIPAS.

ATHLETICS TEN YEARS AGO.

Editors Fordham Monthly:

You ask me to write something on Athletics before the institution of the present Athletic Society. Well, there is not much to say of them and yet there is. Of Athletics properly so called, of the regular practice, the constant attention to keeping in form, the regulation of diet, the sweating off of superfluous flesh, the daily bath and rubbing, of the thousand and one things that college athletes do now in preparation for record-breaking, of all these, let me repeat, there was never very much at Fordham.

If I may be allowed the remark, there does not seem to be overmuch of it even now in the palmy days of the regularly organized F. A. A. If there were, I think I would occasionally find a Fordham man "placed" at least at the intercollegiate sports, "the same which" (I beg the Professor of Sciences' pardon for the plagiarism) I haven't as yet found, though closely watching the papers for it. Let me not be misunderstood. We had some of the athletic observances in our day.

We offered some incense at the Pythian shrine. Every one remembers the training table of '82, when our would-be athletes and our to-be Rose Hills fared sumptuously night and morning on brown bread and milk, and every one else envied the distinction of being in training. Then there was the mile or two of a run every morning before breakfast, and exercises in the gymnasium every evening; but enthusiasm soon cooled with the disappearance of a little extra flesh. Some one said at the time that it evaporated with the perspiration of the first month's extra work. It never could have amounted to anything anyhow, for of course no amount of interest in athletic training could ever cause our men to give up cigarette smoking, and without that first and absolutely indispensable step it is no use entering on the thorny road that leads to athletic glory.

I suppose there is the same trouble yet, and perhaps it is to that rather than to any want of interest in manly sports that I should attribute the absence of Fordham representatives from the intercollegiate roll of honor.

There was one case of heroic training during that year which I cannot, must not, forget to chronicle. Shall we, of those times, ever forget how Denny Walsh trained down from 230 to 198 pounds; how wrapped in blankets he went around and around the gymnasium on that "awful" sawdust track? Each day chronicled some new decrease in weight, and it was hailed by all with as much rejoicing as ever increase of weight on other but less interesting occasions. Needless to say, Denny succeeded by regimen and this heroic training in getting down to 198. The doctor would not allow him to go farther. So there is, at least, one exemplar for posterity to look to in the matter of training in what might seem the prosy years from '79 to '82.

If we had not training, however, and the "pomp of circumstance" in our field meetings, our successors must not imagine that we had not athletes. Our runners were as lively as theirs, and our 100 yards a contest that always brought with it a wave of interest that carried away even some of the cooler, longer heads into wagers that were not exactly mines of wealth at one end anyhow.

Jeff O'Connell, the genial doctor, had won the 100 yards, and won it "hands down," as you say now, for years, but in '81, and just after that wondrous catch in the ninth inning of the 15 to 0 game, he sprained his ankle. He was careless about it, and it got no better. Then it was said that Enright, who had been looming up as something more than a possible opponent, would surely win it.

Great was the indignation of '82 at the prospect of losing the 100 yards dash. Kenelly got into training, and soon showed that there was at least another in '82 who would run a good race before the honors should leave his class. Meanwhile "Jeff" limped around, and there seemed no chance of his ever entering. He expressed his intention of doing so, however, and with ankle well strapped up, made his appearance Thanksgiving morning in a running suit. The race was run on the lower end of the lawn, our best substitute for a cinder path in those days. To every one's surprise, "Jeff" won the first heat, and with comparative ease. In the second, Enright and Kenelly came near running a dead heat, but in the last yard or two Enright got ahead by a few inches.

Of course the final one was run in a fever of excitement, and it goes without saying that "Jeff" won it. Whether he had been shamming in order to get up excitement for a race that had always been almost a walk-over for him, a thing I would not put beyond him, or whether he had been able for the moment by binding his ankle up tightly to use it as well as ever, I never knew. If it were the first, he succeeded admirably. The time of the race, 10¾ seconds, shows what he must have been able to do when in form.

Let me confess, however, that the 100 yards and the quarter of a mile were about the only events in which very much interest was taken. Throwing the ball, because of its connection with what it was and is still, I think, Fordham's favorite sport, drew considerable attention, but other sports were left to be decided by the chance of the moment, without much, if any, previous practice. O'Malley, it is true, aroused considerable interest in jumping, as he did in many another thing during his time at Fordham, and he was what you of the *present* generation call a "hustler." He was, however, too good a jumper himself, if I remember rightly, to awaken any serious general interest.

There was one department of athletics in which we far surpassed you. Who shall ever forget our walking matches? They were held on St. Patrick's Day, and the contestants trained for several weeks beforehand. Well do we inoffensive non-contestants remember that training. With a dry sawdust track underneath the "twinkling feet" of lumbering trainers and the light and airy trained, the gymnasium became one mass of dust that I would not like to go down in history as saying you could cut, but—well, I refrain. Dante had evidently never breathed such air, or it would have been immortalized in the "Inferno."

But enough. At length there dawned the happy day when ambition prompted us to apply for admission to the Intercollegiate Association. Messrs. O'Malley and O'Brien were sent as representatives—not that the latter was very much interested in athletics, but then there was a certain member he had very well developed, whether by exercise or not I will not say. It has been winning triumphs for him ever since, we understand, in the political arena in the northern part of the State. Of course, naturally enough, the first question asked our delegates was, "Have you a regularly organized athletic association?" and, of course, naturally enough, too, with Fordham fatuity in such matters we had not gone through the form of electing officers, and so could scarcely be said to be regularly organized. We were as regards the spirit, however, an organization. So, with a ready invention, the present president of the Democratic County Committee in ——— County answered in the affirmative. I think he even proceeded to give the officers' names, whom, of course, we had to elect when he got back. For this last part I will not vouch, but certainly had it been necessary our delegates "*semper parati*" would not have been backward.

With the advent of F. A. A. begins your present glorious era. Of that I know nothing, being versed only in ancient, though not so awfully ancient, history.

Sincerely yours,

ALUMNUS, '85.

ROGUISH WILL.

(TO W. F. C.)

O FUGACES, sings the poet,
How the seasons flow!
Yea *fugaces*, and they show it,
Those twelve years ago.
You were then the merest midget—
Blossom of a boy—
Full of fuss and fun and fidget,
Pap's embodied joy.

Four sweet years I watched you growing
Then a-fareing went,
Little thinking, little knowing,
What the parting meant.
Now we're miles and miles asunder,
As we are in years;
Yet I often pause and ponder
On the past with tears.

And in thought I romp and rollick
As we did of yore,
Lusty, lawless, full of frolic,
All the house a-roar.
Glorious reign of rare disorder,
Everything upset;
With the household's faithful warder
Hannah in a fret!

Noblest, blithest, now as ever,
Keeper of my heart,
Though for years or e'en forever,
We walk far apart;
Yet as true as your dead mother's,
Floats my prayer up still,
Sweetest, blithest, best of brothers,
God bless roguish Will.

C. J. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. PETER O. RACICOT, S.J.

LIVE thou where live the lilies,
  Rest thou beneath the cross,
Nor know what sin nor ill is,
  Nor grief, nor gloom, nor loss;
Priest, Brother, Friend and Father,
  Rest thou beneath the cross.
Now nothing more can pain thee,
  For thou art bound to Christ,—
Nor chain of Satan gain thee,
  For thou by love enticed,
O dearest Friend and Father,
  Art bound fore'er to Christ.

FR. NICHOLAS HANRAHAN, S.J.

ANOTHER gone? How often Death's relentless hand
With cruel might, has snatched from Fordham's little band
His unresisting prey! The mournful church-yard bell
E'en now is slowly tolling his sad funeral knell;—
Another Priest of God has soared to Angel land.
How well beloved he was, how good, how holy and
How sweetly touched our hearts the ever-pow'rful wand
Of his kind friendliness! But now these dirges tell
Another gone.
Beside his lowly grave the surpliced Levites stand,
And slowly chant the funeral service, solemn, grand,
While all around the dismal tomb are still, as well
They may, for 'tis a saddening sight that would dispel
All lighter thoughts. How soon will Death command
Another gone?

JOHN E. KELLY, '93.

REV. W. J. KEVILL, S.J.

HIS voice is ever on our ear,
  His hand is at the door,
We bid him enter with good cheer—
  He enters nevermore.
His dear face though we ne'er may see,
  Yet for our sad soul's rest
He stands white-robed in memory,—
  A Priest among the blest.

REV. JOSEPH SHEA, S.J.

DEAR MONTHLY: I cheerfully comply with your request to write my recollections of Father Shea; for I think the memory of so great a man should not be "unhonored and unsung." On the 5th Dec., 1881, Father Shea closed his eyes on this beautiful world of ours, in every creature of which, I may say, he found a stepping-stone to heaven. "Jesus have mercy! Jesus have mercy!" were the words he breathed out as the Death-Angel knocked at his door and summoned him away. Having three days before made his peace with God, if that can be said of one in whose soul Peace dwelt habitually as in her temple, he resigned himself to a surgical operation which was the only hope of saving his precious life. But his time was come, and the resources of the best medical skill were unable to restore him whom God wished to take to Himself. It was my good fortune to have Father Shea for Professor and Rector at Fordham, to live four years under him and to enjoy the privilege of his friendship. Ah! how pleasant is the memory of those good old days!

Nor did those who learned to love and revere him, whilst living their College life at Fordham, forget his worth after they had gone out into the world, or fail to renew their old relations of friendship. Indeed, his time was so completely at the disposal of the Catholic young men of New York, that from morning till night the bell summoned him to the parlor to give them advice and consolation, or they sought him in his room to make their confession. Many of the reverend clergy of New York who enjoyed his friendship feel that his death has made a void which as yet remains to be filled.

I mentioned before that he was always cheerful, and this now seems to me all the more remarkable, as he was even at that time, as I have since learned, a constant sufferer, and the class of '82 of Xavier's College had the following lines, which were found upon Father Shea's desk after his death, transferred to a memorial card, because they seemed so well to fit the life of "their beloved professor, the devoted friend of youth":

"When I am dying how glad I shall be
  That the lamp of my life has been burned out for Thee,
  That sorrow has darkened the path that I trod:
  That thorns and not roses were strewn o'er the sod.
  That anguish of spirit full often was mine,
  Since anguish of spirit so often was *Thine*,
  My cherished Rabboni, how glad shall I be
  To die with a hope of a welcome from Thee."

REV. MICHAEL P. COSTIN, S.J.

At Boston College, on Sunday evening, June 8th, died the Rev. Father Costin, suddenly, of heart disease. The news, when announced to the Faculty and students of this College, shocked everybody beyond expression. The deceased was born in Halifax, August 24th, 1838, and was nearly forty-six years of age. He went to Ireland to complete his education, and after some years at Clongowe's College, returned to America, where he entered the Society of Jesus on the 23d of April, 1854. Wherever he was employed as professor he always left the impression which a mind of quick, large grasp and clear, acute per-

ception must necessarily make on young minds. In spite of continued ill-health, he taught with unfailing regularity the higher branches of Mathematics and the Sciences for nearly twenty years at St. John's. Though applied principally to the teaching of Mathematics, there is no branch of learning with which he was not familiar. He was equally eminent in Philosophy, Theology, Literature, and the Sciences. He spoke and wrote English like a master; and the students of this College were never weary listening to his beautifully simple and lucid explanation of the Gospels at the Sunday Mass. He was a most genial companion. He had a good word for everybody, and the tongue of calumny or scandal never dared wag in his presence. His innocence of life was angelic. The world and its ways he never knew till brought into contact with them by the duties of his priestly calling. His students admired and loved him, and his death will be regretted by all. In a word he was a great, good man, and the world is a loser by his demise as of one whose intellect entitled him to rank with the thinkers of the age; whose virtue purified and hallowed the sphere in which he moved; whose genial character and loving nature made friends fast and true wherever he went. With Father Costin's life a shining light has been quenched, and many a young and many an old heart has been deprived of a model and a friend. Such an expansive heart was his, so open to everything that betokened suffering or wretchedness, that he applied himself to learning the deaf and dumb language, so that the speechless children might have the consolations of our holy religion. It was always a moving spectacle to see him surrounded by the deaf-mutes of St. Joseph's Institute, Fordham. How they loved him! how their affection was returned with the fullest measure! The big heart is at rest, and the great mind is in possession of the magnet of all minds, Infinite Truth. R. I. P.

REV. FATHER BASIL PACCIARINI, S.J.

Born, Feb. 10th, 1816; *Died, Oct. 1st,* 1884.

Sixty-eight summers and winters had passed over his head, and during all their heat and cold the good old Jesuit was always found at his post. Expelled from Italy, his native land, by the revolution, he came to America in 1845; was ordained priest in Georgetown, D. C., and thence went to Boston to commence his Apostolic labors. Working in Maryland among the blacks and whites, afterward among the Indians of Maine, and then again in the counties of Maryland, he was always the same devoted, God-fearing and soul-loving priest, regardless of his own comfort and health, and literally wearing himself out in toiling for the household of the Lord. His was the life of an Apostle. There was fatigue, but no weariness in it. As long as his Master demanded his services he was willing to labor, and, certainly, when he was called to put on the crown, which nothing ever consumeth or maketh rusty, his soul was filled with that joy that surpasseth all human understanding. In a character remarkable for every trait which draws men and attracts them to deeds of virtue, one feature stood out prominent: his love for little children. They ran to meet him wherever he went, and in the long procession which followed his remains to their last resting-place, their young voices might have been heard rehearsing the details of his Christ-like affection for them. No wonder that the angels, on the eve of their festival, let the beautiful gates come ajar for him who always "suffered little children to come to him." The faithful servant has entered into the joy of his Master.

R. I. P.

REV. AUG. J. THEBAUD, S.J.

On the 17th of December the aged Father Thebaud, known not only to the older friends of St. John's, but well known, moreover, to many readers in higher literary circles, died at Fordham. Many reasons make it difficult to offer our readers such a review of the life and labors of Father Thebaud as they deserve. But feeling that at his death his services to St. John's and the whole world of learning ought to receive more than a passing notice from THE MONTHLY, we deem it right in us to add some words, however hasty and incomplete, as a token of our reverence and esteem.

Father Thebaud was born in Brittany, France, in the year 1807. He entered the Society of Jesus at Rome, came to this country about 1838, was for some time at Bardstown, Kentucky, and was appointed rector of the college there. From Bardstown he came in 1846 to Fordham, and when the direction of St. John's was transferred from the secular clergy to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, he it was who succeeded the late Cardinal McCloskey in the presidency of the College. After the expiration of his second successive term in office he labored in the missionary field for a time, and was again called to the rectorship of St. John's. His after-life was spent in various places; he spent some time in Canada, and for years made his home at St. Francis' College in this city. He was a poet and a scientist, besides an historian. Ever a healthy man and a hard worker, he lived to celebrate the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. He died as he had lived, in piety and wisdom. He was full of energy to the last.

GEORGE A. MULRY, S.J.

With heartfelt sorrow that we feel sure is shared by all those who ever knew him, we are called upon to announce the death of Mr. George Mulry, S.J. He had been unwell, and seriously so, for weeks, yet as seems ever the

case, death came with a suddenness that proved an additional shock to all. He began to keep to his room only on Sunday and died on Tuesday night (October 1, '89,) a few minutes after 10 o'clock.

Thus passed to his reward one who had won the hearts of all those with whom he had anything to do. He came to Fordham only three years ago almost prostrated by consumption. With the exception of about three months passed in the South in the vain hope of improvement, he has been with us since. During that comparatively brief period, though suffering all the time, how much only he himself knew, he has accomplished wonders in the organization and establishment on a firm basis of the League of the Sacred Heart, the Knights of the Sacred Heart, the Altar Boys' Society, and the Confraternity of the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood.

JULIUS MACÉ, S.J.

There is no student of St. John's who will not grieve to learn of the death of good Brother Macé. Of the many Jesuits who have lived and taught and died at Fordham College there are but few whose memory in the hearts of old students will be greener than the memory of this devout religious. His name is to be found in the chronicle of every happiest Fordham day almost since the founding of the College. No festival of the Church, no College holiday or entertainment ever came and went during Brother Macé's stay at Fordham without being rendered gayer and brighter and more festive by the musical genius with which he was so richly endowed. One thing above all others seemed to bring unusual joy to his soul—it might, indeed, be called the virtue that was one of his special characteristics all through life: like to the Blessed Master, whose true and fervent follower he always remained, Brother Macé's "delight was to be with the children of men." He loved the boys, as they did him in return; and he was gladdest and most contented when he was given, and when he felt, the assurance that his musical performances had made their lives at College more bearable and more homelike.

Brother Julius Macé was born on the 8th of November, 1822, at Nantes, the chief town of the Loire-Inférieure. Though we should be glad to be familiar with his boyish days and to be able to relate what was the earlier course of a character so winsome and a soul so manifestly chosen by God, still we must forego this satisfaction and rest content with the slight intelligence that Brother Macé studied music under the famous Bertini, and that the latter was deeply attached to his young pupil. A very valuable souvenir of this friendship was once found among the music sheets of Brother Macé. It was a copy of one of Beethoven's sonatas, in Beethoven's own handwriting, with annotations by Bertini. Gottschalk, another eminent musician, was also an intimate friend and fellow-pupil of young Macé. The story is told that once when Gottschalk was performing before a large audience the distinguished artist was secretly told that his old friend, Brother Macé, was sitting in the audience. Gottschalk, with a grace proud of a close kinship with the modesty it was about to disclose in the person of Brother Macé, stepped forward and announced that there was one in the hall that night whose musical talent he honored to the degree of considering it superior to his own. He begged his friend to put aside for the nonce his accustomed humility, and for old affection's sake to come upon the stage and play. At this invitation a gentleman was seen nervously making his way toward the exit—it was Brother Macé seeking the street and not the stage; but the unassuming modesty of the humble religious could not escape the quick eyes of a number of gentlemen who stood near the doorway. They protested that Brother Macé was the honored man, though they knew not his name nor had ever seen him before. Resistance now was in vain. The whole audience applauded. A Jesuit Coadjutor Brother stood upon the stage, and in a moment he was playing to the delight of a ravished multitude.

On the 27th of May, 1847, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Saint Acheul. Each recorded incident of his life from the moment of his entrance into the Society he loved so dearly is but a testimony how ardent, yet how even, how pious was his whole temperament. It was his cheerful and self-sacrificing character gleaming forth from his every action which in him won upon us most, and which led those who knew him best to be edified at the absence from him of any indulgence of selfishness or any mingling in his actions of merely natural motives.

Brother Macé was a whole-hearted servant of that King and Master for whose sake he refused the priesthood when, during his noviceship, the option was offered him of following a course of studies that would fit him for the exalted dignity. And the simplicity of a childlike feeling of unworthiness which prompted him to abandon the prospect of priesthood, chastened as that simplicity was by years of humble service in the house of God, was a warrant of the reality and stability of his saintliness.

Br. Macé came from France to Fordham in 1848. On the 15th of August, 1858, he made his last vows. During the forty-one years of his life in this country he was always connected with St. John's College, and always in the capacity of professor of music.

Brother Macé passed away very peacefully at ten minutes after two on Sunday morning, August 11, 1889. May he whose music so often cheered us during his earthly pilgrimage be himself refreshed forevermore by the harmonies of the choirs invisible.

FATHER WILLIAM MOYLAN, S.J.

Fr. Moylan was born in Ireland on the 22d of June, 1822. At an early age he came to this country, and, after

his ordination as a secular priest, labored for some years among the Indians and fishermen at Cape Gaspé on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. His life in this cold and cheerless region was blessed with much fruit for souls. He entered the Society of Jesus on the 14th of November, 1851. After some time specially devoted to imbibing the spirit of the Religious Order to the observance of whose rules he offered the remainder of his lifetime, Fr. Moylan was sent to teach the classics in the Undergraduate Course at Fordham College. His years of teaching at Fordham were followed by several years of work in the ministry of the priesthood, at St. Francis Xavier's first, and later on in San Francisco, where he remained for some months. On his return from the latter place he was made Rector of St. John's College, Fordham. His installation took place on the 31st day of July, 1864. It was during Father Moylan's term of Rectorship that the playground was enlarged, and the First Division building commenced and completed to the size and extent familiar for a quarter of a century to all students of Fordham College.

After his Rectorship at Fordham, Fr. Moylan spent some years in Canada. From Canada he came back again to the States. He was engaged for many years in parish work at 16th Street, in Jersey City, and in St. Lawrence's in 84th Street, and again in Jersey City. From the last-named place he was sent to Fordham on the 26th of September last. He was anointed on 20th October following, and died very peacefully during the holy season of Epiphany, 1891.

FATHER EDWARD DOUCET, S.J.

Father Doucet, fortified by the last sacraments and, like many another holy servant of God, "filled with years and merits," passed away peacefully on Tuesday afternoon, December 9th, 1890, at 5.25. At the time of his death he had already entered on his sixty-sixth year, having been born at Three Rivers, in Canada, on March 12th, 1825. After finishing his classical studies in the Jesuit College of St. Mary, in Canada, he entered the Society of Jesus on the 7th of September, 1844. While still a novice he was sent from Canada to St. John's College, Fordham, to begin his course of studies in the Society. He arrived at the College on the 20th of August, 1846; and on the 8th of September following he made his first vows. Then came many secluded years of study and teaching, which are common to members of the Jesuit Order. These years were spent by Fr. Doucet mostly at Fordham. They brought him well-nigh to his fortieth year, at which time he was already in his second year of rectorship of Fordham College, having been raised to the arduous post on July 31st, 1863. It was during Fr. Doucet's term of rectorship that the old First Division Building was first planned and projected. In the month of November, 1864, Father Doucet started for France, where he remained for some time seeking a remedy for his failing health. While in Paris he frequently attended the discourses of the famous Fr. De Ravignan. During his stay in France Fr. Tissot was appointed Vice-Rector of St. John's College on January 23d, 1865. When Fr. Moylan was made Rector in the following summer, he found the First Division Building already begun, and on Fr. Doucet's return to America shortly afterward, the structure, such as it stood for over twenty years, was almost completed. . . . . At all events, whatever may have been the various motives of Fr. Doucet's life, whatever may have been his now lamentable retirement from public notice, this much is at least clear: his main motive, his predominant purpose, was the greater glory of God and the impression on his life of the meekness and humility and the heroic patience and the unqualified charity of his Divine Master.

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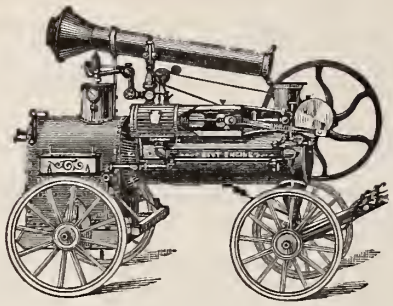

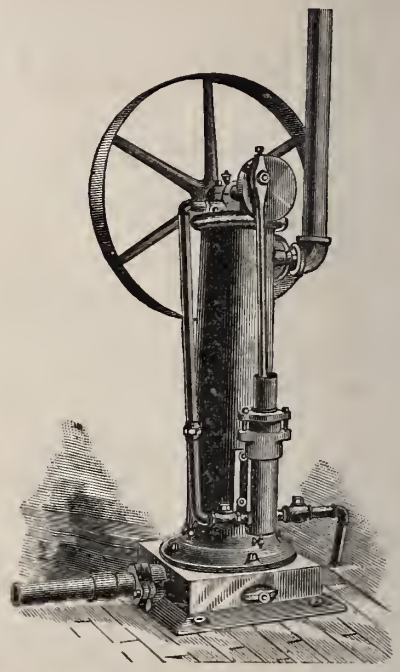

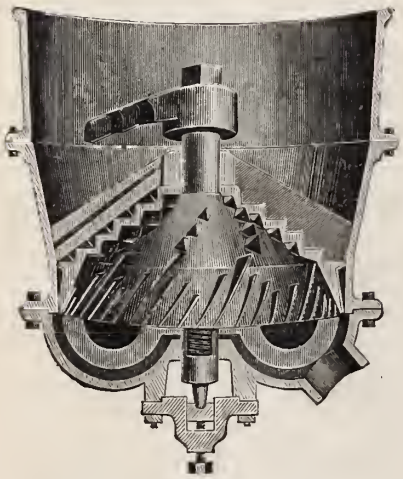

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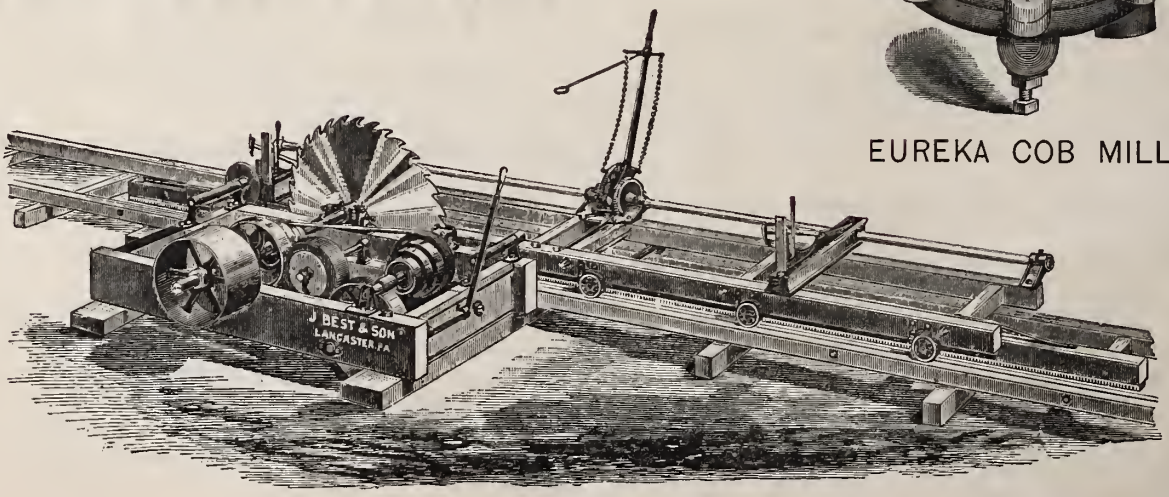

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